WEEK ENDING OCT. 1, 1927

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

At the Cleaners –

In this Issue **MURDER** *by* **ARNOLD BENNETT**

also **VIÑA DELMAR, ALLAN DWAN, WALTER ECKERSALL**

No Need, *ever again*, to Urge Children to Eat Cereals

More than a million mothers now will tell you this

These unique grain foods—utterly different from any other known—come as delightful proof that food "that's good for you" can be delightfully delicious, too!

CHILDREN need cereals, must have them. Every mother knows this. And thus, nearly every mother has the problem of making children eat them.

Yet, that is no longer necessary. Give children the kind of cereal they like, and both coaxing and commanding will be ended.

Every day, more and more mothers are learning the truth of this. Learning that it is quite as easy to *tempt* the childish appetite as to force it.

Grain foods that are utterly unlike all others

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are the most unique grain foods known. There is no other like them. They are different from any other known—alluringly, wonderfully different.

They taste like toasted nutmeats; they tempt like confections. Children who resist ordinary cereals revel in their unique deliciousness. Each grain is steam puffed to eight times its normal size; then oven toasted to a wonderful, crunchy crispness. Every food cell, too, is broken and digestion thus made easy.

Over 20% bran—but you would never notice it

Puffed Wheat is whole wheat, steam exploded to fairy richness. Over 20% bran, but to eat it you would never guess it, so delightfully is it concealed. Supplies, too, minerals of wheat, so necessary to the healthful diet.

Quaker Puffed Rice is selected rice steam exploded like the wheat. Its flavor is unique among grain foods. Its food value high in the carbohydrates of fine rice.

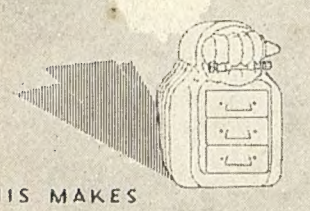
* * * *

Serve with milk or cream or half and half. Try with fresh and cooked fruits. Use as a between-meal tidbit for children; as a light luncheon enticement; or, as a before-bed snack that will supply nourishment without imposing on the digestion.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

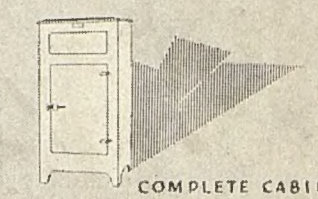
PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

FRIGIDAIRE



THIS MAKES YOUR ICE BOX A FRIGIDAIRE

by all standards of measurement



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..than any other electric refrigerator, nationally distributed. This is made possible by the fact that there are *more* FRIGIDAIRES built than *all other* electric refrigerators combined...

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DOES MORE · COSTS LESS

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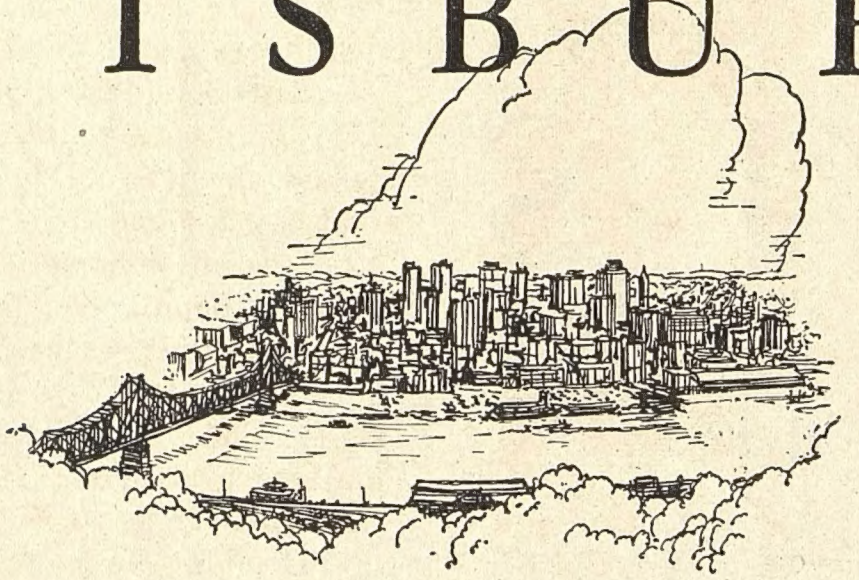
"DUNLOP CITY"

Throughout the world, the productive Dunlop properties cover so vast an area that—if combined into one place—they would form a "Dunlop City" of over 100,000 acres

4 times as big as PITTSBURGH



THINK of all the great factories at Pittsburgh, Pa., and yet the 29,226 acres occupied by that city is only about a fourth the area of the productive properties occupied by Dunlop.

Great size proves great quality, Dunlop could never have grown to its present magnitude unless its tires had given outstanding value.

Greater size makes possible greater quality. Dunlop today is making far better tires than in all the 39 years since John Boyd Dunlop founded the pneumatic tire industry.

Until you put Dunlops on your car, you will miss something of economy, comfort and safety.

DUNLOP TIRE & RUBBER CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

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FOUNDERS OF THE PNEUMATIC TIRE INDUSTRY

OCT. 1, 1927

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 4
No. 22

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices: 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Ashland 4160.

Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower, Tribune Square. Detroit: General Motors Bldg. Boston: Rice Bldg. San Francisco: Kohl Bldg.

Please address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City

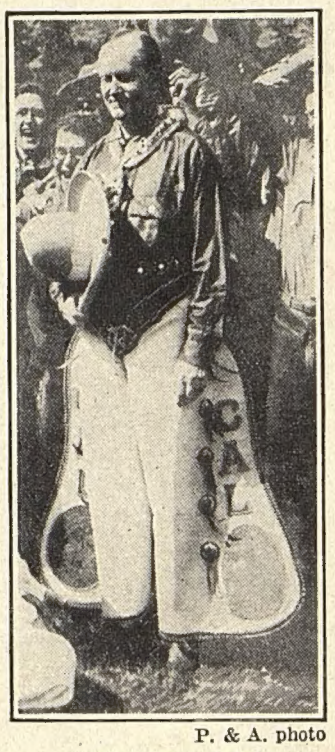
"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

COOLIDGE'S EXIT

President Coolidge has "chosen" to stay out of the Presidential race next year.

This seems to be the most popular thing he has done. The stony Coolidge face flashed on a news-reel screen nowadays evokes applause. Before he made his announcement spectators were silent when the news reels showed his features.

Wide World photo



P. & A. photo

History will esteem his administration not as brilliant, but as one in which business has thrived remarkably.

We have reduced the national debt by many hundreds of millions and have achieved amazing heights of prosperity. Perhaps Secretary Mellon has been more responsible for this than the President, but this should be placed to Coolidge's credit. He sustained his Secretary often against pressure. On the advice and approval of Mellon, Coolidge vetoed the McNary-Haugen farm relief bill on the ground that it was economically unsound. That showed courage. He also vetoed the soldier bonus bill. That took courage, too, although we think in this case he made a mistake.

It must be admitted that his administration generally has been characterized by pinchbeck and pennypinching policies. Such policies satisfy the taxpayer, but they don't appeal to the popular imagination. His most conspicuous failure has been in the field of foreign politics. Secretary Kellogg has not made a brilliant record in the chair of John Hay and Elihu Root.

Kellogg got nowhere in his handling of the Mexican situation. He made a mess of the Nicaraguan business. The Geneva conference was an unsuccessful gesture in imitation of Harding.

In contrast, Hoover, Mellon, and Davis have given the administration capable service in the Cabinet.

The absence of Coolidge leaves the race for the Republican nomination open, with the nation facing its most interesting political year for a long time.

The farmers like Lowden. Hoover probably is best fitted for our biggest administrative job, but the politicians don't care for him. Mellon is too old. Dawes would make our most picturesque President since Roosevelt, but he has said he will not run.

At this moment the three most prominent aspirants for the Democratic nomination are Smith, Ritchie, and Reed. All are wets. The Republicans are likely to nominate a dry. That seems to us a desirable condition. Prohibition is still a burning question, and it ought to do good to have it thrashed out again.

Smith has a splendid record as the four-time Governor of New York. However, the religious issue will have more weight than his record in determining his chances.

Ritchie and Reed both qualify as men of the highest caliber. Yet it does seem doubtful that the Democrats, with their preponderant strength in the dry South, can name a wet candidate. Just now it looks like a wet candidate or a weak one.

It seems strange that Coolidge, the financial success, should go out to popular indifference. We think this is because he does not typify the present-day American. He represents the old-style hard-principled Connecticut Yankee. The type has gone out of style. The New England Yankee was a thrifty soul who accumulated by saving. His modern successor believes in getting fast and spending fast and then getting some more.

Coolidge disaccords with the spirit of the times.

BEG PARDON

An Editorial in LIBERTY of August 20 said that General McPherson of the Union Army was killed at the Battle of Gettysburg. It was a mistake. General McPherson was killed in the fighting around Atlanta on July 22, 1864.

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

In Our *Next* Issue

EDWARD HOPE, in a short story, IN CASE OF ACCIDENT, tells what happened to a bashful young salesman when he was forced to masquerade as a Spanish gallant in a night school of romance.

FLYING RUM-RUNNERS, by WALTER HINTON, describes the thrills experienced by the pilots who wing through the night over uncharted courses with cargoes of Scotch from across the borders.

MARJORIE OELRICHS, an American "society girl," tells frankly why she prefers the pleasure-loving European to the boys over here, answering the question, WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH AMERICAN MEN?

October 1, 1927 LIBERTY Vol. 4, No. 22

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Johnston's Cavalier Package, an enticing assortment encased in a sumptuously decorated metal box . . . at one dollar and a half the pound. One and two pound sizes.

YET — *Obtainable in your own neighbourhood, at a shop never more than a few squares' distance*

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The Cavalier package, illustrated, is one of the wide assortment of Johnston packages which has added lustre to this fine old name. For a present to another, or to oneself, it is incomparable!

And . . . worthy of the sweetest lady in all the world.

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CHOCOLATES

You will find a wide variety of Johnston's Chocolates at one of the better class stores in your neighbourhood.

NEW YORK CHICAGO MILWAUKEE MINNEAPOLIS OAKLAND

"It can't blow open and maim or kill the would-be murderer." Mr. Gontle smiled archly at one of his oldest jokes.

(Reading time: 21 minutes 40 seconds.)

MANY great ones of the earth have justified murder as a social act, defensible and even laudable in certain instances. All of us, or nearly all of us, have at one time or another had the desire and the impulse to commit murder.

At any rate, murder is not an uncommon affair. On an average, two people are murdered every week in England, and probably about 200 every week in the United States. And 40 per cent of the murderers are not brought to justice.

These figures take no account of the undoubtedly numerous cases where murder has been done but never suspected. Murderers and murderesses walk safely abroad among us, and it may happen to us to shake hands with them. A disturbing thought! But such is life, and such is homicide.

The Story of an Undetected Crime

Pictures by KENNETH F. CAMP

TWO men, named respectively Lomax Harder and John Franting, were walking side by side, one autumn afternoon, on the Marine Parade of the seaside resort and port of Quangate (English Channel). Both were well dressed and had the air of moderate wealth, and both were about thirty-five years of age. At this point the resemblances between them ceased.

Lomax Harder had refined features, an enormous forehead, fair hair, and a delicate, almost apologetic, manner. John Franting was low-browed, heavy-chinned, scowling, defiant; indeed, what is called a tough customer.

Lomax Harder corresponded in appearance with the popular notion of a poet—save that he was carefully barbered. He was, in fact, a poet, and not unknown in the tiny, trifling, mad world where poetry is a matter of first-rate interest.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MURDER
Continued from Page Seven]

John Franting corresponded in appearance with the popular notion of a gambler, an amateur boxer, and, in spare time, a deluder of women. Popular notions sometimes fit the truth.

Lomax Harder, somewhat nervously buttoning his overcoat, said in a quiet but firm and insistent tone:

"Haven't you got anything to say?"

John Franting stopped suddenly in front of a shop whose façade bore the sign: "Gontle. Gunsmith."

"Not in words," answered Franting. "I'm going in here."

And he bruskly entered the small, shabby shop.

Lomax Harder hesitated half a second, and then followed his companion.

The shopman was a middle-aged gentleman wearing a black velvet coat.

"Good afternoon," he greeted Franting, with an expression and in a tone of urbane condescension which seemed to indicate that Franting was a wise as well as a fortunate man in that he knew of the excellence of Gontle's and had the wit to come into Gontle's.

For the name of Gontle was favorably and respectfully known wherever triggers were pulled. Sportsmen would travel to Quangate from the Far North, and even from London, to buy guns. To say: "I bought it at Gontle's," or "Old Gontle recommended it," was sufficient to silence any dispute concerning the merits of a firearm.

AS for old Gontle, he was extremely and pardonably conceited. He sold guns and rifles with the gesture of a monarch conferring an honor. He never argued; he stated; and the customer who contradicted him was as likely as not to be courteously and icily informed by Gontle of the geographical situation of the shop door.

"'D afternoon," said Franting gruffly, and paused.

"What can I do for you?" asked Mr. Gontle, as if saying: "Now, don't be afraid. This shop is tremendous, and I am tremendous; but I shall not eat you."

"I want a revolver," Franting snapped.

"Ah! A revolver!" commented Mr. Gontle, as if saying: "A gun or a rifle, yes! But a revolver—an arm without individuality, manufactured wholesale! . . . However, I suppose I must deign to accommodate you."

"I presume you know something about revolvers?" asked Mr. Gontle, as he began to produce the weapons.

"A little."

"Do you know the Webley Mark III?"

"Can't say that I do."

"Ah! It is the best for all common purposes." And Mr. Gontle's glance said: "Have the goodness not to tell me it isn't."

Franting examined the Webley Mark III.

"You see," said Mr. Gontle, "the point about it is that until the breech is properly closed it can not be fired. So that it can't blow open and maim or kill the would-be murderer." Mr. Gontle smiled archly at one of his oldest jokes.

"What about suicides?" Franting grimly demanded.

"Ah!"

"You might show me just how to load it," said Franting.

Mr. Gontle, having found ammunition, complied with this reasonable request.

"The barrel's a bit scratched," said Franting.

Mr. Gontle inspected the scratch with pain. He would have denied the scratch, but could not.

"Here's another one," said he, "since you're so particular." He simply had to put customers in their place.

"You might load it," said Franting.

Mr. Gontle loaded the second revolver.

"I'd like to try it," said Franting.

"Certainly," said Mr. Gontle, and led Franting out of the shop by the back, and down to a cellar where revolvers could be experimented with.

Lomax Harder was now alone in the shop. He hesitated a long time and then picked up the revolver rejected by Franting, fingered it, put it down, and picked it up again.

THE back door of the shop opened suddenly, and, startled, Harder dropped the revolver into his overcoat pocket: a thoughtless, quite unpremeditated act. He dared not remove the revolver.

The revolver was as fast in his pocket as though the pocket had been sewed up.

"And cartridges?" asked Mr. Gontle of Franting.

"Oh," said Franting, "I've only had one shot. Five'll be more than enough for the present. What does it weigh?"

"Let me see. Four-inch barrel? Yes. One pound four ounces."

Franting paid for the revolver, receiving thirteen shillings in change from a five-pound note, and strode out of the shop, weapon in hand. He was gone before Lomax Harder decided upon a course of action.

"And for you, sir?" said Mr. Gontle, addressing the poet.

Harder suddenly comprehended that Mr. Gontle had mistaken him for a separate customer, who had happened to enter the shop a moment after the first one. Harder and Franting had said not a word to one another during the purchase.

"I want to see some foils." Harder spoke stammeringly the only words that came into his head.

"Foils!" exclaimed Mr. Gontle, shocked, as if to say: "Is it conceivable that you should imagine that I, Gontle, gunsmith, sell such things as foils?"

After a little talk Harder apologized and departed—a thief.

"I'll call later and pay the fellow," said Harder to his restive conscience. "No. I can't do that. I'll send him some anonymous postal orders."

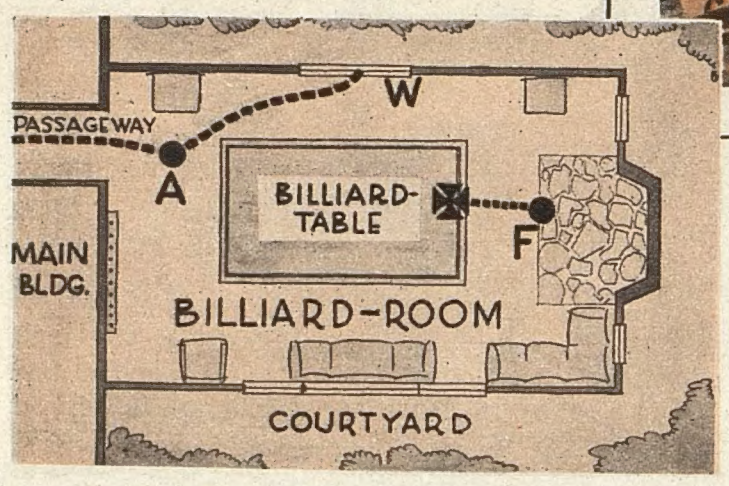


DIAGRAM shows billiard-room where crime was committed. Franting stood in front of fireplace (F). Harder entered by passageway (dotted line) and stood at point A. After the shooting Harder looked at body on billiard-table at spot marked by cross and then escaped through window (W).

He crossed the Parade and saw Franting, a small, left-handed figure, all alone far below on the deserted sands, pointing the revolver. He thought that his ear caught the sound of a discharge, but the distance was too great for him to be sure. He continued to watch, and at length Franting walked westward diagonally across the beach.

"He's going back to the Bellevue," thought Harder, the Bellevue being the hotel from which he had met Franting coming out, half an hour earlier. He strolled slowly toward the white hotel. But Franting, who had evidently

Lomax Harder glanced

come up the face of the cliff in the penny lift, was before him.

Harder, standing outside, saw Franting seated in the lounge. Then Franting rose and vanished down a long passage at the rear of the lounge. Harder entered the hotel rather guiltily. There was no hall porter at the door, and not a soul in the lounge or in sight of the lounge. Harder went down the long passage.

AT the end of the passage Lomax Harder found himself in a billiard-room—an apartment built partly of brick and partly of wood on a sort of courtyard behind the main structure of the hotel. The roof, of iron and grimy glass, rose to a point in the middle. On two sides the high walls of the hotel obscured the light.

Dusk was already closing in. A small fire burned feebly in the grate. A large radiator under the window was steel cold, for, though summer was finished, winter had not officially begun in the small economically run hotel: so that the room was chilly; nevertheless, in deference to the English passion for fresh air and discomfort, the window was wide open.

Franting, in his overcoat, and an unlit cigaret between his lips, stood glowering with his back to the bit of fire. At sight of Harder he lifted his chin in a dangerous challenge.

"So you're still following me about?" he said.

at the corpse. He found it more odd, curious, than affrighting.

"Yes," said the latter, with his curious gentle primness of manner. "I came down here especially to talk to you. I should have said all I had to say earlier, only you happened to be going out of the hotel just as I was coming in. You didn't seem to want to talk in the street; but there's some talking has to be done. I've a few things I must tell you."

Harder appeared to be perfectly calm, and he felt perfectly calm.

He advanced from the door toward the billiard-table.

Franting raised his hand, displaying his square-ended, brutal fingers in the twilight.

"Now, listen to me," he said, with cold, measured ferocity. "You can't tell me anything I don't know. If there's some talking to be done I'll do it myself, and when I've finished you can get out.

"I know that my wife has taken a ticket for Copenhagen by the steamer from Harwich, and that she's been seeing to her passport, and packing. And of course I know that you have interests in Copenhagen and spend about half your precious time there. I'm not worrying to connect the two things.

"All that's got nothing to do with me. Emily has always seen a great deal of you, and I know that the last week or two she's been seeing you more than ever. Not that I mind that. I know that she objects to my treatment of her and my conduct generally. That's all right, but it's a matter that only concerns her and me.

"I mean that it's no concern of yours, for instance, or anybody else's. If she objects enough, she can try and divorce me. I doubt if she'd succeed, but you can never be sure—with these new laws. Anyhow, she's my wife till she does divorce me, and so she has the usual duties and responsibilities toward me—even though I was the worst husband in the world.

"That's how I look at it, in my old-fashioned way. I've just had a letter from her—she knew I was here, and I expect that explains how you knew I was here."

"It does," said Lomax Harder quietly.

FRANTING pulled a letter out of his inner pocket and unfolded it.

"Yes," he said, glancing at it, and read some sentences aloud: "'I have absolutely decided to leave you, and I won't hide from you that I know you know who is doing what he can to help me. I can't live with you any longer. You may be very fond of me, as you say, but I find your way of showing your fondness too humiliating and painful. I've said this to you before, and now I'm saying it for the last time.' And so on and so on."

Franting tore the letter in two, dropped one half on the floor, twisted the other half into a spill, turned to the fire, and lit his cigaret.

"That's what I think of her letter," he proceeded, the cigaret between his teeth. "You're helping her, are you? Very well. I don't say you're in love with her, or she with you. I'll make no wild statements. But if you aren't in love with her, I wonder why you're taking all this trouble over her.

"Do you go about the world helping ladies who say they're unhappy, just for the pure sake of helping? Never mind.

"Emily isn't going to leave me. Get that into your head. I sha'n't let her leave me. She has money, and I haven't. I've been living on her, and it would be infernally awkward for me if she left me for good. That's a reason for keeping her, isn't it? But you may believe me or not—it isn't my reason.

"She's right enough when she says I'm very fond of her. That's a reason for keeping her, too. But it isn't my reason. My reason is that a wife's a wife, and she can't break her word just because everything isn't lovely in the garden. I've heard it said I'm unmoral. I'm not all unmoral. And I feel particularly strongly about what's called the marriage tie."

HE drew the revolver from his overcoat pocket, and held it up to view.

"You see this thing. You saw me buy it. Now, you needn't be afraid. I'm not threatening you; it's no part of my game to shoot you. I've nothing to do with your goings-on. What I have to do with is the goings-on of my wife. If she deserts me—for you or for anybody or for nobody—I shall follow her, whether it's to Copenhagen or Bangkok or the North Pole, and I shall kill her—with just this very revolver that you saw me buy. And now you can get out."

Franting replaced the revolver, and began to consume the cigaret with fierce and larger puffs.

Lomax Harder looked at the grim, set, brutal, scowling, bitter face, and knew that Franting meant what he had said. The fellow had unmistakable grit and would never recoil from the fear of consequences. If Emily left him, Emily was a dead woman.

On the other hand, she had decided to go, and she would go. And, indeed, the mere thought of this lady to whom he, Harder, was utterly devoted, staying with her husband and continuing to suffer the tortures and humiliations which she had been suffering for years—this thought revolted him.

He stepped forward along the side of the billiard-table, and simultaneously Franting stepped forward to meet him. Lomax Harder snatched the revolver which was in his pocket, aimed, and pulled the trigger.

Franting collapsed, with the upper half of his body somehow balanced on the edge of the billiard-table. He was dead. The sound of the report echoed in Harder's ear like the sound of a violin string loudly twanged by a finger. He saw a little reddish hole in Franting's bronzed right temple.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[MURDER
Continued from Page Nine]

"Well," he thought, "somebody had to die. And it's better him than Emily." He felt that he had performed a righteous act. Also he felt a little sorry for Franting.

Then he was afraid. He was afraid for himself, because he wanted not to die, especially on the scaffold; but also for Emily Franting, who would be friendless and helpless without him; he could not bear to think of her alone in the world—the central point of a terrific scandal. He must get away instantly. . . .

Not down the corridor back into the hotel lounge! No! That would be fatal! The window. He glanced at the corpse. It was more odd, curious, than affrighting. He saw Franting's cigaret glowing on the linoleum in the deepening dusk, and picked it up and threw it into the fender.

Lace curtains hung across the whole width of the window. He drew one aside, and looked forth. The light was much stronger in the courtyard than within the room. He put his gloves on. He gave a last look at the corpse, straddled the window-sill, and was on the brick pavement in the courtyard. He saw that the curtain had fallen back into the perpendicular.

He gazed around. Nobody! Not a light in any window! He saw a green wooden gate, pushed it; it yielded; then a sort of entry-passage. . . . In a moment, after two half-turns, he was on the Marine Parade again. He was a fugitive. Then he had an inspiration. An idea of genius for baffling pursuers. He would go into the hotel by the main entrance.

He went slowly and deliberately into the portico, where a middle-aged hall porter was standing in the gloom.

"Good evening, sir."

"Good evening. Have you got any rooms?"

"I think so, sir. The housekeeper is out, but she'll be back in a moment—if you'd like a seat. The manager's away in London."

The hall porter suddenly illuminated the lounge, and Lomax Harder, blinking, entered and sat down.

"I might have a cocktail while I'm waiting," the murderer suggested, with a bright and friendly smile; "a Bronx."

"Certainly, sir. The page is off duty. He sees to orders in the lounge, but I'll attend to you myself."

"What a hotel!" thought the murderer, solitary in the chilly lounge, and gave a glance down the long passage. "Is the whole place run by the hall porter? But of course it's the dead season."

Was it conceivable that nobody had heard the sound of the shot?

Harder had a strong impulse to run away. But, no! To do so would be highly dangerous. He restrained himself.

"How much?" he asked of the hall porter, who had arrived with surprising quickness, tray in hand and glass on tray.

"A shilling, sir."

The murderer gave him eighteen pence, and drank off the cocktail.

"Thank you very much, sir." The hall porter took the glass.

"See here!" said the murderer. "I'll look in again. I've got one or two little errands to do."

And he went, slowly, into the obscurity of the Marine Parade.

LOMAX HARDER leaned over the left arm of the sea-wall of the man-made port of Quangate. Not another soul was there. Night had fallen. The lights—some red, some green, many white—of ships at sea passed in both directions in endless processions.

Harder, looking about—though he knew he was absolutely alone—took his revolver from his overcoat pocket and stealthily dropped it into the sea. Then he turned round and gazed across the small harbor at the mysterious amphitheater of the lighted town, and heard public clocks and religious clocks striking the hour.

He was a murderer, but why should he not successfully escape detection? Other murderers had done so. He had all his wits. He was not excited. He was not morbid. His perspective of things was not askew.

The hall porter had not seen his first entrance into the hotel, nor his exit after the crime. Nobody had seen them. He had left nothing behind in the billiard-room. No finger-marks on the window-sill. (The putting on of his gloves was in itself a clear demonstration that he had fully kept his presence of mind.) No footmarks on the hard, dry pavement of the courtyard.

Of course there was the possibility that some person unseen had seen him getting out of the window.

Slight; but still a possibility! And there was also the possibility that some one who knew Franting by sight had noted him walking by Franting's side in the streets.

If such a person informed the police and gave a description of him, inquiries might be made. No! Nothing in it.

His appearance offered nothing remarkable to the eye of a casual observer—except his forehead, of which he was rather proud, but which was hidden by his hat.

It was generally believed that criminals always did something silly. But so far he had done nothing silly, and he was convinced that, in regard to the crime, he never would do anything silly.

HE had none of the desire, supposed to be common among murderers, to revisit the scene of the crime or to look upon the corpse once more. Although he regretted the necessity for his act, he felt no slightest twinge of conscience.

Somebody had to die, and surely it was better that a brute should die than the heavenly, enchanting, martyrized creature whom his act had rescued forever from the brute!

He was aware within himself of an ecstasy of devotion to Emily Franting—now a widow and free. She was a unique woman.

Strange that a woman of such gifts should have come under the sway of so obvious a scoundrel as Franting. But she was very young at the time, and such freaks of sex had happened before and would happen again; they were a wide-spread phenomenon in the history of the relations of men and women.

He would have killed a hundred men if a hundred men had threatened her felicity. His heart was pure; he wanted nothing from Emily in exchange for what he had done in her defense. He was passionate in her defense.

When he reflected upon the coarseness and cruelty of the gesture by which Franting had used Emily's letter to light his cigaret, Harder's cheeks grew hot with burning resentment.

A clock struck the quarter. Harder walked quickly to the harbor front, where was a taxi-rank, and drove to the station.

A sudden apprehension! The crime might have been discovered! Police might already be watching for suspicious-looking travelers!

The taxi-driver looked at him queerly. No! Imagination! He hesitated on the threshold of the station, then walked boldly in, and showed his return ticket to the ticket inspector. No sign of a policeman.

He got into the Pullman car, where five other passengers were sitting. The train started.

HE nearly missed the boat train at Liverpool Street, because, according to its custom, the Quangate flier arrived twenty minutes late at Victoria. And at Victoria the foolish part of him, as distinguished from the common-sense part, suffered another spasm of fear.

Would detectives, instructed by telegraph, be waiting for the train? No! An absurd idea! The boat train from Liverpool Street was crowded. He gathered from scraps of talk overheard that an international conference was about to take place at Copenhagen.

And he had known nothing of it—not seen a word of it in the papers! Excusable perhaps; graver matters had held his attention.

Useless to look for Emily in the vast bustle of the compartments! She had her through ticket (which she had taken herself, in order to avoid possible complications), and she happened to be the only woman in the world who was never late and never in a hurry.

She was certain to be in the train. But was she in the train? Something sinister might have come to pass. For instance, a telephone message to the flat that her husband had been found dead with a bullet in his brain.

The swift two-hour journey to Harwich was terrible for Lomax Harder. He remembered that he had left the unburnt part of the letter lying under the billiard-table. Forgetful! Silly! One of the silly things that criminals did! And on Parkeston Quay the confusion was enormous. He did not walk, he was swept, on to the great shaking steamer whose dark funnels rose amid wisps of steam into the starry sky. One advantage: detectives would have no chance in that multitudinous scene, unless indeed they held up the ship.

The ship roared a warning, and slid away from the quay, groped down the tortuous channel to the harbor mouth, and was in the North Sea; and England dwindled to naught but a string of lights. He searched every deck from stem to stern, and could not find Emily.

His misery was intense. Everything was going wrong. And on the arrival at Esbjerg would not detectives be lying in wait for the Copenhagen train?

Then he descried her, and she him. She, too, had been searching. Only chance had kept them apart. Her joy at finding him was ecstatic; tears came into his eyes at sight of it.

He was everything to her, absolutely everything. He clasped her right hand in both his hands and gazed at her in the dim, diffused light blended of stars, moon, and electricity.

No woman was ever like her: mature, innocent, wise, trustful, honest. And the touching beauty of her appealing, sad, happy face, and the pride of her carriage! She related her movements; and he his. Then she said:

"Well?"

"I didn't go," he answered. "Thought it best not to. I'm convinced it wouldn't have been any use."

He had not intended to tell her this lie. Yet, when it came to the point, what else could he say? He told one lie instead of twenty. He was deceiving her, but for her sake. Even if the worst occurred, she was forever safe from that brutal grasp.

"I expect you were right," she angelically acquiesced.

THE Superintendent of Police (Quangate was the county town of the western half of the county) and a detective-sergeant were in the billiard-room of the Bellevue. Both wore mufti.

The powerful green-shaded lamps usual in billiard-rooms shone down ruthlessly on the green table and on the reclining body of John Franting, which had not moved and had not been moved.

A charwoman was just leaving these officers, when a stout gentleman, who had successfully

beguiled a policeman guarding the other end of the long corridor, squeezed past her, greeted the two officers, and shut the door.

"I am staying with my friend Dr. Furnival," said the arrival cheerfully. "You telephoned for him, and as he had to go out to one of those cases in which nature will not wait, I offered to come in his place. I've met you before, Superintendent, at Scotland Yard."

"Dr. Austin Bond!" exclaimed the Superintendent.

"He," said the other.

They shook hands, Dr. Bond genially, the Superintendent half-consequential, half-deferential, as one who had his dignity to think about; also as one who resented an intrusion, but dared not show resentment.

The detective-sergeant recoiled at the dazzling name of the great amateur detective, a genius who had solved the famous mysteries of the Yellow Hat, the Three Towns, the Three Feathers, the Gold Spoon, etc., etc., etc., and whose notorious friendship with the loftiest heads of Scotland Yard compelled all police forces to treat him very politely indeed.

"Yes," said Dr. Austin Bond, after detailed examination. "Been shot about ninety minutes, poor fellow! Who found him?"

"That woman who's just gone out—some servant here. Came in to look after the fire."

"How long since?"

"Oh! About an hour ago."

"Found the bullet? I see it hit the brass on that cue-rack there."

The detective-sergeant glanced at the Superintendent, who, however, resolutely remained unastonished.

"Here's the bullet," said the Superintendent.

"Ah!" commented Dr. Austin Bond, glinting through his spectacles at the bullet as it lay in the Superintendent's hand. "Decimal 38, I see. Flattened. It would be."

"Sergeant," said the Superintendent, "you can get help and have the body moved, now Dr. Bond has made his examination. Eh, doctor?"

"Certainly," answered Dr. Bond, at the fireplace. "He was smoking a cigaret, I see."

"Either he or his murderer."

"You've got a clue?"

"Oh, yes," the Superintendent answered, not without pride. "Look here. Your torch, sergeant."

THE detective-sergeant produced a pocket electric lamp, and the Superintendent turned to the window-sill.

"I've got a stronger one than that," said Dr. Austin Bond, producing another torch.

The Superintendent displayed finger-prints on the window-frame, footmarks on the sill, and a few strands of inferior blue cloth. Dr. Austin Bond next produced a magnifying glass, and inspected the evidence at very short range.

"The murderer must have been a tall man—you can judge that from the angle of fire; he wore a blue suit, which he tore slightly on this splintered wood of the window-frame; one of his boots had a hole in the middle of the sole, and he'd only three fingers on his left hand. He must have come in by the window and gone out by the window, because the hall porter is sure that nobody except the dead man entered the lounge by any door within an hour of the time when the murder must have been committed."

The Superintendent proudly gave many more details, and ended by saying that he had already given instructions to circulate a description.

"Curious," said Dr. Austin Bond, "that a man like John Franting should let any one enter the room by the window! Especially a shabby-looking man!"

"You knew the deceased personally, then?"

"No! But I know he was John Franting."

"How, doctor?"

"Luck."

"Sergeant," said the Superintendent, piqued, "tell the constable to fetch the hall porter."

Dr. Austin Bond walked to and fro, peering everywhere, and picked up a piece of paper that had lodged against the step of the platform which ran round two sides of the room for the raising of the spectators' benches. He glanced at the paper casually, and dropped it.

"My man," the Superintendent addressed the hall porter, "how can you be sure that nobody came in here this afternoon?"

"Because I was in my cubicle all the time, sir."

The hall porter was lying. But he had to think of his own welfare. On the previous day he had been reprimanded for quitting his post against the rule. Taking advantage of the absence of the manager, he had sinned once again, and he lived in fear of dismissal if found out.

"With a full view of the lounge?"

"Yes, sir."

"Might have been in here beforehand," Dr. Austin Bond suggested.

"No," said the Superintendent. "The charwoman came in twice. Once just before Franting came in. She saw the fire wanted making up and she went for some coal, and then returned later with some coal. But the look of Franting frightened her, and she went back with her coal."

"Yes," said the hall porter. "I saw that."

Another lie.

At a sign from the Superintendent he withdrew.

"I should like to have a word with that charwoman," said Dr. Austin Bond.

The Superintendent hesitated. Why should the great amateur meddle with what did not concern him? Nobody had asked his help. But the Superintendent sent for the charwoman.

"Did you clean the window here today?" Dr. Austin Bond interrogated her.

"Yes, please, sir."

"Show me your left hand." The slattern obeyed. "How did you lose your little finger?"

"In a mangle accident, sir."

"Just come to the window, will you, and put your hands on it. But take off your left boot first."

The slattern began to weep.

"It's quite all right, my good creature," Dr. Austin Bond reassured her. "Your skirt is torn at the hem, isn't it?"

When the slattern was released from her ordeal and had gone, carrying one boot in her grimy hand, Dr. Austin Bond said genially to the Superintendent:

"Just a fluke. I happened to notice she'd only three fingers on her left hand when she passed me in the corridor. Sorry I've destroyed your evidence. But I felt sure, almost from the first, that the murderer hadn't either entered or decamped by the window."

"How?"

"Because I think he's still here in the room."

The two police officers gazed about them as if exploring the room for the murderer.

"I think he's there."

Dr. Austin Bond pointed to the corpse.

"And where did he hide the revolver after he'd killed himself?" demanded the thin-lipped Superintendent icily, when he had somewhat covered his aplomb.

"I'd thought of that, too," said Dr. Austin Bond, beaming. "It is always a very wise course to leave a dead body absolutely untouched until a professional man has seen it. But *looking* at the body can do no harm. You see the left-hand pocket of the overcoat. Notice how it bulges. Something unusual in it. Something that has the shape of a— Just feel inside it, will you?"

The Superintendent, obeying, drew a revolver from the overcoat pocket of the dead man.

"Ah! Yes!" said Dr. Austin Bond. "A Webley Mark III. Quite new. You might take out the ammunition." The Superintendent dismantled the weapon. "Yes, yes! Three chambers empty. Wonder how he used the other two! Now, where's that bullet? You see? He fired. His arms dropped, and the revolver happened to fall into the pocket."

"Fired with his left hand, did he?" asked the Superintendent, foolishly ironic.

"Certainly. A dozen years ago Franting was perhaps the finest amateur lightweight boxer in England. And one reason for it was that he bewildered his opponents by being left-handed. His lefts were much more fatal than his rights. I saw him box several times."

Whereupon Dr. Austin Bond strolled to the step of the platform near the door and picked up the fragment of very thin paper that was lying there.

"This," said he, "must have blown from the hearth to here by the draft from the window when the door was opened. It's part of a letter. You can see the burnt remains of the other part in the corner of the fender. He probably lighted a cigaret with it. Out of bravado! His last bravado! Read this."

The Superintendent read:

> . . . repeat that I realize how fond you are of me, but you have killed my affection for you, and I shall leave our home tomorrow. This is absolutely final. E.

Dr. Austin Bond, having for the *n*th time satisfactorily demonstrated, in his own unique, rapid way, that police officers were a set of numskulls, bade the Superintendent a most courteous good evening, nodded amicably to the detective-sergeant, and left in triumph.

HE brought Emily an English newspaper telling of the verdict of suicide in her husband's death.

"I MUST get some mourning and go back to the flat," said Emily Franting.

She was sitting one morning in the lobby of the Palads Hotel, Copenhagen. Lomax Harder had just called on her with an English newspaper containing an account of the inquest at which the jury had returned a verdict of suicide upon the body of her late husband. Her eyes filled with tears.

"Time will put her right," thought Lomax Harder, tenderly watching her. "I was bound to do what I did. And I can keep a secret forever."

THE END

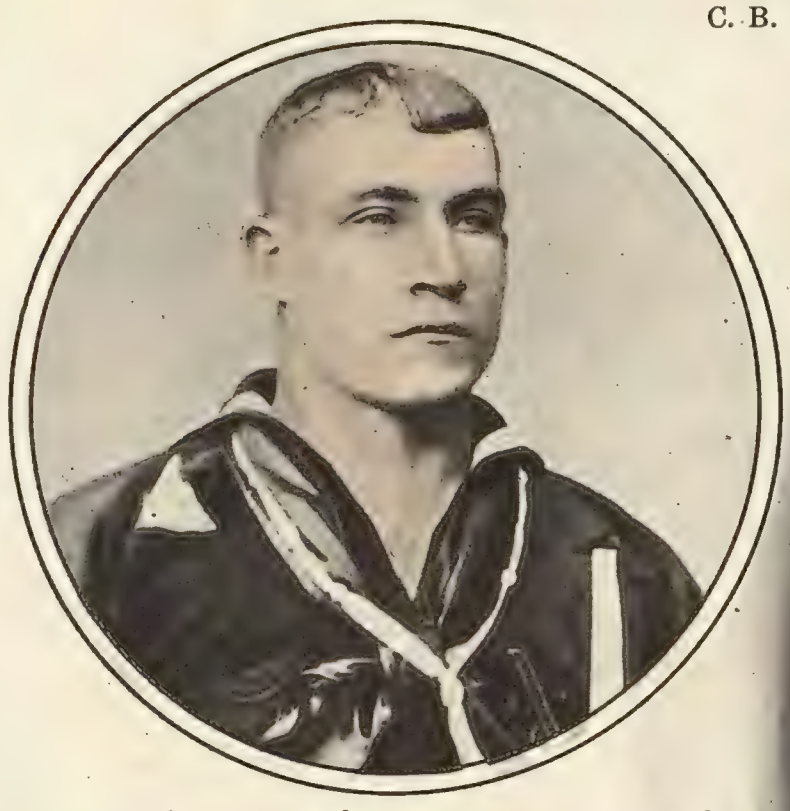
"I GOT another clip on the head."

I Fought Them A

Pictures by C. B. Falls

(Reading time: 15 minutes 10 seconds.)

[Editor's Note: This is the life story of one of the greatest and most picturesque prize-fighters the world ever knew—Tom Sharkey; and he tells it himself. Sharkey came from fighting stock. His father licked all the neighbors around Dundalk, Ireland, and the boy licked all the neighbors' children. However, while still a barefoot lad, he ran away and signed up with a sailing vessel. A good sailor, in those days, was judged largely by his ability as a fighter. Tom licked every man who crossed him, and shortly became convinced that he could lick any man in the world. But it was not until he saw Corbett whip John L. Sullivan, in their famous fight at New Orleans, that the idea occurred to him to enter the prize-ring.]



Sailor Sharkey, as he appeared while he was whipping the champions of two navies.

Part Two

'TWAS a sad voyage back to New York in the Morgan liner Excelsior after Corbett defeated John L. Sullivan in the first prize-fight I ever saw. Every one on the ship was broke, as we had bet all our money on the old champion.

Sailing homeward, I would get a crowd of the crew together and show them how Corbett beat him, and then show them how I would have beaten Corbett had I been in the ring.

They must have laughed at me, a raw Irish lad with nothing but a hard head and strong muscles, telling them how I would have licked the great Corbett; but no one laughed aloud, for fear of me, for I was quick of temper and quicker to hit a man who laughed at me.

I must have hated Corbett. Somehow I held a personal grudge against him, and I felt that I could whip him; because, after seeing the way he used his left hand, I had a plan—which later worked.

We were all broke and most of us in debt, and when the ship reached New York there was no job for me. I loafed around, went to see my Uncle Tom, and walked the docks looking for a berth on a ship. Then, one day, walking down West Street, I met a lad called Mac, and we spoke each other friendly and had a glass of beer. He was out of work, for times were dull in 1892. We talked for a time, and he said:

"Let's enlist in the navy."

"All right," I said, and that quick decided my career. We walked all the way across lower New York and over the Brooklyn Bridge and went to the Navy Yard. The Vermont was there as a training-ship, and, bold as brass, I said:

"I'd like to speak to the captain."

I knew no better. They sent us to a bo's'n, and we told him we wanted to enlist.

"You're not old enough to be a sailor," he said.

"Not old enough?" I said. "Mate, I've been riding the boats from the Irish Sea over the world since I was twelve, and there is nothing aboard ship I can not do."

"But you're too young; I'll have to enlist you as an ordinary seaman."

"'Tis no ordinary seaman I am," I told him. "I'm a sailor, and I can whip any one in this yard."

He laughed. "There'll be several people who will dispute that," he said.

We argued, and I was for hitting him on the chin and walking out; but I had no money, not even a penny, and I signed on as ordinary seaman, with wages of nineteen dollars a month. It didn't seem much; but the one great pride of my life is that I served in the navy, and the one great regret of all my life is that I ever left.

There I was, a raw, greenhorn Irish boy, a wild Irishman with no sense of discipline—ready to fight any one at any time. The one thing I needed most was discipline—and there was where to get it, the finest sort.

The old Vermont became a home to me, the first home I had had since running away as a barefoot lad from the cot in Ireland. Five months I stayed on the training-ship, finding much to learn. There were three or four hundred men in the training; fine, strong lads. Every evening, from seven o'clock until we were piped down, there was boxing with gloves. Never before had I gloves on my hands, and I felt a sort of contempt for them at first. Later I found how they jarred a fellow clear down to the heels when the blow landed right.

It was different fighting from that I had been used to—cleaner and more sportsmanlike, always with a young officer to referee, and all good-natured and happy.

A colored boy named Jeff Baylor and I had some wonderful fights. Twenty times, I think, we fought, before he was willing to admit me the better man. I was learning little tricks, but never taking a lesson, and, now it is all over, I wish I never had taken a boxing lesson. My own way was best—for me—and when I commenced to learn to box, there was a temptation to box pretty, which usually cost me a broken nose or a wallop on the jaw.

Among men, as among navies, the best defense is a strong attack. They taught us that, and from experience of my own in the ring I know it to be the truth.

AT the end of five months I was transferred to the Philadelphia, which was under orders to rush to the Hawaiian Islands, one of the few places I had never been. A rebellion was on in Hawaii—the Americans had decided to take the reins of government and the nations were rushing war-ships there.

It was a race through the Atlantic and through the Straits of Magellan—a great sight for any boy to see; country that is wilder than anything in the world I have ever seen, great black mountains, and fire, and ice, and bitter gales howling. We anchored at night, going

Fighter Sharkey, when he was trying to whip the world.

LL

The Irish Sailor Battles His Way through the American and British Navies

As Told by **TOM SHARKEY**

to **HUGH FULLERTON**

through the straits, and there one evening I saw the finest man I ever laid eyes upon.

We were laying in close under a rugged shore, when a boat, with fire in it, put out from land. Standing in it was a giant of a dark man, a Patagonian. He was almost seven feet tall, all muscle. He kept saying, "Tobac-biskit," and making signs that he wanted food. His wife and two children were in the boat.

Lieutenant Sims, who later became the great Admiral Sims, was a jolly fellow, and full of fun in those days, and he took the big Patagonian aboard and gave him a big drink of rum, and some biscuits and tobacco. The giant swallowed the rum, ran to the side of the ship, went down the straight iron ladder for all the world like a big monkey, put his wife on one shoulder, his two children on the other, and came up the ladder, carrying them as easy as if he had no weight on him.

He wanted the wife and children to taste that rum, but they got only food and tobacco.

"Lieutenant, sir," I said, "I'd like to fight that man. He's the biggest I ever saw."

"You'll tackle one too big for you yet," he said, laughing.

WE proceeded to Honolulu and arrived in time for the excitement. There were British and Japanese and German and French war-ships, and the Philadelphia. President Dole was running the government and, while nothing was breaking loose, every one kept expecting trouble, and was ready for it. The land was more beautiful even than Ireland, and soft and warm all the time, and it came to be home for us all.

There never was a more pleasant place to live—plenty of exercise and fun, and after everything settled down it was like living at the best pleasure resort in the world and being paid for it.

Aboard ship there was boxing, and I beat all the men on board. We put up a platform under the captain's bridge, and I punched the bag there every evening, and every day boxed some one, until my reputation commenced to spread to the other ships. Each ship, of course, had its champion, and fighting was the best way of passing the time on the station.

Still I had no thought of becoming a professional boxer, until one day one of the officers said to me, while we were going ashore:

"Tom, why don't you fight? There's a lot of money in it for a good man."

"Do they pay you now for having fun?" I asked.

He put the idea in my head. I was beginning to think I was good. I was coming twenty-one years of age, and was strong as a young bull. I could hit with the strength of an ox, especially with my left hand. Rumors began to go around about a big, rough sailor lad who thought he could fight, and the rumors got to San Francisco.

There was a lad there called Nick Burley. He was called the champion of the Pacific Coast, and some one told him of me and that the sailors and the people of Honolulu would bet heavy on me.

They persuaded Burley that he could make a lot of easy money beating me. So he came out. The match was arranged between us—I having nothing to say about it.

The officers were good to me and made my tasks light. I was given shore-leave to train.

THE American sailors carried me off.

The Ring photo

A TRAINING picture showing Sharkey's remarkable development in chest, biceps, and legs.

My trainer, Jim King, knew as little about training as I did. Each day we went ashore and ran to Waikiki Beach—which was six miles from our station—and back, and that, with the long swims and fighting every one on board who wanted to box me, put me in fine shape.

Saturday, I think, the match was made, and on the next Wednesday we fought. It was with skin-tight gloves, and I have the gloves yet.

I knew nothing of how to act in the ring. The referee, Johnny Coakley, called us to the center of the ring for our instructions.

"What do we do now?" I asked him.

"Go to your corner, come out and shake hands, and start fighting."

So I walked to the corner, turned and came to the center with my hand out, and Burley busted me on the nose and broke it. I was hurt and mad, and turned to ask my second, Jim King, what about that sort of fighting, whereupon I got another clip on the head that almost knocked me down.

"Go on and fight!" he yelled—so I went on, red with blood and hurt bad, but mad.

He was a big man, six feet one inch tall, heavy, and experienced, but in the second round I hit him with my left in the body and knew I had him. My head was not yet clear, and the broken nose hurt. He kept trying to jab it, but 'twas a dear price he paid for it.

A game man he was, even if unfair. The sailors were with me, cheering me on, and I gained strength as the fight went on, so that, in the eighth round, I hit him a terrible blow with my left, and knocked him cold.

I HAVE fought and whipped perhaps 3,000 men in the ring and in rough-and-tumble fights—how many, I don't know, but the ship's surgeon told me once I overworked him, patching up the men I hit. But never one of the men I fought was an enemy afterward, save a few who had fought foul.

There were some who thought I wronged them, and who hated me until they learned the truth, and there were some against whom I cherished enmity because I thought they had done me wrong. Almost every time I learned later that I had been mistaken.

Those were grand days around Honolulu. The British are always great hands for boxing, and J. Gardner was their champion. He sent a challenge aboard and a match was made. A fine figure of a man he was, but in those days I took joy in whipping an Englishman. Gardner lasted four rounds, and the American sailors carried me off on their shoulders, and the people threw flowers over me.

J. Pickett, a fighter of the time who was in Honolulu, was not so strong, and he lasted two rounds. Then Jack Langley wasn't satisfied to admit any blooming Yankee could whip the whole English navy, as I had told him and his shipmates. A good man was J. Langley. He lasted four rounds, and took a terrible beating, so that I hated to hit him, but knowing his pride I thought it was better to knock him out

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

than to let it be said he stopped before he was out.

The British boys were not satisfied. A stubborn race they are and hard to convince. I had to whip half the men of the crews. I remember Jim Harvey, who lasted two rounds, and Jack Welch, and J. Barrington.

That was all in 1893, a busy year for me. For, besides the fighting, I was busy aboard, winning promotion. I became a master-at-arms before I quit. I was like a king in the island. Every one knew me and flattered me.

I thought then of writing home to tell the folks how the world went with me; realizing at last how my mother, especially, must have grieved, perhaps thinking me drowned at sea. So I sent them money and told them about myself and what a life I led.

I fear I made it a great tale, and the people at home thought maybe I was yarning, sailor-like. I sent them my picture in a uniform, for I was proud of the uniform, and prouder still of my papers which showed I was becoming an American citizen.

At last my name reached the United States, where Corbett was champion. The old Philadelphia remained at Honolulu, and, in truth, she laid there most of the time until 1896. I would not have changed places with a king, so fine the life was, and I was making money. The betting was heavy on every fight, and the word went out all over the world that any one who could whip Sailor Sharkey could break the islands and the navy. They came from the United States, from the ships, and even from Australia to try to win that money, but none did.

It was easy for me; usually it was just a right to the body and a swing of my left to the chin, and if I landed anywhere between the belt and the top of the head they went down.

THEY brought on Rough Thompson, a boy who claimed to be a champion, and we had the first fight ever fought at Waikiki Beach before a great crowd. They said Thompson was that strong he could knock down a water buffalo with one punch, and he really was strong and terrifying to look at.

But at that time Tom Sharkey thought he was just as terrifying as any one in the world. I knocked him down twice in the first round and in the second I hit him so hard that he went to sleep, a peaceful smile on his face, listening to the lapping of the waves on the beach. The crowd of sailors from the ships carried me on their shoulders for miles.

I fought Nick Burley again, and that time I did not shake hands with him, remembering my crooked nose and the way he had bashed me when I offered him my hand. He lasted four rounds that time. I knocked out Billy Tate in two rounds, and George Washington in two, hating to do it on account of his name, which I make no doubt was not his own.

Then I fought Jim Dunn, an old champion, and he dropped in the first round—and there were no more fighters in all the Pacific that wanted to fight me.

It was not a good thing for one so young to have so much money. I had more than $100,000, and the ship's officers took care of it for me, which was just as well, as money went through my fingers like water.

I had grown big, with a chest on me like a barrel, and huge arms, and I was always in condition, for I ran miles every day and swam great distances in the sea, and boxed every one. It was pride in my strength and in being clean and straight that kept me straight in those days—and I was dreaming a big dream—a dream that never was to come true.

I dreamed that I would win the championship of the world, and go back to my old town in Ireland and let them see that little Tommy Sharkey, who ran away in his bare feet to go to sea, was the greatest fighter in the world.

It was a beautiful dream—and it nigh came true, but for that hairy bear of a man, Jeffries, who is now my pal and the best friend ever a man had, even if he did crush my ribs.

It was arranged for me to go to California, and I came to the station off Vallejo with a chip on my shoulder, ready to fight them all.

The first great fight I had was with Martin Mulvihill, who called himself the champion of the Pacific Coast. He never had been beaten, and a terrible right hand he had. He was experienced in the ring, while I knew nothing save the fighting on the ships, where men fought fair or the sailors saw to it they did.

VALLEJO was a tough town in those days; a rough, tough town, and, saving Port Said, mayhap, I never saw a tougher. The sports from San Francisco came down to see the sailor-lad beaten, for Mulvihill was a great favorite, and none thought a raw, green boy could whip him. The betting was two and a half to one that he would win by a knockout.

It was a proud boy I was that night. The officers from the fleet were there, and Admiral Winslow himself sat near the ring. The sailors bet on me, and the Admiral tossed a twenty-dollar gold piece into the ring and said:

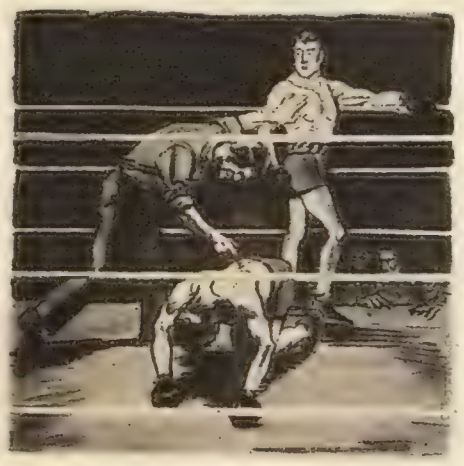
"Any one is welcome to cover that."

It heartened me to have him show his confidence in me, and when the bell rang I rushed in to finish the fight as quickly as possible.

It was well for Mulvihill that he was old and experienced, for I nearly had him in the first round, but he covered up. Half a dozen times he was on the floor, but I fought so fast and hard, and he was so clever in holding and covering up, I could not finish him. So we fought twenty rounds, and I won, yet was disappointed, for I had not met a man up to that time who could stand before me that long.

The sailors won a great deal of money, and the Admiral was pleased that a sailor won. I went ashore at Vallejo and found it a hard town, although later I came to love it and made it my home for many years. It was there I found the family that adopted me as a son and a brother; whose home I made my home.

No sooner had I beaten Mulvihill than the crew of the cruiser Olympic, which was on the station, sent a challenge for me to meet their champion. He was Sailor Dunn, a giant of a man. Six feet two and a half inches he stood, and weighed 220 pounds, and strong as an ox he was. The Olympic lads wanted to bet $1,000 on the side that he would beat me, so I told the purser to take my money and bet. We bet thousands more and fought for the whole purse and gate receipts.



Half a dozen times Mulvihill was on the floor.

The fight was in the armory hall in Vallejo, and it was packed to the doors. Sailor Dunn was known in San Francisco, for only a few weeks before he had almost killed a big Swede lumberman in the ring, and they thought he could not be beaten.

We shook hands, turned, and met in the center of the ring. I feinted with my right and swung my left to his jaw. He stiffened up and crashed to the floor so hard the ring shook, and it was ten minutes before he came to.

The boys from the Olympic who had lost their good money, the savings of a long voyage from the Philippines, were stunned for a minute, but then they cheered me and insisted upon carrying me around on their shoulders.

Up to that time I had never fought a man but fought fair and clean, save some foreigners who used knives and the lad Burley who broke my nose. I knew nothing of the trickery of the ring, but I was to learn. The truth is that, from my next fight on, most of it was crooked and bad. Of that, more later.

My first experience with the bad side of a fine sport in that next fight ought to have taught me that it was better to stay in the navy, where the sport is clean and manly.

An old battle-scarred warrior named Sailor Brown challenged me. He came to me with the big, hairy, tattooed chest of him stuck out, and he beat on his chest with a great fist until it sounded like a drum. He stuck his face out close to mine and said:

"I'm the champion of the navy, young fellow. Understand that?"

"Then the navy is going to have a new champion," I said, sensing that he was trying to put the fear of the Lord into my heart.

A big man was Sailor Brown. He had fought Peter Jackson and had met all the fighters that would meet him.

He was a flat-footed fellow, slow and powerful, and he had had an honorable career in the navy and had devastated saloons in many parts of the world. Knowing how slow he was, I had no fear of him, seeing I was in better condition. Nor was his chest bigger than mine, although he towered over me like the light of Kinsale towers over a little schooner.

The fight was to be in Vallejo, and although later I was to make my home there and know every one in town, at the time Brown was the hero. The betting was heavy on him, which was a surprise, and many of the boys in the navy who always had backed me were backing him. Knowing nothing of the game as it was played outside the navy, or of the tricks, not a suspicion did I have. They told me Tom McGuire was to referee, and I thought he was my friend.

SUCH a crowd there was that night of the fight! The boys from the ships in the harbor and the navy boys were there, and the sports from San Francisco, who had heard of Sailor Sharkey and wanted to see whether the tales they told of me were true.

One hundred and seventy-three pounds I weighed that night, all hard bone and muscle, with a waist like that of a woman in corsets, and a chest that hung out like a pouter pigeon's. I looked across at Sailor Brown, with his huge hairy chest, and said to my seconds:

"The navy will have a new champion in a few minutes." I was that confident.

We met in the center, and shook hands, with the big sailor scowling at me like a bo's'n's mate scaring a recruity. We shook hands, and I twisted my head to one side, poked my right at his stomach, and hooked my left to his jaw, and, as he toppled, crashed it into his ribs.

He went down like a man hit by a marlinespike, quivering all over, and then stiffened out and lay still.

The referee wasn't counting at all. He turned to me quick—almost before the Sailor was down—and yelled:

"You lose on a foul!"

There was a ruction and a riot. The sailors were for wrecking the hall and for hanging the referee, but those that had won money were in the majority.

At first I was stunned, and did not understand, and when I learned how we had been robbed, I was mad. I hunted up McGuire and told him what was in my mind about him, and he laughed.

"Never mind, lad," he said. "It's your turn now."

"I'll never fight in Vallejo again," I vowed—nor ever did, although it became my home.

"Don't feel that way, lad," he said. "You own the town now. From now on you can whip the champion of the world in Vallejo. You can't lose here."

I was commencing to learn that there are many things in the fight game beyond hitting a man on the chin—and was to learn more, to my sorrow.

Sharkey's first fight with Corbett, to avenge Sullivan, his battles with Choynski and Fitzsimmons, and his adventures with the land sharks who hunted a simple sailor-boy, are told in next week's instalment of his story

Women know the Food Value of this Soup!

WHEN WOMEN buy a hearty soup, Campbell's Vegetable is their most frequent selection. You know how often you require a soup that contains substantial, solid food. Not only as part of your dinners, but also as the principal dish of many a luncheon or supper. More and more every day, women realize that Campbell's Vegetable Soup is an indispensable item for their pantry, because so many of their meals call for this generous quantity of nourishment in such convenient form.

You simply add an equal quantity of water and allow the soup to simmer a few minutes before serving it, hot, savory, delicious, on your table! The miracle of such ease and convenience is all the greater in a soup of this kind, where no less than thirty-two different ingredients are blended.

* * * *

Nowadays women are quick to take advantage of such real helps. Especially when they know that saving themselves means no sacrifice in the quality of the food which they place before their families. Women realize how much time and expense are required to market, prepare and cook so many different ingredients as are contained in Campbell's Vegetable Soup. They have the good judgment to let some one else do this for them and thus relieve them for the really necessary tasks. So their families get the benefit of this richly nutritious and invigorating soup made outside the home in kitchens which are the last word in spotless cleanliness and facilities for producing the highest quality.

And every time you buy Campbell's Vegetable Soup, here is what you get: Vegetables—fifteen different kinds—selected from the finest gardens—such perfect varieties that you would be proud to see them come into your kitchen. Meat—in a rich, bracing broth that stimulates the taste and gives its true vigor.

Cereals—body-building—healthful—satisfying to the appetite. Fresh herbs and skillful seasoning—the challenge of Campbell's famous French chefs to your sense of flavor.

After eating a plate of soup with so much in it, you are conscious that you have had a filling dish. Which is exactly why you select a really good vegetable soup. The value of Campbell's Vegetable Soup is so well appreciated that its popularity has grown with astonishing strides.

* * * *

See that your family gets plenty of vegetables. For in vegetables, nature stores mineral salts which are essential in proper bodily growth and development. Children, especially, require these salts for normal bone and muscle structure. Well-made vegetable soup supplies these needed elements, because so little of them is lost in the cooking. Loss of mineral content is a common fault of vegetables boiled for the table, for the cooking water has been discarded. Supply yourself today with Campbell's Vegetable Soup and see what a regular standby it becomes for your table.

And the next time you are preparing this soup for the table, take a moment to glance at the label and read the list of all the different and delicious Campbell's Soups which is printed there for your reference and convenience.

Women find this a real help to them in planning their meals. Remember it when you are thinking up those new ways to give variety to your menus. The complete list of soups on the Campbell's label will give you many a suggestion. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

Calico and Charm

—The beauty of a Schoolgirl Complexion is more priceless, as every woman knows, than the most costly creation of the *Rue de la Paix*. Here is a way thousands have learned to keep that beauty:

PALMOLIVE is a beauty soap made solely for *one* purpose: to foster good complexions.

In France, home of cosmetics, Palmolive has supplanted French soaps by the score. In beauty-wise Paris, Palmolive is the "imported" soap.

Remember these facts when tempted to try an unproved soap on your skin.

TRUE beauty is beauty under *all* conditions. Charm in calico; enticement in a kitchen frock, heart-quickening allure in a made-over gown!

It is natural beauty; something money cannot buy, yet millions now enjoy. Throughout the world, it has become the Great Goal of modern beauty culture.

The basis is soap and water, a clean skin and gently cleansed pores. The only secret is in the soap you use; for only a true complexion soap should ever touch your face.

Thus Palmolive, a soap made by experts in beauty for *one* purpose only: to safeguard the skin; used the following way, is the world's most widely-followed beauty method today.

The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal

So largely, on expert advice, more and more thousands of women turn to the balmy lather of Palmolive, used this way.

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake—then note the difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Ill.

Retail Price 10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

KEEP THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION

Pictures by CAREY ORR

Junking *The* Coal Shovel

How the American Home Is Warming Up to the Oil-Burner

An Article by

HARPER LEECH

THERE'S more than one reason for the retreat of coal in the battle of fuels.

(Reading time: 4 minutes 40 seconds.)

AMERICA has three great industrial monarchs—King Corn, King Cotton, and King Coal; and, though the first two rule with no glove of silk, it is King Coal who best combines the general depravity of a Nero with the specific orneriness of a Kaiser Wilhelm.

If you go around to him for favors in the spring, he sits on your chest all summer and fall. If you wait until September to get your fifteen tons of hickory-nut, you find a waiting line a mile long in the throne-room.

Likely as not, the dukes and the palace guards are staging a free-for-all before the throne, so that no one can get the tyrant's ear.

He is unkempt, capricious, and the taxes he imposes make Louis XVI look like the proprietor of a dime store.

There was certain to be rebellion from such a régime, and now the insurgents are gathering under the banner of a prince whose lineage is older than Coal's.

His gifts do not have to be swept off the sidewalk and dry-cleaned from the curtains and rugs. A wagon backs up to your tank and the transfer of favors is accomplished by a process no more difficult than extracting a cup of coffee from a percolator or a drink from the faucet.

The oil-burner seems certain to accomplish a revolution in household heating on a program consisting of five principal reforms:

Simple and prompt delivery of fuel. No soot. No dust. No ashes. No trouble.

The increasing popularity of the oil-heater in home and apartment-house is only one phase of the retreat of coal in the battle of fuels.

Although they have four-sevenths of the world's coal and mine about 45 per cent of the world's annual production, the American people seem determined to get along with as little coal as possible. The proudest boast of railroads and power companies is their reduction of coal consumption.

In 1913 coal furnished 87.1 per cent of all the heat units from fuel used in the United States. Coal supplies only 71 per cent of our thermal units today.

Oil and gas have made the greatest gains, but the main factors in the reduction of our annual coal requirements are the development of more efficient means of burning coal, and the growth of electric generation from water-power.

In one great American coal State fuel has become a minor source of power, although the water-power resources of that State are by no means as great as those of many others.

The domestic oil-burner has not had a great deal to do with the rout of coal, because we never have used much more than 12 or 15 per cent of our annual output of soft coal for household purposes.

Most of the anthracite mined is used for home purposes. It is a luxury fuel and not so easily displaced by the oil-burner, because the cleanliness and smokelessness sales arguments of the oil-burner man do not hit anthracite so hard.

In aggressive salesmanship the oil-burner industry is in the front rank today. Some manufacturers have expanded their sales 6,000 per cent in two or three years. Approximately 150,000 oil house-heaters were sold and installed in 1926. The installations range from bungalows to new apartment hotels with 150 apartments under one roof.

About 300 manufacturers are making oil-burners of one kind or another—of whom forty are making fully automatic electrically driven apparatus.

The electric-power interests rejoice to see the automatic type of burner win increasing favor. Such machines will consume an average of twenty-two dollars' worth of electricity per heating season.

ABOUT 700,000 of all types of oil house-heaters are now installed and burner boosters are confident they will sell 200,000 more this year.

From the first the oil-burner industry has had to encounter the dread of failure of oil-fuel supplies. The wide-spread belief that our oil supplies are in danger of exhaustion is due partly to the immense increases of production in recent years.

Every period of calamitous predictions has been followed by the discovery of great oil pools which have swamped the oil industry.

The danger, if there is any, of a shortage of fuel-oil, is not so much from any failure of crude supplies, as from the advance of science which makes it possible for the refiner to get an ever-increasing percentage of high-grade motor fuels out of crude-oil, leaving less cheap low-grade oil for mere burning.

But, as yet, this effect has not been felt. There has always been plenty of fuel-oil—usually an over-supply—and domestic heating consumes only about 3 per cent of all fuel-oil burned in America.

Calamitous predictions of shortage have been swamped in new discoveries of oil.

The percentage of gasoline recovered from a barrel of crude-oil had risen from 21 per cent in 1917, to 34.7 per cent, and bigger and better refineries are being built to make the most out of oil. That is why gasoline has remained cheaper as compared to pre-war prices than most commodities.

This year oil production has simply run away with the industry—going over 60,000,000 barrels in excess of last year's production in the first four months of the year, with some 530,000,000 barrels in storage at an annual cost of some $130,000,000.

ALTHOUGH the American people need about 25,000,000 gallons of gasoline a day, the outpour of oil keeps well ahead of their demands. Also the demand for fuel-oil for locomotives and for power production is not increasing much. In fact, coal has staged a great comeback over oil in power production, due to the use of powdered coal and improved firing methods.

The oil-burning steamship is threatened by a new type of high-pressure turbine-boat which can use coal to greater advantage, it is claimed, than either the Diesel motorship or the oil-burning steamer can use oil.

There is nothing to the so-called threat of oil famine for America. There are in the United States 1,105,454,000 unprospected acres where oil-fields are probable.

When all the oil that can be recovered by deeper drilling and improved methods of extraction is gone—and it's going to be a long time before it is—we have 108 billion barrels of recoverable oil locked up in shale rock, and 595 billion barrels are recoverable from our coal and lignite deposits by distillation and synthetic processes.

Karl C. Schuyler of Denver, who knows as much about our shale deposits as any man, is convinced that shale oil can be produced eventually for as little as one dollar per barrel. He has urged the oil industry to push the domestic oil-burner.

He assumes that there will be eventually 10,000,000 household oil-burner installations in the United States, each consuming sixty barrels of oil per year. This would consume 75 per cent of a year's crude-oil production—even such an astounding year's production as that of 1927 promises to be.

But the oil resources of America, whether fluid oil from the well or oil now fixed in rock or carbon, could meet the demand.

THE END

All the mechanism is in here

It's all in a single hermetically sealed casing inside these coils . . . . . there's no machinery underneath, none in the basement

YOU will notice that the unit of the new General Electric Refrigerator is on top of the cabinet. There are many important reasons why it should be there. General Electric engineers, in fifteen years of intensive research, found that the top-unit design was most efficient . . . and most economical.

With this arrangement, no heat is generated under the refrigerator. It all rises above. This cuts down current consumption. And the air-cooled coils also play an economical part in the running of the General Electric Refrigerator.

The top-unit means no installation problem. All the mechanism—with a permanent supply of oil—is enclosed in one hermetically sealed casing. This is merely lowered into the top of the cabinet. There is no plumbing or assembling. There are no belts, pipes, drains or stuffing boxes. There is a constant circulation of air through the coils which actually prevents dust from settling.

This simplified refrigerator is unusually quiet. It is very economical. It is generously roomy because, with a given over-all size, a minimum of space is occupied by the freezing chamber. Even the smallest model—the five cubic foot size—has a shelf area of nine square feet. Each refrigerator is guaranteed by General Electric. There are many models. You will want to see them before you decide. Let us send you the address of the dealer who has them on display and booklet 10-L which is interesting and descriptive.

• • •

Electric Refrigeration Department
of General Electric Company
Hanna Building Cleveland, Ohio

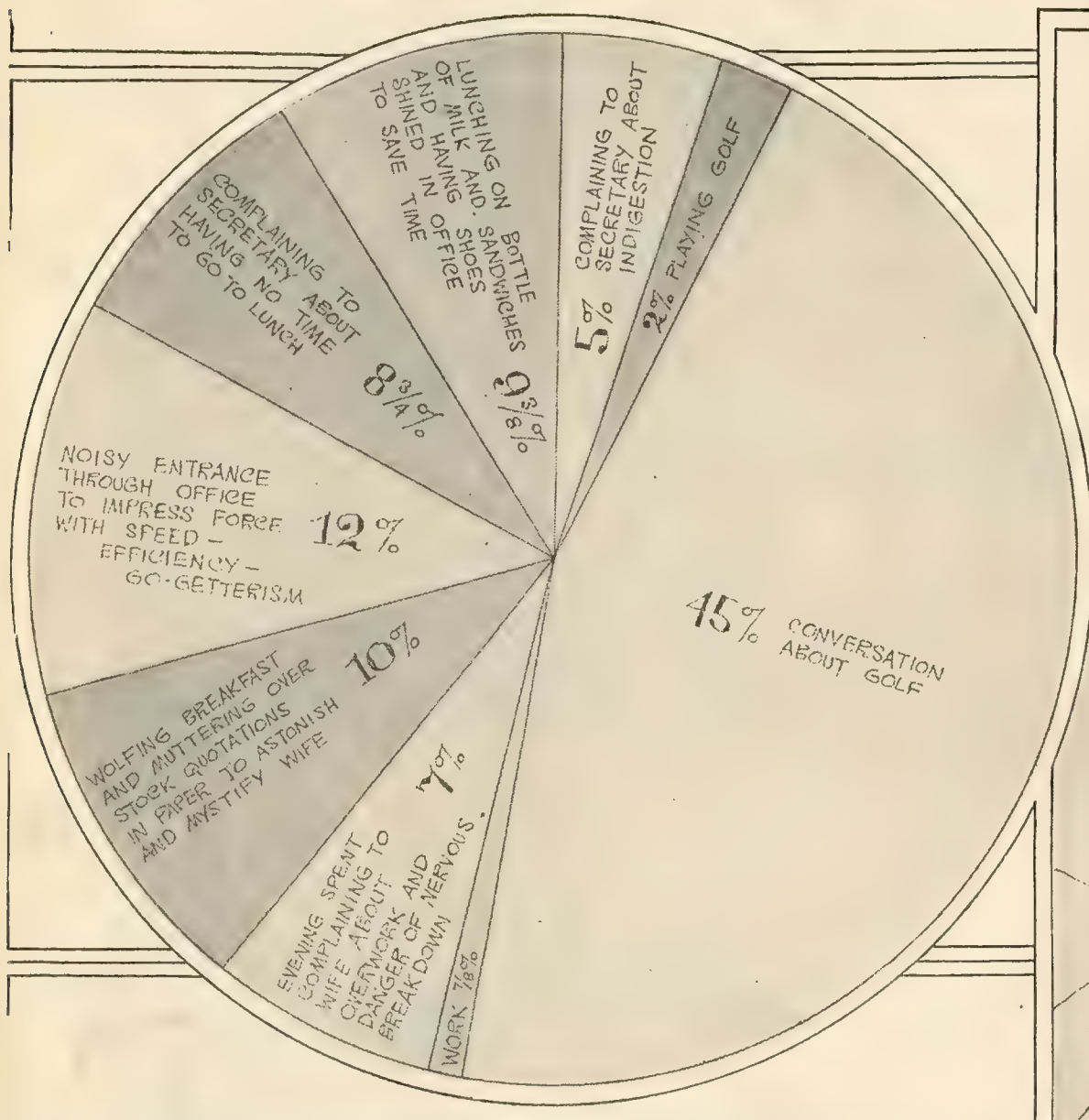
GE Refrigerator

GENERAL ELECTRIC

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON



HOW THE BIG BUSINESS MAN'S ENERGY IS SPENT: Diagrammatic exposition, representing seven years of study and investigation by Graphic Section agents, of how our Czars of Commerce dispose of 100 units of energy in 24 hours.

SUPPRESSED PHOTOGRAPH, originally designed to accompany M. Molotov's article in the Moscow *Pravda*, which complained of decay in Communist ranks and of the persistent influence of the old bourgeois spirit. It shows a Soviet Leader having his nails dirtied before appearing before the proletariat.

OUR CAMPAIGN MANAGER, Egmont Pin, instructing Knights of the Right delegates to the convention next summer in the exact number of minutes the spontaneous ovation will last when Candidate Elmer G. Can's name is placed in nomination.

AMERICAN HOSPITAL IN NEUILLY cares for nervous wrecks: Residents of the Avenue d'Iéna, Paris, who have lived near the American Embassy during the Lindbergh reception and the Sacco-Vanzetti episode.

Heaven HELP the JUDGE!

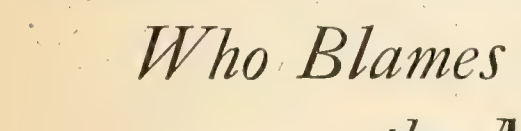
Modern Eves Throw Sour Apples at Jurist Who Blames Them for the Sins of the Modern Adams

(Reading time: 19 minutes.)

IN LIBERTY for July 23 appeared an article entitled Heaven Help the Modern Boy! Judge Charles A. Oberwager, City Magistrate of the City of New York, was the author.

The Judge, drawing on his courtroom experiences, said that the modern girl was largely responsible for the sins of the modern boy.

Never has any contribution to LIBERTY brought a greater, or a swifter, response from readers. Letters from every part of the country have poured into our office, some applauding and some condemning the Judge's stand. Out of the mass of them we have selected those which seem to us most interesting and most representative of public opinion. Here they are:



A True Prophet

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I have just read your article named Heaven Help the Modern Boy! and I enjoyed it very much. But Heaven help LIBERTY when the modern girl sends in her answers! The postman will have to wear asbestos gloves when he delivers your mail. —*Fred M. Sullivan.*

A College Girl Speaks

NEW YORK, N. Y.—What a silly, unjust article by Judge Oberwager, charging that the girls now woo the boys instead of waiting to be wooed; that boys and girls must now drink or be ostracized; that the bold, bad girls now take the lead in discussions of sex; and so on and so forth, *ad infinitum* and *ad nauseam.*

Ask the Judge to stroll through the campus of one of the big girls' colleges—and use his eyes. If he'll do this he can't help realizing that these splendid clear-eyed girls are healthier, more self-reliant, better developed physically, more honest—yes, and essentially cleaner-minded—than that modest (on the surface) violet, the mid-Victorian "maiden."—*A College Girl.*

Better Girls in the Golden West

CEDAR RAPIDS, IA.—Your article made all young girls and women appear to be shallow creatures with no greater aims than to pet, drink, and lead youths astray. It may be that the women of New York are that way, but here in the city of Cedar Rapids I doubt very much if you could find many women like that.

I must give Judge Oberwager credit for a good deal of vivid imagination.—*Ann Tomasek.*

P. & A. photo

Above: Judge Charles A. Oberwager.

The first page of the article that started all the trouble.

Pet or No Play

CHICAGO, ILL.—I am a girl of eighteen, modern in dress and spirit. I do not smoke, drink, or pet, not because I am prudish, but because I do not personally care to acquire these habits.

I am acquainted with a number of girls of my own age who hold the same opinions in regard to what is decent and right. And how many dates do we have? Very few, if any. Why?

While we go out with each other, the flaming-youth type of girl is

[CONT'D ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

Healthy little bodies will win!

A CHILD'S life is a fight! Danger Days are always ahead. Danger Days—the days when little lives hang in the balance—may come next year, next month, or perhaps—*tomorrow*. *Your* children must meet these Danger Days. Are they ready? Will they win? That is largely up to you. If they are robust—if they have well nourished bodies—they will battle their way to healthy manhood and womanhood.

Fresh air, sunny outdoor play, long hours of strengthening sleep, plenty of nourishing food—these are nature's own weapons for fighting life's battle. They are weapons you can give your boys and girls to fortify their bodies, to build up their resistance—their immunity to disease.

Healthy bodies are safe bodies

Mothers and Fathers—the little ships you've launched upon life's waves may safely sail as long as seas are smooth and peaceful. *Build for a storm!*

The *foods* your children eat are the building materials of which their growing bodies are made. Healthy bodies cannot be made of poor materials. Active, growing bodies need *more* than plenty of food! They need the *right kind* of food. It must contain the vital elements for making strong bones, sound teeth, firm flesh, red blood and worlds of energy for tomorrow. Who knows—tomorrow may be the Danger Day! If any single vital element is missing in the food of boys and girls, no amount of fresh air, exercise, or sleep can supply it. What are these vital elements? Where can they be found? Every mother owes it to her children to know.

Whole wheat builds resistance

When nature conceived the grain of wheat, she created a spark of life. She crowded into the whole wheat berry the very food elements essential to life and growth.

In Ralston, the whole wheat cereal, children get the things which bodies *must* have to fortify them against the Danger Days to come—for *none* of the vital food elements have been removed in making Ralston.

You want those youngsters of yours to have sturdy bones and hard white teeth? It takes *calcium* and *phosphorus* to build bones and teeth. Ralston has calcium—*lots* of it—and phosphorus too.

You want your youngsters to be strong—with flesh solid and firm? Then they need proteins. Muscles and nerve tissues are *made* of proteins. The whole wheat berry is rich in them. And these precious proteins are all retained in making Ralston.

You want your children to be red-blooded, active, eager, rosy-cheeked? Then they *must* have iron. Ralston will give them more than twice as much as raisins.

You want alert, wide-awake, energetic youngsters? The embryo and center of the whole wheat berry in Ralston are *storehouses* of energy. You want to be sure that your youngsters have natural, normal elimination? The bran in Ralston helps nature function normally.

You want above all a merry sparkle in their eyes—happiness that comes with perfect health—the steady, wholesome growth that comes with hardy, well-nourished systems. Then vitamins of life and growth must be provided. Ralston supplies them.

Let Danger Days come—the Ralston boys and girls will be ready for them!

Use the Danger Days Coupon

We have a most important new booklet for you. It tells all about Danger Days—how you can recognize them—how you can fortify your boys and girls against them. It is 32 pages fully illustrated. The name of the book is "Health through Whole Grain Diets." Send for it. It may mean warding off many Danger Days!

The coupon will bring your complimentary copy, and also a unique novelty for the children called the "Magic Blackboard."

Other Ralston Products

Mapl-Flake—The Entire Wheat Flake
Checkr-Corn Flake—The Super Flavor Corn Flake
Ry-Krisp—The Entire Rye Wafer
Purina Whole Wheat Flour

Whole Grain Means Health

DANGER DAYS COUPON

CHILDREN'S HEALTH DEPARTMENT
RALSTON PURINA CO., St. Louis, Missouri

Kindly mail me a complimentary copy of the 32-page Danger Days Booklet "Health through Whole Grain Diets," and the novelty called the "Magic Blackboard."

*Name*_____

*Street address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Defying all Road Conditions
Smashing all Precedents
for Wear—

AMERICA'S SCIENTIFICALLY CORRECT BALLOON TIRE

BY the tens of thousands—the public is finding out the true significance of "Scientific Correctness" in tires. The very term implies a perfection in tire building never before approached. It means *Science* has brought a turning point in tire history—made possible a tire as radically different in results as it is in design.

Reaching new sales peaks daily, America's Scientifically Correct Balloon Tire is delivering wear and service in defiance of road and climatic conditions.

Thousands call it phenomenal. They know what we urge you to find out by your own experience—that such performance is possible only because of these 3 Miller Scientific features.

1. One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls

Gone for all time is fear of cracking joints and the destruction that followed with old ways. Now the husky Miller tread reaches all the way around the tire with the One-Piece tread from toe to toe. *All joints and hinging centers are eliminated—no chance whatever for cracking.* Actual road service on hundreds of thousands of cars *proved the scientific correctness* of this new Miller design.

With

1 One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls
2 Geared-to-the-Road—Road-Shaped Tread
3 "Uniflex" Cord Construction

2. Geared-to-the-Road—Road-Shaped Tread

The broad, road-shaped contact surface of the Miller exclusive Geared-to-the-Road tread runs *even with the road.* With light or heavy load—the entire width of this famous tread is *on* the road—taking wear evenly—and therefore *slowly.* Thus Miller banished uneven, spotty tread wear—the outstanding cause of short tire life. Not satisfied to stop there—a third unique result was obtained.

3. "Uniflex" Cord Construction

Insures uniform flexibility of all parts—completing a perfectly balanced tire. Built to resist curb and rut jolts—recovers from blows to normal shape with the quick, lively action of real rubber—leaving One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls, Bead and Uniflex Cord Carcass secure and intact. Thus the common cause of internal wear is eliminated—and miles added to the life of all Geared-to-the-Road tires.

THE MILLER RUBBER CO. of N.Y. AKRON, OHIO, U. S. A.

Miller REG. U S PAT. OFF. *Scientifically Correct* **Balloon Tires**

GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD • MILLER KNOWS RUBBER

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

out every night, well attended by young men. Why should men seek this type rather than the girl of high ideals?—*Florence Dietsche.*

Nineteen and Her Head Up

CHICAGO, ILL.—I have never been roused as I was by that in-

sinuating and narrow-minded article by the learned Judge.

I am alive and full of the vitality of youth. I'll go out when I please and I'll act as I please, and I can lift my head and say I am as clean and as honest as the shrinking, sheltered violet of long ago.

I've gone with many boys, fast ones and slow ones, and you can't tell me that it's the girl who puts her hand on a fellow's knee.

Is our conversation filled with sex and psychology? Well, I've read more of passion and sex in this one article than I have heard in my nineteen years in this world. I've underlined and found these words appearing *seventy-six* times. Count them yourself.—*Youth.*

Fallen Angels

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The Judge's little male saints fall pretty darned easy. It's a fifty-fifty case. And they are pretty weak to push the blame on the girls.—*Just a Girl.*

Worst Nine Out of Ten in Trousers

CHICAGO, ILL.—I was never so infuriated in all my life! I have just finished your article by Judge Charles A. Oberwager.

You would think, after reading this, that all girls were heading straight for perdition. He upholds boys and denounces the girls. A lot he knows about it. The only kind of women he comes in contact with in court are the kind of whom he speaks—street-walkers and "bad women." They are certainly a minority.

I can believe that there are a few "modern girls" who take the initiative in "sex matters," but I can't believe that many of them do. The subject of sex is just as tabu as it ever was.

The Judge cites instances to prove we're degraded. All right, I accept those cases; but please, Your Honor, try to dig up a few cases where the man was to blame. I was a judge's secretary long enough to know nine times out of ten it's the man's fault.—*E. B.*

From a Flapper Sorely Tried

CENTRALIA, ILL.—I *never* read such bunk in all my life!

From the Judge's account we

flappers are just a bunch of vampires waiting around for some poor little innocent boy to come along so we can pour liquor down him.

For heaven's sake, don't publish any more such trash, or we flappers are liable to take offense and get real mad.—*Dee.*

Unfair to Good Girls

LANSING, MICH.—The least I can say is that the Judge is *very* much mistaken.

From his experiences in court with a few ostracized girls in a city which is a nest of scandal, he condemns them all.

Is it fair? It is not!

I am a high-school girl, seventeen years old. There are about 700 students in our high school, which includes only the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth grades.

Out of that 700 I know, by sight, three girls who have the name of drinkers and who go out with the boys for "good times."

These three girls are *not* recognized by the other girls and most of the boys in high school. They have been completely ousted by school societies.

When I am invited out with a boy, if he tries to kiss me I tell him that I do not care for that sort of thing, and if he wants a girl he can kiss and pet, that he can take me home immediately.

The few who I have had to speak to in that manner have become my best friends. And I, as well as many other girls in school that I am like, are as popular, if not more so, than the three girls I mentioned.

I walk along the street and look at no one. I have even passed by my own friends because I am always afraid some one I do not know might stop me or speak to me.

I am ashamed to think that, as Judge Oberwager said, any girl would discuss such a thing as sex with a boy. I couldn't bring myself to speak of such a thing to even my closest girl friend, or even my mother.—*A Good Girl from Michigan.*

Up, Up, Cake-Eaters!

ST. PAUL, MINN.—It is time we young, downtrodden males, sheiks, and cake-eaters organized against the ever-increasing mob of female pursuers.

Our virtue is at stake and we rise to protest. So we are lured, are we? Our innocence is set at naught? Will no one save little Ephraim from the ravages of little Nell? Alas!—*Alfred H. Barron; Le Roy Sroboda.*

Wild Oats for Women

COLUMBUS, OHIO—Your illustrations on Heaven Help the Modern Boy! are, to my way of thinking, extremely apt. I can conceive of no boy of our present decade—except the introspective, studious-student type you depict—who would have to be pursued by the girls.

Women have demanded equality of sex. We have now arrived at that place and the young woman may taste life—sow *her* wild oats—with the same immunity the men flaunted at her several decades back.

The man's license is not revoked—it is changed and the women granted a like license. *When women sought and gained equality of sex, they granted themselves the same license that the men have.* And the very ones who set this prerogative years before our time are the ones who today are yowling loudest about the depravity of today's youngsters.

We fellows are good enough sports to realize and admit that the girls have caught up with us; literally beat us at our own game, as it were.

It does not seem to me that the world is off balance. Many agree that it has been lately brought to an even keel by the granting of the license to both sexes. We have lived—are living—life, probing sex, *not* stopping short of the actual transgression.

I do not know whether this free-acting, free-thinking way is right or not. I am a part of it and will not commit myself. But it must be admitted that it is at least *just.*—*Jay C. McGraw.*

Once Down, Always Down

ANNAPOLIS, MD.—Does the Judge stop to realize that for every girl, now, who is of "loose morals" a man *had,* necessarily, to be the cause of her downfall? And it is men of his type who refuse to give a girl another chance. "Once down, always down," is his motto.—"*Shawnee.*"

The Adam in Every Eve's Life

EVANSTON, ILL.—What ails these people who insist on making

the modern girl so much worse than the modern boy? There is always a *first* man in every woman's past, you know. Unfortunate—but true.—*F. E. W.*

Let's Call in the Supreme Court

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA.—Judge Oberwager's article amused me! You know, there are two sides to every question. Why not have another judge (just to balance it) take up the Modern Girl's cause?—*LIBERTY Fan.*

Nice Boys Not So Nice

DARIEN, CONN.—I'd like to talk to that Judge. Run *after* the boy? Help! I wonder what he thinks of our modern collegiate boy, the real college boy? I suppose he thinks him a studious, well-meaning, wholesome boy, who spends the time he isn't studying trying to get away from the clutches of the modern girl!

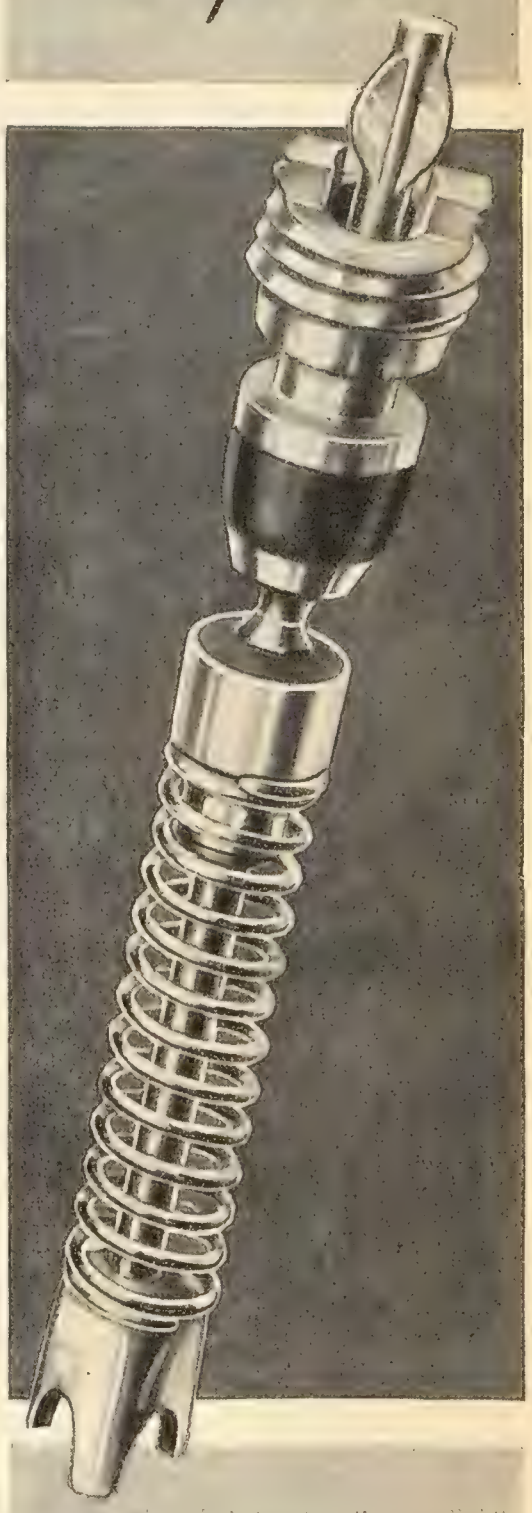
Judge Oberwager knows of "this instance," and "that instance," and cases that are brought before him; he sees it all from the side lines. But I'm a girl, right in the ring. I'm no different from any other, and let me tell *you,* my dear Judge, I *know!*

You know of *one* boy who carried a flask to please his sweetheart. I know a hundred men and boys who carry flasks for themselves and expect the girl they are with to drink, too, or they call her a bum sport, and drop her.

I don't know about the boys changing, because I was a kid a

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

Replace *once* a year



NO air can escape at the mouth of your tire valves when equipped with Schrader valve insides in good condition screwed down tight.

But valve insides will age or wear out just as tires do. That's why it's a wise precaution to renew every valve inside once a year.

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FURTHER MESSAGE

from the

three Graham brothers

More than a year ago we sold our entire holdings in Dodge Brothers, Incorporated, (manufacturers of motor cars), and Graham Brothers, Incorporated, (manufacturers of motor trucks), and severed our active and financial connections with both organizations.

On June the tenth, nineteen-hundred and twenty-seven, we acquired control of the Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company, and assumed full responsibility for its management. We have invested over four million dollars in the company, thus providing substantial additional working capital.

On August the fifth, improvements were announced in all Paige sixes and eights, and price reductions on ten of the twenty models. Improvements include material body construction changes, finer appointments, new color combinations applied by an advanced process adding to both beauty and durability, and important engine and chassis refinements.

On September the tenth, two new models were announced, making a Paige six available for the first time for less than a thousand dollars. Paige cars can now be had in twenty body types on four chassis, in sixes and eights, at prices ranging from $995 to $2665, f. o. b. Detroit.

We invite you to inspect the improved Paige sixes and eights now on display, noting particularly their substantial values.

Detroit, Michigan
September twelfth
Nineteen-hundred and twenty-seven

Joseph B. Graham
Robert C. Graham
Ray A. Graham

P A I G E

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

decade ago, but I *do* know that a girl has to be on her guard every minute.—*An Average Girl.*

Making Sin Unpopular

PITMAN, N. J.—Heaven Help the Modern Boy! was one of the

most truthful and enlightening statements ever published by LIBERTY!

So many young folks are influenced by what they read, and if sin and its evil effects can be made unpopular, our youth may be saved.—*Mrs. H. S. Beckett.*

From a Young Wife

ATLANTA, GA.—In regard to Judge Oberwager's article, such articles and opinions as his are what is ruining the modern boy.

Girls of such character should be punished, but the idea seems to prevail that a man should be excused because he is a man. Where is man's boasted strength of mind and character? With such ideas as these, a girl who lives a pure life is wasting her time as far as life in this world is concerned. Who is fit to be her husband?—*A Heartbroken Young Wife.*

Hands Off Flappers

OMAHA, NEB.—It certainly was a joke! Really, that Judge must have come over with Columbus in 1492.

Please leave the flappers alone. —*Elaine Moore.*

Sex Is So Old-Fashioned

ST. LOUIS, MO.—In our crowd it is *passé* to discuss sex: appeal or otherwise. Those who like liquor, drink. Likewise those who wish to smoke, do so. The same is true of necking. Let me add, the majority of the boys and girls in our set do *not* smoke or drink, nor are we ostracized for not doing so. However, most of us neck.

Really, we are so bored. We do not care for *risqué* plays, jokes, or movies, as some people think. They are all alike: *you* know.—*Edith Toussaint.*

Before and After Marriage

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Saying the girl starts it all, makes me laugh! I dress modestly and am quiet, but I am always "tried out" by every man I meet. I don't mind, though. Why not?

The Judge's inferring that a girl who has gone beyond convention necessarily does not make a good wife, is off, too. I did before I was married, and I have been true to my husband six years. I am a good mother to my baby, too. We intend to keep the single standard. Judge Oberwager must have been ditched.—*A Modern Girl.*

Man's Lost Privilege

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Fellows are never led anywhere they don't want to be led. What men are afraid of is that the double standard is passing, and their day of straying "outside their social sphere" and coming back with their names unbesmirched, is about over.—*A Reader.*

Men—Scum

YONKERS, N. Y.—Don't waste your sympathy on the "dear boys." When they do find a decent girl they don't know enough to realize it. I went out with a chap a few times, but when he realized that I had some respect for myself and wouldn't succumb to his wishes, he refused to see me again.

Men—the name is too good for them. Scum is more like it.—*Disillusioned Fritzie.*

They'll Run the World Some Day

MEMPHIS, TENN.—None of our gang has sprouted wings so far, but I want the Judge to listen to this: the most popular girl is *not* the fastest one, and the most popular boy is *not* the one who always has a flask on the hip.

Now, all together, younger generation, let's join in with a mighty yell: when the bunch of crape-hangers and false alarms, such as the Judge, are dead and gone, the boys of today will be pushing the old world around at the same speed, and those terrible, immoral girls of today will be right at our side with the necessary assistance —*Fred Bauer, Jr.*

Necks, but Hates It

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—Of all the perverted nonsense!

I am a college girl, and I only wish that Judge and these other

apple-knockers could sit in on one of our bull sessions! My, oh my, the panning those *poor, weak, innocent* males get!

As for the drinking, I have never attended a party where liquor flowed "like water." And, believe me, I'm no flat tire. I never miss parties; I'm always on hand. But I'd just like to see where one would end nowadays if one didn't neck. It makes me positively ill, but it is expected of one.—*H. R. B.*

The Scarlet Letter

DETROIT, MICH.—Judge Oberwager is one of the sort that, once a girl does a wrong, never permits her to forget it.—*S. B. M.*

It Looks Hopeless

MEMPHIS, TENN.—The Judge certainly knew what he was writing about.

If these light-brained flappers don't calm down it'll be a pretty hard job for *anything* to help the boys.—*C. W.*

Had Adam Been a Gentleman!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—"The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat."

Oh, shades of that old apple tree! What would the generations of men since Genesis have given as alibis for their deviltry if weak-kneed Adam hadn't said that? What a different story had Adam stood up like a gentleman and said, "I'm just as much to blame as Eve, Lord. Please go easy on the little woman. It wasn't her fault, really. That little red apple has been tantalizing me for days!"

But nay; not so! Instead, the old coward stuck out an accusing finger and blamed it all on Eve.

Now along comes a Judge—a Judge, mind you, girls—a dispenser of justice!—and says the present state of affairs is all the fault of girls. Heaven's sake!—*C. L.*

Secrets Are Out

MOSSVILLE, ILL.—I've just finished reading Heaven Help the Modern Boy! God help Judge Oberwager!

I would like to bet some one that he is over forty years old, for men under that age have been brought up to the idea that girls are free and that they have legs.

I am right here to stand behind the modern girl. She is healthier and better than the girl of twenty-five years ago. She doesn't know what it is to faint, for she isn't laced up so tight that she can not breathe freely. Her morals are higher.

The same things happen today that always did, only there is not so much secrecy about it all.—*Katherine Jones.*

Moral: No Mixed Drinking

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Take it from me, Judge Oberwager's article had a good moral behind it.

I want to say that I can point out two friends of mine who are very unhappily married. Why? Because it was either get married or go to jail.

This idea of getting lit up is all right, providing the sexes are separate. But get a petting pair together with a little mixture of punk gin—and the spark has started a fine fire. Lord knows how far it will travel.

One good hoo-ray for the Judge! —*Dudley B. Franklin.*

Only His Will-Power Saved Him

RALEIGH, N. C.—While I don't believe the conditions described are quite as bad as pictured, I do know that there is some truth in every statement the Judge makes.

I'm just a young fellow myself (not an angel by any means), and naturally I run around after members of the female sex. In a number of cases it has put a great strain on my will-power to keep out of serious trouble with them.—*J. L. Robinson.*

Sex Enlightenment

PITTSBURGH, PA.—In my work it is necessary for me to mingle with college students of eleven of the foremost schools in the country, and since I have been actively engaged in this work for over six years, I feel that I am in a position to know something about the life and social activities of our younger generation.

Modernism as the Judge interprets it, and the *actual* modernism of thought and action which promotes better understanding be-

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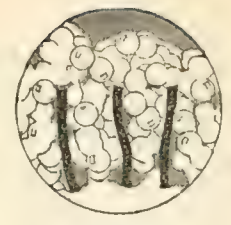

ORDINARY LATHER

This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against whiskers.

COLGATE LATHER

This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

Small-bubble lather

soaks every whisker

Holds water like a sponge. Softens each hair right where it grows out

AT the base, just where the razor edge works —that's where Colgate lather battles whiskers. Sopping-wet with water are its minute bubbles. They snuggle round each tiny hair, as the pictures above show.

How "small-bubble" lather works: The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up and floats away the oil film that covers each hair.

2. With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

Because your beard is properly softened at its base, every hair is cut close and clean. Your face remains comfortable all day.

FREE—A WEEK'S BETTER SHAVES

Prove these claims for yourself at our expense. Just write to Colgate & Co., Dept. 502-J, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York, for a generous trial-size tube—free.

ADDITIONAL DIVIDEND. We will include a sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men—the new after-shave powder that keeps your face looking freshly shaved.

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Now is your opportunity to begin a season of greater radio enjoyment

During the past summer radio engineers have attained an amazingly higher degree of radio perfection in receiving sets and accessories. The radio wave length question has been adjusted. Wonderful programs are being prepared by radio stations near and far.

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The question is, "Are you getting all you possibly can in the way of radio entertainment from the receiving set you now have, or will you get all possible from the new set you may purchase?" Now is your opportunity to be fully prepared at less cost. Thousands of dealers are co-operating.

Perhaps the most notable and amazing radio development is Archatron Radio Tubes. To quote the slogan of National Radio Improv'ment Week, they *"get all from the air there is on the air."*

More Stations

Change to Archatrons if you want to get more stations. Complete degasification has created greater sensitivity, which means greater selectivity. Archatrons will make any receiving set a better one, or money refunded.

Better Reception—Less Cost

Freedom of "electron flow" in Archatrons also results in greater volume and easier tuning.

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This is the famous arch in Archatrons that results in complete degasification. Accept no substitute.

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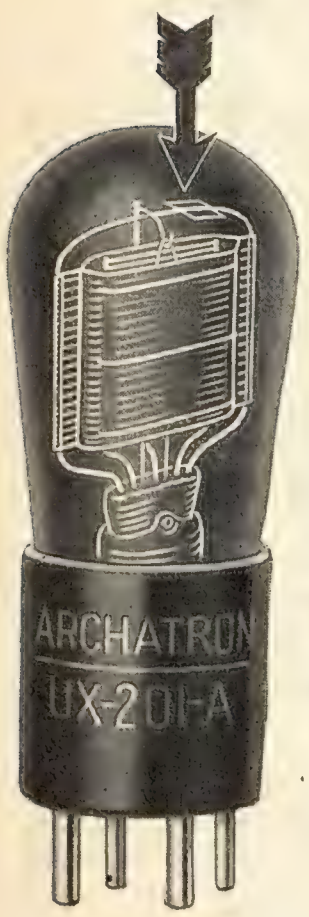

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Complete degasification of Archatron Radio Tubes results in perfect uniformity. Each one has exactly the same electrical characteristics. No more weary hunting for tubes that match. One Archatron improves any radio receiver; an entire new set will amaze you by its performance. Archatron efficiency remains constant and true. Absolute satisfaction *guaranteed* right up to the very end of filament life. Ordinary tubes decline in power from the start.

A Trial Costs You Nothing

Go to your radio dealer. Ask for a single Archatron or a whole set. Put them in your receiver. If they do not make your radio a better radio, your money will be refunded.

Free offer *to* Radio Owners

During National Radio Improvement Week any Archatron Dealer is authorized to give you one free Archatron Radio Tube (No. UX-201-A or UX-199) with a purchase of four or more. This enables you to get a set of 5 for the price of 4, or a set of 6 for the price of 5. Together with Archatron quality and performance this unprecedented offer should induce you to change to Archatrons and enjoy the best radio your set is capable of giving. Act promptly—the offer is good for National Radio Improv'ment Week only.

GUARANTEE: Any Archatron which, in the estimation of the purchaser, fails to give longer and more satisfactory service, will be exchanged and any set of Archatrons failing to improve the receiving set in which they are installed will be exchanged or money refunded.

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Owensboro, Ky.

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

tween the sexes, instead of debasing sex by making it a forbidden topic of discussion (as was the case in the Judge's youth), are quite different.

It is puritanical people like Judge Oberwager who can only see the moral filth instead of the bright spiritual sunshine of our advanced sexual enlightenment.—*Forrest E. Gill.*

What Drives Girls Wild

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—When even a learned and experienced

Judge can not see the inconsistencies of his own remarks, what chance has woman of ever getting a fair deal from man?

I was reading the paragraph quoting the reasonings of the "model young man" of former decades in excusing his own transgressions, which ended: "In sinning, so he reasoned, he was merely indulging a man's privileges and harming no one." And the Judge did not condemn this attitude.

I suppose he thinks that boy was a suitable mate for the girl he describes in a later paragraph: "His attitude [in accepting the modern girl's delinquencies] is robbing him of the most beautiful things in a man's life: his love and confidence in the absolute purity of the woman of his choice." There you have man's viewpoint in a nutshell: a man's privileges—a woman's purity.

This "shackled thou but privileged me" attitude on the part of the men seems to be the very core of the whole trouble. It makes any sane girl wild to even think of it. Why be good if you have nothing to look forward to but a selfish rake for a husband?—*Bessie Smith.*

Wisdom at Sixteen

WILMINGTON, N. C.—I'd like to ask Judge Oberwager how many of my sex go with a Ford and whisky to look for an innocent boy to ruin. To every one he gives I can come back with ten of his own.—*Inez Conner—age 16.*

Innocence and the Fiend

CEDAR RAPIDS, IA.—The most *outrageous* thing I ever read!

The author makes out the girl of today as a sort of immoral fiend, and the boy a poor little innocent thing, snatched right out of his mother's arms and led on by these wicked girls.

Words can not express my disgust for this article. Boys don't *have* to be coaxed. It's just instinct.—*A Faithful Reader of LIBERTY.*

Rough on Husbands

CINCINNATI, OHIO—The Judge says a boy should not marry a girl if she was immoral before marriage, for she would more than likely be afterward.

Well, *what about the boy?* Is the girl not taking the same chance? If the Judge will get out in his city and look up a few married men, he will find that at least three-fourths of them have been immoral since they were married.

So before the Judge takes a crack at the girls, he had better let justice tell him that it is a fifty-fifty proposition, and what is fair for one is fair for both.—*Bill G.*

Letter from the Battle-Front

COLUMBUS, GA.—In a frank and straight-from-the-shoulder manner, the Judge has reached the true source of all the present-day generation's trouble. I know, for I am living right in the midst of it all.

Why in the world won't girls forget about sex and necking for just a few minutes, anyway? Don't they think that we ever get fed up on it all?

There are still some few girls that we can go with and have the kind of dates that we once had with our school-day puppy-loves. God bless them!—*F. M.*

Birds of a Feather

BALTIMORE, MD.—A word as to the boy who just won't play around. I'll say it's true that he'll be ostracized until—he gets in a bunch that has the same ideas—which I was fortunate enough to do.—*Ted.*

Betting Is Forbidden; But the Judge Says You'd Lose

OMAHA, NEB.—How *could* you do it?—illustrate that article by Judge Oberwager with those grotesque drawings. You caricatured and made the whole thing appear like buffoonery. I have conducted an advisory column on the *World-Herald* here for ten years, and I asked my young correspondents to read the article. Now I'm actually sorry I did; they will consider it a burlesque, on account of those drawings, and hold the subject of sex even more lightly than they do, and, God knows, that is lightly enough.

I am enclosing a check for five dollars to place as a wager that Judge Oberwager didn't see those drawings before they appeared, and that when he did see them he received one of those shocks that editors so frequently give those outside our profession.—*Eva Mahoney.*

Wild as Cows

NEW YORK, N. Y.—There are lots of girls that like to appear

wild, so they can get "dated," as the average youth doesn't like quiet girls to have a good time with, but down deep in their hearts they are about as wild as cows.—*E. Roberson.*

Cheers for Miss 1927

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—I maintain that the modern girl, in the majority, is just as clean and good a girl as any who have passed before her—cleaner, perhaps, for admit-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

All 3

for the price of one

Demonstration Offer

Good things like this don't last forever. You can still get this triple combination of shaving speed, comfort and luxury. But the supply is limited. It's our treat because we want every man who shaves to know the perfect Mennen *dermutized* shave — the tonic touch of Skin Balm—the soothing after-dash of Mennen Talcum for Men. Get them today—this

MENNEN TRIO

50¢

while it lasts

The Mennen Company
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This Modern Brush polishes teeth *amazingly* white!

DR. WEST'S TOOTH Brush really *polishes* your teeth every time you use it. Rapidly all dinginess vanishes. Brilliant clean whiteness comes to replace stains and discoloration.

That is precisely the purpose for which it was designed.

Use any good dentifrice you like. Your modern Dr. West's brush does the polishing. Brush away from the gums, always—four minutes daily; two at night, two in the morning. *The new whiteness this brings will astonish you.*

The accompanying diagram shows how this modern brush gets its remarkable polishing ability. Note that it fits perfectly the neglected inside curve of teeth—as well as the outside. That every surface and curve of every tooth is firmly contacted — even *behind* teeth farthest back. Note too how its extra-pointed tufts penetrate into, and sweep clean, *all* crevices between teeth.

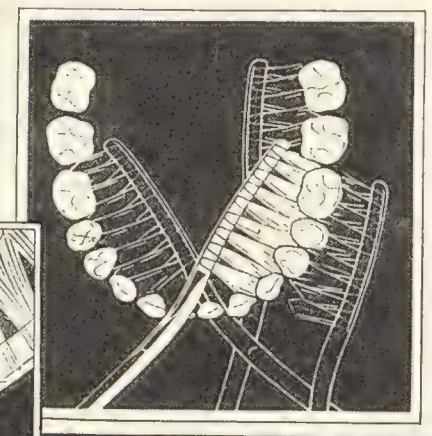
Most important of all, you see that its special bristles remain always erect. Only the tips of bristles can cleanse and polish. Teeth cannot be cleaned, polished, by bent-over bristle-tufts.

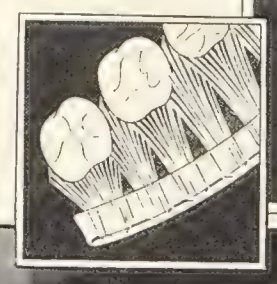
In addition to *modern* design, Dr. West's Tooth Brush is made of special polishing bristles—for which premium prices are paid, *from two to five times more* than the cost of ordinary bristles.

That's why whiter teeth are bound to follow regular brushing with Dr. West's. Stop at any drug store, today, and get one for each member of your family: Adult's size, 50c; Youth's, 35c; Child's, 25c; special Gum Massage Brush, 75c. See what a difference it makes—and how quickly this becomes apparent.

To Get Full Benefit:

Dr. West's Tooth Brush is extra sturdy. It may look all right, may still be usable, long after use has impaired the amazing polishing quality. Don't use it too long. Get a new one: a) if your present brush has been in use for 90 days; b) if bristles soften, lose resilience immediately, when wet; or c) if spaces between tufts show tangled, bent-over bristles. Dentists change their own Dr. West's monthly, for this reason.





Caution:

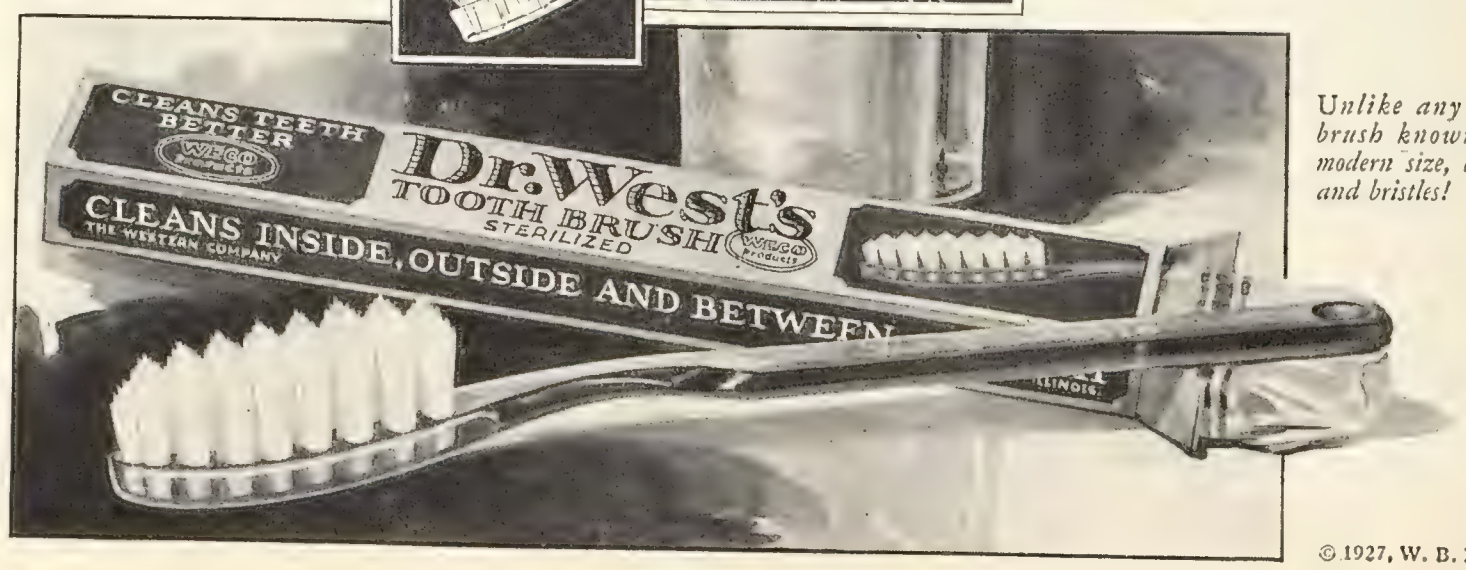
For your protection, every Dr. West's Tooth Brush is first sterilized, then sealed in a special envelope, then packed in the customary carton. No one can thumb or handle the Dr. West's you buy!

There are handles of six different colors, too—one for each member of your family.

Note the Differences!

Dr. West's brush perfectly fits the neglected *inside* curve of teeth as well as the outside. Wide-spaced tufts sweep crevices clean. Special bristles remain erect—polishing, whitening.

THE WESTERN COMPANY, CHICAGO; THE WECO PRODUCTS CO., LTD., TORONTO, CANADA



Unlike any other brush known—in modern size, design, and bristles!

© 1927, W. B. M. Co.

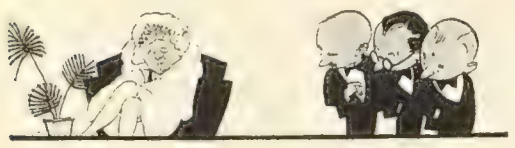
[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

ting the thoughts which she formerly kept locked in the innermost recesses of her mind. Whatever else may be said against our generation, we *are* aboveboard, honest.

In closing, may I ask for Three Cheers and a half dozen Rahs for the modern girl, and say to the Judge—Look again, look again!—*Charles H. Balme.*

Mothers and Fathers Set the Example

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Say, if this older generation of womanhood was so ideal, what happened to it



all of a sudden? How many mothers of these wayward children smoke? How many serve highballs? How many are always playing bridge when their children want them? Why crab about the pretty calf of a young girl when the woman of fifty displays hers?

How many fathers of these kids make trips to Canada—for liquid purposes only—and sit around and brag of their finds? Children, you know, are like monkeys—as see, so do.

Oh, yes, we park in cars along the road; but then, remember—old Dobbin knew the road home. —*X. Y. Z.*

Surprised at Judge's Wisdom

OSKALOOSA, IA.—The Judge's article sounded as though he had been right in with our gang, on our parties, and in our apartments. In fact, he sounded like one of the members that had reformed.

Never before did I realize that the older generation knows as much as it does.

Let's have more from the Judge! —*A Derailed Male.*

Lady Drinkers of Long Ago

WASHINGTON, D. C.—It can not be truthfully said that the girls are drinking any more today than the girls of thirty years ago.

Before prohibition almost every desirable corner piece of real estate in New York and other large cities was occupied by a saloon with a back room in which girls of all ages from ten up drank freely of beer and hard liquors.

In Boston, at the famous "Pops" in Symphony Hall, on hot summer nights, it was nothing unusual to see fair ladies "come up for air" by proceeding, in their long, trailing gowns, with the assistance of their escorts, to the outside steps.

In Newark, Hoboken, and Brooklyn, to say nothing of Coney Island, mobs of people gathered nightly and consumed vast quantities of liquid refreshment which was strong enough to keep hundreds of police patrol wagons busy all night.

Pages and pages of facts could be written about the other side of the story.—*George E. Keeler.*

De-Bunking Sex

NEW YORK, N. Y.—To LIBERTY, congratulations! You have hit the nail on the head.

Ask the boy of today if he wants to marry a girl that makes the sky the limit. If he is honest he will say no!

I believe that such articles as these, that bring home to boys and girls alike the idea that sex is nothing but rot, previous to marriage, will do much to eliminate the tin-horn type of sophistication that is really a veneer over a real honest-to-God person underneath. —"*Rex.*"

What a Good Woman Gets

WHEELING, W. VA.—Just let me say for us, that nine-tenths of us are as good as any man—and *better.* No man living has a right to the sex privileges the Judge affords him. He—the Judge of weight and justice—condemns a girl for being promiscuous and begs a "rosy-cheeked lad" not to marry her. Yet that same gentleman would offer to a good woman, as a life mate, a man twice as promiscuous.—*Mrs. J. N. B.*

Chicago Not Guilty

CHICAGO, ILL.—If there are girls like the Judge describes, they must be in East Africa, because none of my friends has ever seen or heard of them. We live in Chicago, and it is *supposed* to be bad.—*Teddie Budland.*

Not So Worse

NEW YORK, N. Y.—What's the big idea about slamming girls and women all the time? We are not so "worse"!

In our set it is the boy who always introduces the topic of sex, and the girls promptly sit on him for it.

Judge Oberwager said that the girls persuade the boys to drink, pet, etc. We assure you that this is not so, in our case, at least. Notwithstanding this, we are *very* popular.

You may say that we are old-fashioned, but the members of the opposite sex whom we know (and we can assure you that that is no small number) think differently.—*Two Modern Girls.*

To the Victor Belong the Boys

SCRANTON, PA.—After reading Heaven Help the Modern Boy! by

Judge Oberwager, wherein he attempts to defend the young males of the species, and at the same time blame me and my sisters, let me say that the weaker sex is ours.

We have met the enemy on his own intellectual battle-ground, and he is ours!

And, my dear Judge, your article and interest is the very evidence that proves that we have smitten your heart, too.

Perhaps, quite completely. How do you like them apples? On with the dance!—*May Worrel.*

Judge Oberwager will defend himself and get back at his critics in a smashing article in next week's issue. Watch for An Answer to the Modern Girl.

Colorful *Smart*

these Rubber Coats

Liven up gloomy days

Fashion's decrees hold good even when it rains.

For along the streets of town and city—on the college campus—these gay distinctive rubber coats are the style. And smart people everywhere brighten up the gloomy days with Raynsters.

Only genuine Raynsters have the brilliant, permanent lustre obtained by a patented United States Rubber Company process—which has caused Fashion to accept this rainy day apparel. And Raynsters—from the raw materials to the finished garment—are made by the United States Rubber Company and are guaranteed by that Company.

Should you prefer something other than a colored coat, there's a Raynster for every wet weather need. A dealer near you has them. There are styles and sizes for men, women, boys and girls. And for assurance of correct cut and style—superior materials and lasting protection from the rain—be sure the label says: "Raynster."

Distributors for Canada, Ames Holden McCready Rubber Co., Ltd., Montreal.

United States Rubber Company

Also manufacturers of Naugatex Sport Garments

"U.S." Raynsters

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY US RUBBER SYSTEM AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

PRIZES

Prizes will be divided into 233 awards as follows:

1st Prize - - -	$5,000
2nd Prize - - -	$1,000
3rd Prize - - -	$500
10 Prizes, each -	$100
20 Prizes, each - -	$50
100 Prizes, each - -	$10
100 Prizes, each - -	$5
233 Prizes, Total	$10,000

In case of a tie, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to tying contestants.

The Gold Medal Flour Radio Contest is being broadcast this week over more Radio Broadcasting Stations throughout the United States than have ever before been used for one program.

HOUSEWIVES: It's easy! It's simple! No bother!

A big reward for a little effort!

All it requires is common sense, a piece of paper, pen and ink and a stamped envelope.

Just write down *the five best reasons why housewives find it to their advantage to buy and serve the products of the baker.*

No study of the dictionary; no poring over volumes of history; no searching picture books for funny noses. Just write down the facts—your own reasons—out of your own experience.

Mail to us, and if the distinguished judges decide you win one of the 233 cash prizes we will send you a Gold Medal check for your prize on December 1, 1927.

The bigger the amount you win the better we'll like it. We hope to send you enough money to buy a new "straight eight" or a ride on the observation platform into dreamed-of lands. In any event there are probably a hundred and one things you can think of. This contest is your chance for that extra money in amounts from $5.00 to $5,000. See that you get yours!

We are offering these cash prizes to get the best thought and opinion of housewives on the subject of bakery products and service.

Our business is making flour but, if we are to sell more flour, bakers must sell more bakery products. We hope to learn from answers to this contest how we can help bakers give you better products and better service. That will help everyone of us.

It's no trouble to enter the Gold Medal Flour Radio Contest. Just use your own common sense.

Read the rules; fill out the coupon on the next page; have it signed by your baker or the grocer from whom you buy bakers' products; attach it to your five reasons and mail to us at once.

Eventually WHY NOT NOW

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY

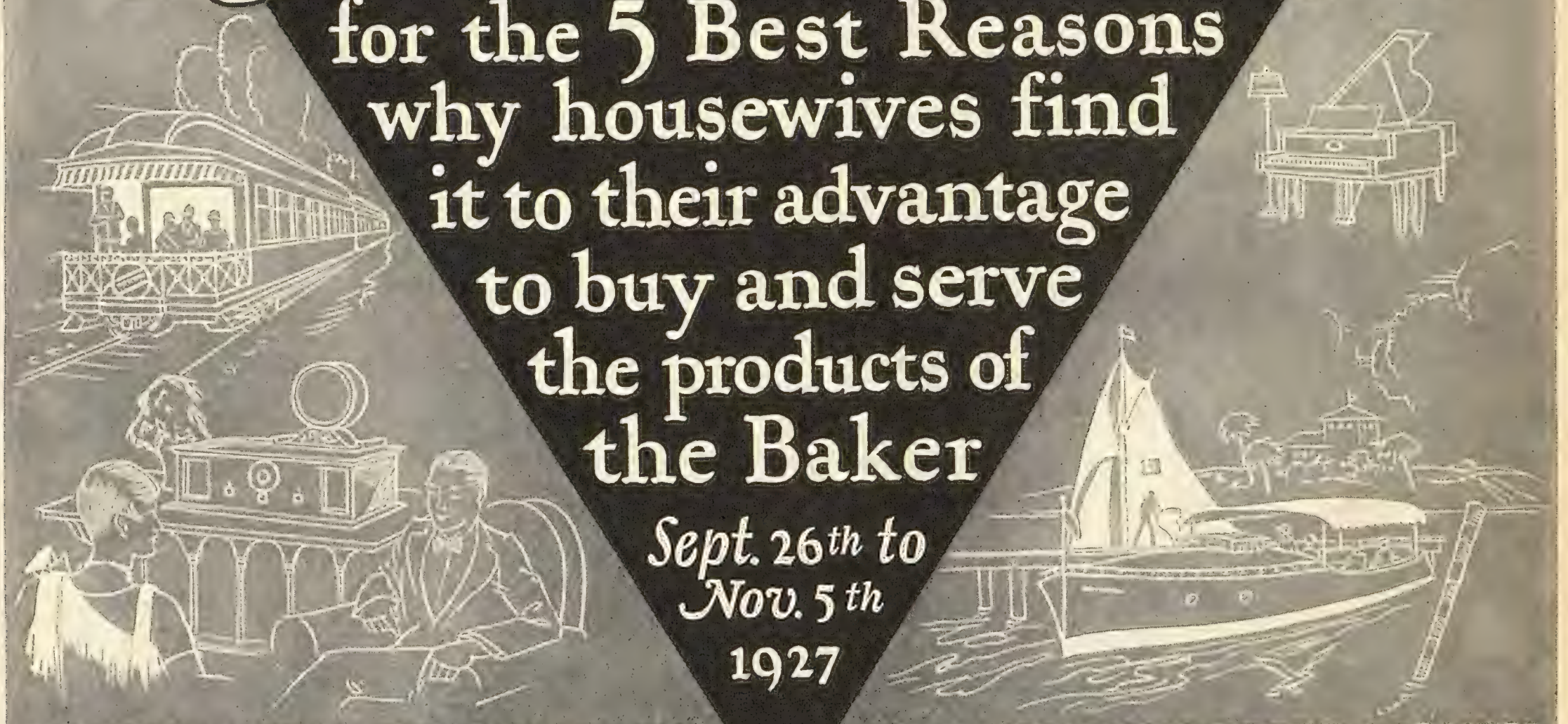
To enter the Gold Medal Flour Radio Contest, sign coupon on opposite page, have it countersigned by the proprietor of a bakery, or a baker's representative, or by the grocer from whom you buy bakers' products, attach your "5 Best Reasons" and mail to Contest Dept., Washburn Crosby Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Housewives — *Make your dreams come true!*

$10,000 in Cash Prizes

for the 5 Best Reasons why housewives find it to their advantage to buy and serve the products of the Baker

Sept. 26th to Nov. 5th 1927



CHOOSE WHAT YOU WANT TO BUY WITH YOUR PRIZE MONEY

RULES: 1. In The Bakers' Gold Medal Flour Radio Contest prizes will be awarded for the 5 best reasons why housewives find it to their advantage to buy and serve the products of the baker. It is open to every woman not an employee of Washburn Crosby Company or member of immediate family of employee.

2. This contest is open from September 26th to November 5th, 1927. All answers must be post-marked not later than midnight of November 5th, 1927.

3. Prizes will be divided into 233 awards as listed on opposite page. In case of a tie, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to tying contestants.

4. Entries will be judged by a competent committee of four whose decisions will be final. (See list on this page.)

5. The entries will be judged upon:
(a) Soundness of reasons.
(b) Order of importance of 5 reasons as listed by contestant.
(c) Clearness of expression.
(d) Neatness. No elaborate treatments are desired.
(e) Brevity. State your reasons simply and briefly.

6. (a) Contestants may use any kind of writing paper; (b) Entries must be written in ink or on a typewriter, on only one side of the paper; (c) Name and address must be readable.

7. *No entry will be eligible unless it is plainly countersigned by the proprietor of a bakery, or a baker's representative, or by the grocer from whom you buy bakers' products.* If countersigned by a grocer give his address, also the brand of bread or other bakers' products you buy.

8. Send only five reasons, by first class mail, postage prepaid. All entries to be the property of Washburn Crosby Company.

9. Address all entries to the Contest Department, Washburn Crosby Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Eventually WHY NOT NOW

Judges

Mrs. Alice A. Winter
Minneapolis, Minn.
Former National President of the Federation of Women's Clubs.

Henry Stude
Houston, Texas
President of the American Bakers' Association.

Michael Hoffman
St. Louis, Mo.
President of the Associated Bakers of America.

U. S. Senator Royal S. Copeland
New York, N. Y.
Former Commissioner of Health of New York City.

FILL IN COUPON BELOW — CUT ON THIS LINE

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

Name .....

Street & No. ..... City ..... State .....

Name of bread or other bakers' products used .....

The proprietor of a bakery, or a baker's representative, or a grocer from whom you buy bakers' products must countersign in space below:

Signature of { Baker ☐ / Grocer ☐ } .....

Address .....

Her most embarrassing moment

The gentleman really isn't an eccentric dancer. He's simply trying to wriggle his underwear into a new—if not more comfortable position.

No, it isn't a new dance—merely *Underwear!*

It's hard to achieve a rhythmic grace when your underwear threatens to cut you in two any moment. When it's all bunched up in the small of your back. Or when, by some fiendish method all its own, it's apparently bent on pulling your left shoulder down under your right knee.

Yet, how simple the remedy! The Lewis Golf Suit, of course. Thousands of golfers swung with new ease and freedom last summer. Thousands of dancers will swing with new freedom this winter.

A slightly heavier weight for winter, naturally. But the same freedom—the same comfort. Perspiration absorbed and evaporated in the same perfect manner. Truly, for every occasion, the most friendly of all union suits.

America's Finest Underwear

There's a richness—a character about Lewis Underwear that has distinguished it for 35 years. We suggest that you ask to see these styles:

"*The Lewis Commodore,*" a rich, soft silver worsted, medium weight, at $3.00

"*The Lewis Chieftain,*" a snow-white, glistening mercerized garment, medium weight, at $4.00

"*The Lewis Colonel,*" a warm worsted, soothed with silky mercerized lisle, medium weight, at . $5.00

Also the famous Lewis Hand-Knitted, Full-Fashioned suits in selected yarns, up to $70 per garment.

The New

LEWIS GOLF SUIT

Look for the Lewis label and the little golfer on every *genuine* Lewis Golf Suit

If your dealer hasn't the Lewis Golf Suit, send us your measurements, with a check for any of the following styles:

Summer Weight, Mercerized
2 suits, no sleeves, knee length $5.00
2 suits, no sleeves, ¾ length . 6.00

Winter Weight, Mercerized
2 suits, no sleeves, knee length $6.00
2 suits, no sleeves, ¾ length . 7.00

Worsted and Mercerized
2 suits, no sleeves, knee length $7.00
2 suits, no sleeves, ¾ length . 8.00

Lewis Knitting Company
110 Main St., Janesville, Wis.

The NEW UNDERWEAR *That Gives* NEW FREEDOM

The Break of the Game

(Reading time: 4 minutes 35 seconds.)

Turning-Points in Famous Football Matches— Illustrated by Ohio State, 1920

An Article by

WALTER ECKERSALL

THE break of the game!

This is an expression often heard during and after important football struggles. The average gridiron enthusiast employs it to characterize some lucky turn in a contest which has a direct bearing on the result.

Converting a fumble into a touch-down, catching defensive elevens napping on trick plays, working the ball into a position for a field goal by strategic attacks, or beating a team by using its own style of play, is not luck. These are results of clever coaching of teams to take advantage of opportunities.

In a majority of cases a team makes its own breaks. In some instances the punt catchers will be worried to such an extent that they become nervous and juggle the kicks.

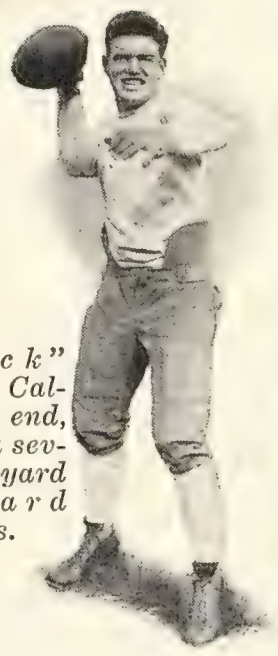
Forward passes may be hurled in such a manner as to permit the ball to be touched by a member of the defense and then drop back into the arms of a member of the passing team. Smart defensive players will sense an opponent's attack and intercept forward passes.

THE intelligent football coach always teaches his players to follow the ball, as close proximity to the oval eventually will be rewarded. The players who were expert in scooping up fumbled balls won everlasting fame at their respective institutions.

During the fall of 1920, the Ohio State football eleven, coached to a high point of efficiency in forward passing by Dr. John W. Wilce, won the Western Conference championship by taking advantage of the breaks of the game. Its honors were achieved by successfully executing forward passes in the closing minutes of play. This was especially true of the games with Wisconsin and Illinois.

In the struggle with the Wisconsin Badgers, Ohio State, after a great uphill fight, snatched victory out of the fire of defeat in the closing seconds of play. Wisconsin scored in the first quarter by rushing plays, and kicked the goal, making the score 7 to 0.

The count remained stationary until only four minutes before the end of the fourth quarter, the Ohio Buckeyes having been unable to execute the famous Workman-to-Stinchcomb forward pass. Coach John Richards of Wisconsin had taught his team the man-to-man defense, and Stinchcomb was always covered.



"Brick" Muller, California end, threw a seventy-yard forward pass.

"Brodie" Stephens caught Muller's record heave and made a touch-down.

Harry Workman's right arm helped Ohio State win the Big Ten crown in 1920.

This diagram illustrates the play that started California's rout of the Western Conference champions.

As the game was drawing to a close, the combination finally executed the play and Stinchcomb went over for a touch-down. The attempted goal kick struck an upright and the ball bounded back into the field, leaving Wisconsin still on the long end of the 7-to-6 score.

About one minute remained. The ball was on Ohio's twenty-yard line, in its possession.

A running play was unsuccessful. A forward pass, Workman to Stinchcomb, was not completed, and the ball remained on Ohio's twenty-yard line.

The aerial attack was called upon again, and Workman heaved the oval to Stinchcomb, who was downed in midfield. With just enough time for one more play, the play was repeated, and Stinchcomb crossed the Badger goal-line.

This time the goal was kicked, and the final score was 13 to 7 in favor of Ohio State.

In its final game of the conference season with Illinois, Ohio State scored the winning points when time for the game was up, but the ball was in the air. For three-quarters of a bitterly fought struggle, the two elevens battled to a scoreless tie.

Late in the final period, with just enough time left for the center to snap the ball, Workman shot a long forward pass to Myers, the end. Previous to the play, the ball was on Illinois' forty-six-yard line.

Walquist, the Illinois safety player, saw the ball in the air. He had heard the pistol-shot to denote the end of the game, and was set to bat the ball to the ground to make the pass incomplete. But, as he leaped to bat the oval, he slipped.

The ball sailed over his head to Myers, who scampered over the goal-line. The goal was kicked, and the final score was 7 to 0 in favor of Ohio State.

It was only the fact that Ohio State consistently made such plays at critical times that stopped its rivals from declaring they were due to luck.

But the tables were to be turned against the Buckeyes.

On the same day that they clinched the Western Conference championship, California, coached by the late Andy Smith, won the undisputed title of the Pacific Coast Conference.

An invitation was extended to Ohio State to meet California in the annual East *versus* West game played every year at Pasadena, California. The game was played on January 1, 1921.

The forward-passing ability of Workman and the uncanny recovery of such throws by Stinchcomb made Ohio State a favorite before the contest, although California had won its championship by an excellent mixture of the close and open attack.

COACH SMITH had a driving offense directed between his two tackles. He also had a pleasing running attack in which his ends carried the ball.

Pete Stinchcomb, Workman's partner in a famous passing combination.

The team did some forward passing, but straight football usually brought about the desired results.

Smith, however, decided to "cross" his opponent. He knew Ohio State would expect his team to launch its customary straight attack, with little forward passing. And he was right, for Coach Wilce had not planned his defense to stop a forward-pass offense.

Shortly after the game had opened, the most perfectly executed forward pass I have ever seen was made, and it completely broke down the morale of the Western Conference champions.

An exchange of punts had left the ball on California's forty-yard line in its possession. A line plunge by Morrison and an off-tackle drive by Sprott gained only three yards.

On the next play, Harold "Brick" Muller, the greatest end ever developed on the West Coast, started to run toward his own goal-line on a given signal. One man may be in motion toward his own goal before the ball is put in play.

The oval was snapped by Latham, the center, to Sprott, a half-back. The latter held it a moment and then tossed it back to Muller.

Meantime, "Brodie" Stephens, the other end, had raced down the field. He passed the Ohio State secondary defense and its safety player. Before he reached Ohio's goal-line, he turned to catch the forward pass hurled by Muller.

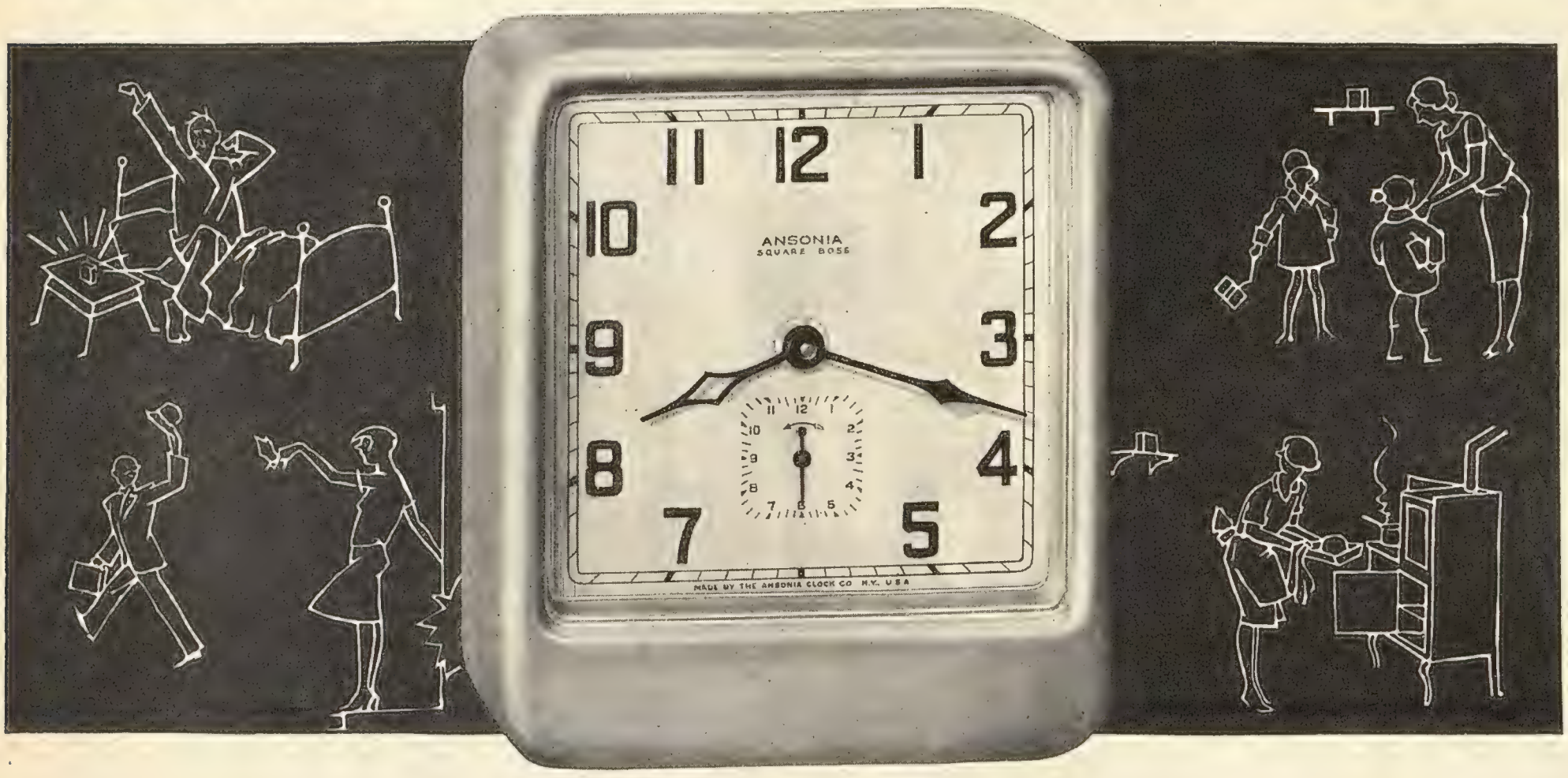
The ball traveled through the air for seventy yards, the record for successfully executed forward passes. After catching the ball, Stephens simply stepped over the goal-line.

This play demoralized Ohio State. The players fought back the best they could, but California trotted off the field an easy winner—28 to 0.

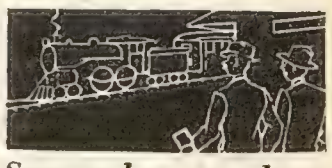
In another article, next week, the author describes the sensational break that gave Michigan a victory over the stronger Minnesota team last season.

The whole family trusts this honest minute hand!

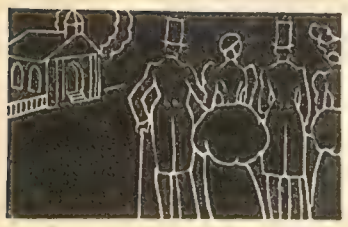
—and its alarm, too



Ansonia Squareclox are honest as the day is long . . . and that is just 1440 minutes. Properly set they will give you no more and no less. Hidden away in each clock is an alarm — urgent but not unmannerly. It will be faithful to your setting. The sturdy beauty of Ansonia Squareclox will gracefully harmonize with its neighbors on your bureau-top . . . or with any other home surroundings.

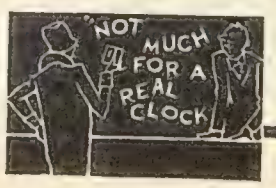


Squareclox get them there on time. . . . Commuters can count on its faithful alarm.



Ansonia started them to church. Your grandfather's household was probably run by an Ansonia Clock.

There are three of them . . . Square Boss, the big fellow . . . Square Owl, middle-sized . . . Square Rascal, the small one. All three have cases of fine brass, pale gold in color . . . The dials are silver-plated brass . . . except Square Owl which is black-faced and luminous and reads in the dark. Sold at jewelers, druggists, hardware and department stores.



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12 East 41st Street, New York City.
Send to address below:

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(X the one you want)

Check for $3.50 enclosed herewith.

Name .....

Address

Love Laughs *at* Barbed Wire

Pola Negri Puts Her Particular Thrill into a New War Film

Pola Negri and Clive Brook as French peasant girl and German prisoner in Barbed Wire.

A Film Review by
FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

(Reading time: 3 minutes.)

WAR, intercollegiate sports, and cabarets are the three themes absorbing Hollywood right now. The movie moguls pronounce them sure-fire and box-office. Pola Negri's newest, Barbed Wire, is, naturally enough, a story of the World War.

Like her last film, Hotel Imperial, it is an excellent photoplay. These are her first two effective screen vehicles in a long line of inferior celluloid.

Here Pola Negri is a French peasant girl, Her farm has been taken over by her government as an internment camp. Behind the barbed-wire fences are enacted the little joys and tragedies of the captured Germans.

The girl, *Mona*, slowly comes to love one of the prisoners. She becomes a marked woman, ostracized by the embittered peasants. On after the Armistice marches the racial hatred, but, out of the welter of blood and frenzy, the two evolve their happiness.

Barbed Wire presents its theme of brotherly love and tolerance—and of the futility of war—daringly for the usually timid screen. In fact, there will be those 100-per-centers who will look askance upon its presentation of ruthlessness and kindliness, of bravery and cowardice, on both sides of the barbed wire.

The picture, frequently turgid and heavily sentimental, has many moving and even thrilling moments. Miss Negri never has been better than as the peasant girl torn between love and patriotism.

Clive Brook is the German prisoner, and he contributes his best Hollywood work to date. Brook is an Englishman, a Londoner in fact, thirty-six years old. He can remember sitting tightly on his father's shoulders, watching Queen Victoria's funeral.

Brook was an assistant secretary in the Colonial Office, with a flair for elocution and acting, when the World War came. He enlisted as a private in the machine-gun corps, and he emerged from the war a major. He came out a physical wreck, too, a shell-shocked victim of amnesia.

Norma Shearer, only a poor cigaret girl, in After Midnight.

After a slow recovery, Brook turned to the stage as best fitted for his limited physical resources.

England had started to make pictures again, and Brook appeared in a number of them. He filmed unusually well, and the American filmmakers noted his work. The result was a one-way ticket to Hollywood, his very first film being This Freedom, produced in 1923. In this picture he played with Fay Compton, who had given him his first stage job in London in Fair and Warmer.

Brook has been going along steadily, now and then playing the British Colonial face to face with the sex perils of the corrosive tropics. He has just finished work opposite Clara Bow in Hula, and is now withstanding the wiles of Gilda Gray in her India story, The Devil Dancer.

Back in 1921 Brook married a young actress, Mildred Evelyn, who had been playing opposite him in a London play. They have a daughter six years old, born on a houseboat on the Thames.

Barbed Wire is directed by Rowland V. Lee. I suspect that a good deal of the directorial credit is due the supervisor, Erich Pommer, the former expert of the Berlin studios of UFA.

THAT other perennial theme, the night club, is the story of After Midnight, in which Norma Shearer is starred.

Monta Bell, the former Washington newspaper man, both wrote and directed the picture. He has built his drama around a cigaret girl in a cabaret and her efforts to withstand its easy-money lure.

Just as *Mary* is about to succumb, her weaker sister is killed during a drunken party, and every one sees the evil of his or her ways. Thus everything ends in a blaze of Hollywood goodness and spirituality.

After Midnight is hardly passable entertainment; unworthy of the personable Miss Shearer, who needs comic material, or its director, who did show possibilities when he first burst into pictures *via* the post of assistant to Charlie Chaplin.

Do you know that—

It is reported that Lillian Gish will return to D. W. Griffith's direction? . . . Jeanne Eagels is making a film try-out opposite Jack Gilbert in Fires of Youth? . . . Merian Cooper and Ernest Schoedsack, makers of Chang and Grass, have departed to get another film, destination a secret?

Glass tubes, illuminated, show the oil in its natural colors—you know you get what you ordered!

Speed!

A new, valuable service to motorists—a new, valuable service to filling stations, offered by Bowser. Speed! There's no waiting for oil when you're served at a Fountain of Illuminated Oil. And the operator, having *all* oils at his finger tips on the pump island, can serve two or more cars in the time required to serve one by the old method [oil in tanks in or around the station building].

Speed! It pleases motorists—helps them to be on their way.

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BOWSER
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Bowser needs more salesmen to handle inquiries for the Fountain. Address S. F. Bowser & Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

WHEN Carlo was eighteen she was straight and slim, and her figure angered Ola. She wore tight-fitting dresses.

"She has A LITTLE GIRL"

Pictures by
EDWARD RYAN

The Story of a Puppy Love that Grew Up

By
VIÑA DELMAR

(Reading time: 23 minutes 20 seconds.)

THEY laughed at you if you were particular about the way your hair was combed. Mother laughed in that high-pitched theatric key that you hated, and Daisy Gruen's little nose twinkled like a rabbit's. Mother and Daisy exchanged glances and laughed.

"She's trying to look older, Anne," Daisy would warn your mother.

And, because you had not yet fully acquired your lacquer of civilization, you would look full at Daisy and say, "That's where we differ materially."

Daisy would glower at you, and Mother would begin one of her time-worn sermons about having respect for her friends. You kept quiet, because nothing had ever been gained by arguing with Mother. She listened to you, nodded, and then, when she had you alone in her bedroom, fetched you a slap across your mouth that you remembered till the next time Daisy's sly remarks made you see red.

Everybody knew that Daisy was wild about Bob Lawrence, but nobody was obviously amused at her devotion. The whole trouble, of course, was that you were only fifteen.

You knew that Bob Lawrence liked a dozen girls as well as he liked Daisy. Eligible girls, too. Daisy was just his once-in-a-while.

You took some consolation out of the fact that you were the only fifteen-year-old to whom he told secrets. He told you once that he was flat broke and that he was getting by on his nerve. Another time he told you that your father was a hell of a fine fellow and that you mustn't believe the things you might hear your mother's friends say about him. He added that your mother was a wonderful woman, too.

You nodded, but said nothing. You knew your mother, but you knew little of your father, save that he called you by your full name, got red when you stared at him, and gave you a hundred dollars for "hair ribbons" on each of his yearly visits.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

Stockings of the Albertina Rasch ballet must always look lustrous and new in the Ziegfeld success, "Rio Rita"

EVERY Musical Show in New York uses LUX to *double* the life of stockings

What other stockings are subjected to such critical scrutiny and such strenuous wear as those worn in Broadway's musical comedies?

SILK STOCKINGS today are incredibly fine. And they represent such a large part of her clothes budget, that it is of vital interest to every woman to get the *most wear* from every single pair.

Certainly no stockings meet such close inspection and such hard wear as those of New York musical shows. The wardrobe mistress must keep thousands of dollars' worth of cobwebby stockings in *perfect* condition.

And she must make them *last!*

All the various soaps—different methods of washing—have been experimented with to find the safest way to wash sheer stockings.

And the fact is disclosed that *stockings washed in Lux wear twice as long!* Twice as many performances from Lux-washed stockings as from those laundered by any other method!

This means so much in dollars and cents that each producer has standardized the method by which the stockings of the entire cast are washed. As the famous star and producer, Eddie Dowling, puts it—"We would provide Lux for laundering stockings if it cost $1.00 a box!"

Now the wardrobe mistress of every musical show in New York specifies Lux for washing silk stockings.

MRS. BEATRICE CONIFF, the wardrobe mistress of the Shubert production, "A Night in Spain," says, "Garter runs are more to be feared than any other stocking trouble. Anything which weakens the fabric of stockings must be avoided. That's why I specifically warn our laundress against rubbing with cake soap, and strong soaps of every kind. I see to it that she uses only Lux for all of our stockings. They are swished about in lukewarm Lux suds and the last rinsing water squeezed out without twisting or wringing. And we get twice as many performances from Lux-washed stockings as we ever got from those laundered by any other method."

Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Women Everywhere Have Learned the Secret

All over the country women are using the same method of caring for silk stockings as the wardrobe mistresses of Broadway. Rubbing with cake soap, or exposure to the harmful alkali found in so many soaps—flakes, chips and cakes—shortens the life of sheer silk stockings. Today most women use gentle Lux for washing their lovely hose, whether service weight or sheerest chiffon—and stockings last longer and keep their "new" look.

IF IT'S SAFE IN WATER—IT'S JUST AS SAFE IN LUX

[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

You knew that Bob had once met him in Chicago and that they had become pleasantly plastered together before Bob discovered that he was Mrs. Bleeker's husband. When Bob had returned from his trip he had looked at your mother very thoughtfully, and had grown angry at her high-pitched laughter.

"Heaven's sake, Anne," he had shouted, "what's so funny?"

"Oh, your meeting Jim and getting lit with him is simply killing," she had howled.

"Your egotism is lovely," Bob had responded. "You can't picture Bleeker and me as two fellows exchanging stories and experiences and getting to be friends. You can only see the friend and husband of Anne Bleeker talking about Anne. You women make me sick."

You had sat very still, listening to them. Ought a guest in your mother's house talk to her like that? Most of the guests didn't. Only Bob. You didn't blame your mother for letting him get away with it. He was so good-looking, so nice. They said you had a case of puppy love and they laughed at you.

YOU weren't very happy. Mother said you were at the happiest time of your life and that you should make the most of it. How did she know you were at the happiest time of your life? She bought new clothes, surrounded herself with yes-women, spent her monthly check, and remembered to ask you once in a while how you were doing in arithmetic.

You rather liked Mother, though. She was all right when she was left alone, but Daisy Gruen, who had come to spend a week-end two years previous, never left her alone. It was Daisy who pointed out your faults to Mother, and it was Daisy who said, "Anne, Carlotta's a big girl now. She can stay in the house with the servant while we go for that trip on Dave Summer's yacht."

That wasn't nice of Daisy to take Mother where you couldn't watch her. You felt that you had more sense than Mother had. You could keep her out of mischief.

Mother was thirty-two. You had read somewhere of people who mentally never passed their twelfth year. You suspected that Mother was one of them. She was so pretty, too. So girlish-looking.

Daisy had her way. She could have gone alone, but you knew that Daisy had no money and always needed Mother and your father's check to see her to and from a visit.

You didn't like money. It was something about money that kept Mother from divorcing your father and starting all over again with a new husband. You almost wished she would do that. Then people would think your father was dead instead of living in Chicago away from your mother.

Mother had charge accounts in every store in the neighborhood. The grocer, the delicatessen man, and even the candy-shop respected your orders. You thought you'd give a party while Mother was gone. It would be something to do.

You gave out your invitations verbally while standing in front of the high school. You knew plenty of girls, but not very many boys. You'd never made friends with the boys. Silly, half-baked, long-legged creatures. Maybe they'd be like Bob Lawrence when they were older, but now they were impossible. You solved the problem by getting the girls to bring their own boy friends.

The crowd came. They played the victrola and the piano, and they got quite as gay on sarsaparilla as

"Your egotism is lovely," Bob had responded. You didn't blame your mother for letting him get away with it. He was so good-looking.

Mother's crowd got on cocktails. You were a little bored. You hated Steven Brown, who wanted to dance with you. He was only sixteen.

You sat on the stairs and watched the children. Why weren't you one of them? You thought it must be because your father and mother were separated.

AT half-past nine Bob Lawrence rang the door-bell. You hadn't expected him. It seemed that Mother had asked him to drop in to see that everything was going all right. You were a little embarrassed at being caught in the middle of a kids' party.

You looked at the other girls and saw them unimpressed by Bob's handsome face and his movie-hero physique.

You wished desperately that you were unimpressed. But you weren't. Oh, you weren't.

"I have the car outside," he said. "I didn't know this was your big night, Carlo. Here old Bob comes along, thinking he's going to soothe your boredom with a little ride, and he busts right into a party."

"Wait a minute," you said. You went to the kitchen and lied to the colored girl about a message from your mother. You got your hat and left the party flat. You were going riding with Bob. You saw him laughing at you as you went out without a word to the crowd. It didn't occur to you that he knew that you had a case of puppy love.

Thus Carlo Bleeker at fifteen.

She was under weight and freckled. There was a thick mop of golden-red hair and blue eyes that were soft and had the velvety look that really belongs to brown eyes. She was a grave girl.

THERE was a honeysuckle vine beneath her window, and often she stood on hot, starry nights breathing in the scent of honeysuckle and staring at the stars. She thought of her future. She could never marry Bob Lawrence. Long before Mother considered her almost a woman he would be married to some one else. To Daisy Gruen, perhaps.

He was twenty-six. If something kept him from marrying for another three or four years, perhaps—Carlo would shake off the dream. Absurd from beginning to end. This was puppy love. Everybody passed through it. Hadn't Kitty Sloane at the age of fourteen written a mad love-note to the leading man of the stock company? Yes, but since then Kitty had had four other heroes. Carlo had never had any except Bob Lawrence.

She watched him as he smoked, and thought that no one had ever held a cigaret so gracefully. He sat in his special wicker chair on the veranda and talked books, politics, religion, and Freud. He wore sport shirts open at the neck. He had straight taffy-colored hair that lay sleek and smooth. He wore a gold wrist watch.

Carlo devoured him with her eyes. Mother examined her fingernails or watched her cigaret burn down in its coral holder.

It was to Mother that Bob spoke. When he used the word "potential" or "inveterate" or "archaic," Carlo could see by the expression on her mother's face that she now felt that she was on her mettle. Mother didn't understand any word that had more than two syllables, except "alimony."

After Bob had gone home Mother and Daisy laughed at what they called his soap-box talks. Carlo never laughed at him. She was too deeply impressed.

He lived two blocks away. He was an only child. His parents had a huge house. They didn't approve of Bob's frequent calls at the Bleekers'. Carlo knew. Nobody had ever told her, but she knew it. She knew it best when Mother was dressed for company and stood before Bob, laughing up into his handsome face and leaning slightly against him as she pinned a flower on his coat.

He always looked puzzled when she did that. Daisy Gruen looked angry.

Carlo didn't blame Daisy for looking angry. Daisy was a thin, rather scrawny girl, and Mother

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-ONE]

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Sold everywhere for $1.50. With luminous night-and-day dial $2.25.

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Painted for Scripps-Howard Newspapers by Frank B. Hoffman

The leaders got together and a national crisis disappeared

An ominous coal strike appeared on the horizon ... a threatening cloud to the national prosperity.

A SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspaper circulated a petition, asking the President to appoint an impartial arbitrator and get the belligerents together.

A million signatures were secured. The President acted. A peacemaker was named. The leaders got together. And the black cloud rolled away.

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But these newspapers remain impartial until they are sure which side has the righteous cause.

And that is the side they then champion . . . without giving or asking quarter.

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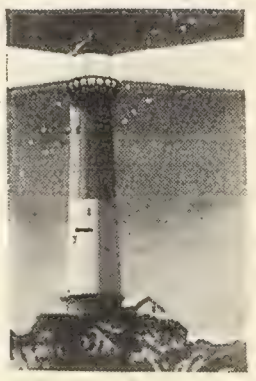

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

glittered with beauty and had a long, straight body as terrifyingly exquisite as a flame.

Nobody ever said anything to Carlo about going to bed. She would be there when the company came. She would watch them go systematically about the business of getting drunk. And always she watched Bob Lawrence, who always drank too much and never showed it.

Sometimes Mother would make him angry. She would tell him that he talked too much or that she wished he would go home. Then he would retire from the party. That meant that he would come over and sit next to Carlo.

They would talk quietly together as though there was no clinking of glasses in their ears, no gibbering of men and women who came to Mrs. Bleeker's house to get drunk, to borrow money, or to meet their sweethearts.

Once Carlo cried. There were examinations the next day and no place in the hateful, noisy house where she could go to study. The examinations were important. She sat in the midst of the drinking, singing, flirting mob and cried. Bob came over and sat beside her. Mother had told him that he was a spoil-sport, and he fled to the one place in the world where his average never dropped below a hundred per cent.

He held Carlo's hand and talked to her. He was a good talker. He could sell bonds, borrow money, or assure a doubting feminine heart that he was different from the others.

"Honey, you're seeing the thing all out of proportion," he said. "You're a clever girl; clever in the things that count. You know more about human nature than all the people in this room put together. You might fail tomorrow, but in the years to come it won't matter. Suppose you don't know geometry or English Lit.? Carlo, the gods are framing big things for you, and they're not the kind of gods who are put off by a mere flunking of a high-school test."

She carried with her into her sleep the memory of the pressure of his fingers upon her hand. It didn't matter that five minutes later he left her while she was talking to him and ran to relieve Mother of a tray of sandwiches. It didn't matter that she flunked in the tests. Bob Lawrence had held her hand.

IT was over her failure in passing the examinations that Carlo had a fight with her mother. She knew that girls didn't usually have fights with their mothers. It was all part of her loose, haphazard training that she and Mother could stand and exchange taunting, bitter words. As though they were two women in love with the same man, Carlo thought, instead of mother and child discussing the flunking of a high-school exam.

"You're a blockhead," Mother said.

"It runs in the family," said Carlo.

"I don't claim to know anything," Mother answered; "but you're always correcting my spelling and yelling about the books that Daisy reads."

"Well, I'd have passed the test if your friends weren't too drunk to keep quiet long enough for me to study a little."

"That's right. Blame it on my friends."

"I can blame more than that on your friends."

"What, for instance?"

"Never mind."

"Don't you say 'never mind' to me! Out with it. What can you blame on my friends?"

"You wouldn't understand."

"I understand one thing, though. I understand that you're making an idiot out of yourself, mooning over Bob Lawrence. You're only a little girl. You have no right to sit across the room from him looking at him as though he was God Almighty."

"What ought I to do?" asked Carlo. "Pin a flower on his coat and look at him as though I were Delilah?"

MOTHER would argue as long as she could think of an answer. When she had no answer, she would remember suddenly that it was a shame the way this ungrateful child talked to her mother.

"You go up to your room, you fresh kid, and stay there till I say you can leave. Understand?"

Carlo went up to her room. She cried for a little while and then fell asleep.

Later the door-bell rang and woke her. She could hear the colored girl explaining that Mrs. Bleeker and Miss Gruen had gone to a matinée. The door shut.

Presently Carlo heard the piano. Then a voice:

"Sweet summer breeze, whispering trees,
Stars shining brightly above;
Roses in bloom, wafted perfume—"

Bob! Bob was downstairs! She opened the door and looked over the banister at him. She knew that she would always remember him as she saw him then. Something inside of Carlo longed to weep for the beauty of the music. Always she and Bob would be as they were at that moment. He, utterly ignorant of her eyes upon him, and she, forgetful of rules and possible punishment, lost in admiration of him. Always? How absurd. This was puppy love.

She called him, and he looked up at her in surprise.

"Hello," he said. "I didn't know you were home. Just practising my little piece."

Carlo motioned him to hush. He came up the stairs.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing. Getting punished. Have to stay in my room."

"What's all this about?"

She went into her room and he followed her. No other man had ever been in there. The room had

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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["SHE HAS A LITTLE GIRL" Continued from Page Forty-one]

a little white bureau, a desk, two chairs, a cot covered with cretonne. Carlo sat down shyly on one of the chairs. Bob threw himself on the cot. He lit a cigaret.

"Bored?" asked Carlo.

"Yes, bored with myself. I've got a lot of news and nobody to tell it to."

"Thanks," said Carlo.

Bob laughed. "There's always you, isn't there, Carlo? Well, here goes, sister: little Bobbie's going to be married."

Carlo said, "Huh, is that news?" And she got up and looked out the window.

"Sure that's news. What did you expect?"

"Who's the girl?"

"Claire Smythe. You don't know her."

"No," said Carlo. "She must be awfully nice, though."

Bob smiled at her. "You say sweet things," he said. "Some day somebody's just going to love you to death."

"Oh, you would of course want to talk about love today, wouldn't you?"

Bob laughed delightedly. "Sure would. Never mind, Carlo; five or six years from now you'll be interested in the marriages that take place among your friends. How old are you now?"

"Going on sixteen," said Carlo. "Bob, get out of my room, will you? You're dropping ashes on my bed."

"I'll bet you've dropped ashes on it yourself."

"I?"

"Certainly. I bet you've tried to smoke."

"Mother would kill me."

Bob shoved his cigarets over. "Pravity begins at home," he said blithely. "I must say, Carlo, that if I expected weeping, wailing, and gnashing of feminine teeth over my approaching nuptials, you've knocked my expectations for a row of bridesmaids."

Carlo laughed a little. "Mother's a Greek, Bob; I've got her Spartanism."

"You didn't get Spartanism from your mother, Carlo. You got it from a red-faced Chicago lawyer who never says die. But, no kidding, Carlo, think anybody will feel bad about me getting married?"

Carlo didn't answer him. She was coughing over her first cigaret.

LATE that night, when Daisy Gruen and Mother had finished talking over Bob's engagement, they called Carlo into Mother's room to break the news. "Just to see what she says," Daisy had suggested.

Carlo came in her nightgown, looking very childish and no fair game for teasing. Her eyes were a little swollen.

"Bob's going to be married," said Mother.

Carlo yawned into her hand. "For heaven's sake," she said, "is that what you two have been gabbing about for an hour? Of course he's going to be married. Most men get married."

"But soon," Daisy prodded her; "next month. Thought you'd like to hear about it."

Mother had asked Bob to drop in. "I have the car outside," he said. You got your hat and left the party flat.

"You were wrong, as usual," said Carlo.

"I think you're going to have pinkeye," said Mother. "Go back to bed."

Carlo turned to obey. As she left the room she heard Mother say, "I'm going to his wedding, and I swear to God, Daisy, when he introduces me to the girl, I'm going to say, 'Well, Bob, I don't know how you got such a nice wife after the scandal you were in down in Washington.' I'm going to start something for him to explain to his blushing bride."

BUT she didn't. She died of pneumonia three days before Bob's wedding and she was buried just as Bob was saying to Claire Smythe Lawrence, "Honey, I tried to get a suite of rooms, but we'll have to manage with this."

Carlo hadn't known that Mother was going to die. Daisy Gruen had known. The doctor had taken her for his patient's sister and had told her that there was no hope. Daisy had left at once, taking with her all Mother's best clothes and $160.

On his last visit the doctor had found a very frail, red-haired little girl trying to get Chicago on the telephone.

"No sense in you being up at this hour, child," he had said kindly. "Go to bed."

The child had looked at him quietly and he had felt an uncanny chill pass up his spine.

"My mother is dead," she told him. "I am trying to notify my father."

Father had come from Chicago.

He asked where Mother's friends were. Carlo said nothing.

He ranted at the outrage of a child having to pass through such a situation alone and friendless. Still Carlo said nothing.

He asked where Bob Lawrence was, and Carlo laughed and cried, and her father promised her a bicycle if she'd stop.

He looked at Mother, and it was Carlo who said, "She looks beautiful, doesn't she? Peaceful and certain at last."

"My God!" said Jim Bleeker and stared at Carlo uncomfortably.

HE took Carlo back to Chicago with him. He had a huge, airy apartment furnished luxuriously.

"Do you live alone, Father?"

"Yes, Carlo, all alone. Let's see, now: we want a real good boarding-school for you."

"Oh, can't I stay with you?"

"No, Carlo."

Chicago was pleasant.

"Father, I could perhaps be useful to you—do your shopping and things like that. I could learn about shirts and socks and underclothes and pajamas."

After she found a bureau drawer full of pink lingerie and a rhinestone headdress which had been forgotten in somebody's sudden departure, Carlo stopped protesting.

She went away to boarding-school. Her father bought her five hundred dollars' worth of clothes, but he didn't ask her to write.

The boarding-school was back in the East. To graduate from it meant that you were ready for the junior year in any college. Carlo was one of the younger girls. No coffee, no gadding about without a chaperon.

One of the teachers, a white-haired woman with a sickeningly gushy manner, called her "little Bleeker," and advised her not to get in with the older girls. Some of them had witnessed domestic dramas and things of that sort and they talked about them, the teacher said. It might rub some of the bloom off little Bleeker to hear such stories.

She lived through the term, hating the school, hating the world. May came, and the function of the year—the dance to which the girls were permitted to invite any male they wished.

The school buzzed with excitement and gossip.

Carlo didn't know any man to ask. Mr. Lawring, who owned the school, sent the invitations. He would have taken it as further evidence of Carlo's sullenness had she said that she knew no one. Carlo

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

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An enticing bar of firm, delicious ice cream, enrobed in crisp, pure chocolate, held in a sanitary moisture-proof wrapper. That is the magic product—the patented trade-marked product—*Eskimo Pie*

Over three hundred million sold yearly

NOTE TO DEALERS: *If your ice cream manufacturer does not supply you with Eskimo Pie, write for name of one within shipping distance who will—over half the ice cream manufacturers in America make Eskimo Pie.*

ASSOCIATE MEMBER RESEARCH COUNCIL ICE CREAM INDUSTRY PROMOTING THE USE OF PURE AND WHOLESOME
ICE CREAM for health

ESKIMO PIE MANUFACTURERS: *Our Retail Selling and Point-of-Purchase Advertising Plans are ready for your exclusive use. Write us for free booklet, "The Future of Eskimo Pie." Eskimo Pie Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky.*

A charming hostess

IF you dread guests because of your bathroom, the obvious remedy is to have it made so beautiful and so convenient that you need not be ashamed of it . . . a bathroom completely in keeping with the times and with your standards in other things.

With Mueller fittings—vital spots of plumbing—and *now Mueller vitreous ware,* there is immediate relief from the irritating consciousness that your bathroom may not be representative of you or your home.

It can be made fully modern. For a small cost—insignificant compared with the results—you can have a modern, luxurious, quiet bathroom . . . quick-draining lavatory and tub . . . faucets that work as faucets should . . . one that will be a source of pride and not a cause of embarrassment.

Ask your plumber to quote you on Mueller equipment that will make your bathroom what it ought to be. Mueller service includes vitreous ware, faucets and fittings for every outlet, residential or otherwise.

* * *

To the plumbing merchant everywhere The name Mueller on faucets, fittings and vitreous ware sold and installed by you is to your customers a mark of quality. It will increase their confidence in you. It will increase your business.

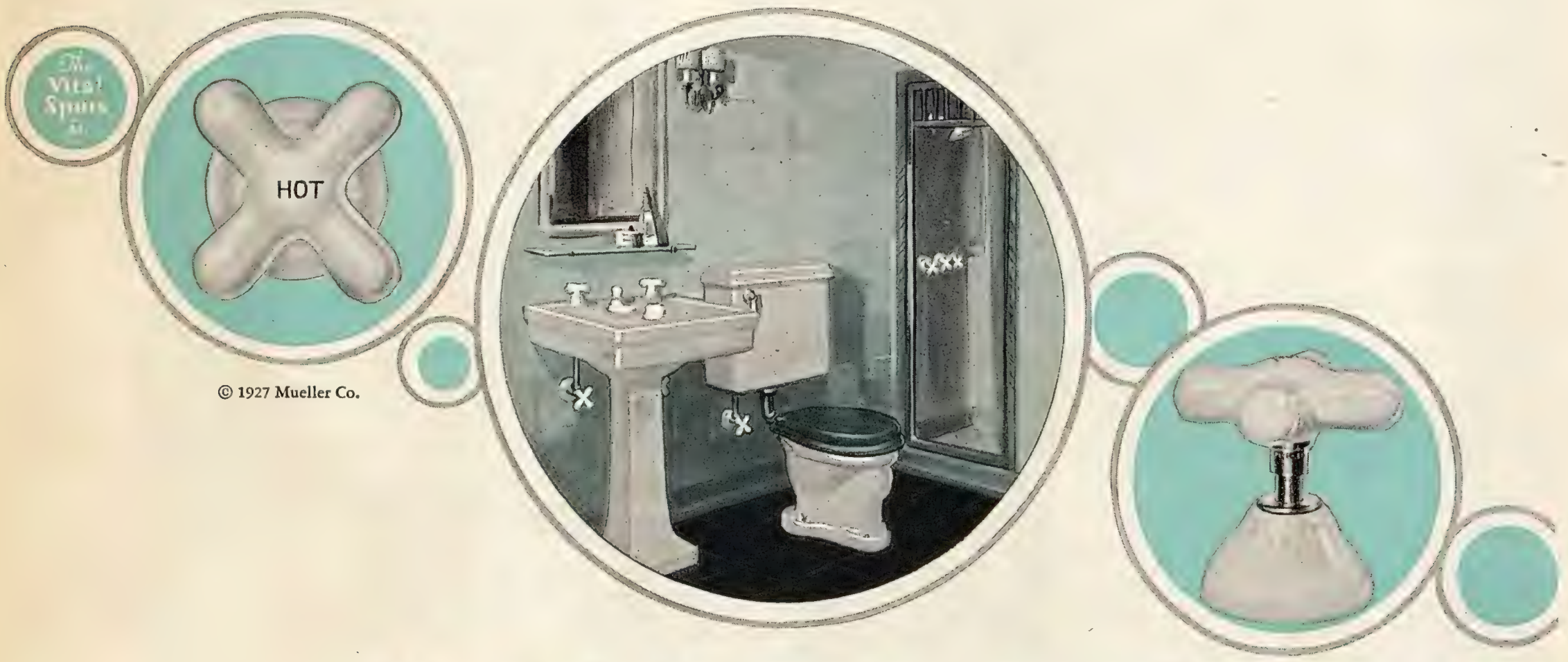
Every Mueller faucet is tested under 200 pounds pressure. All parts subjected to strain are reinforced. Nothing leaves the factory until it is worthy of Mueller's reputation for quality.

Through 300 plumbing jobbers in the principal centers in the United States and Canada, Mueller merchant plumbers can get Mueller fixtures and fittings promptly. These jobbers have invested thousands of dollars in complete stocks of merchandise, and they can offer you a service exactly adapted to your requirements, large or small.

MUELLER CO. *{Established 1857}* Decatur, Ill. *Branches:* New York, San Francisco, Los Angeles
Canadian Factory: MUELLER, Limited, Sarnia

Since 1857, when this institution was founded by Hieronymus Mueller, it has specialized in the manufacture of brass goods for plumbing service. Today, Mueller Co. is entering upon a career of extended activity. Vitreous ware has been added to the Mueller line and the same high quality which has characterized Mueller faucets

and fittings will distinguish it. Before accepting any selection of plumbing appurtenances as final, it should be worth every householder's while to inquire of architects, merchant plumbers, plumbing goods jobbers, waterworks executives and others who are familiar with Mueller craftsmanship as to the reality of Mueller quality.



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MUELLER
FAUCETS & VITREOUS WARE

FAUCETS · ARE · THE · *VITAL* · *SPOTS* · OF · PLUMBING

who dreaded guests!

A PERFECT hostess—brilliant, cultured. And yet, when friends came she would be worried instead of happy. What would they think when they saw the bathroom with its dinginess, its antiquated fittings, its slow-draining, gurgling lavatory? Would they think she was a poor housekeeper? Would they talk about it . . . and her . . . to others?

One day she consulted her merchant plumber. In a short time he wrought a complete transformation. Gleaming new faucets and fittings. The bathroom is *now* a place of inviting beauty. She is proud of it . . . wants her friends to see it. Her whole home has taken on a new grace and tone. Now she is the charming hostess who *welcomes* guests!

FAUCETS · ARE · THE · *VITAL* · *SPOTS* · OF · PLUMBING

Jane Flirts with TRAGEDY

but she didn't go back to Mother after all

A Real-Life Story

by ELINOR BRADFORD

JANE was in that delightful phase of young married life when every handsome man reminded her somehow of Bob.

That young man just coming out of the railway station, for example, had a stride for all the world like Bob's. His overcoat, too, was similar . . . and his hat. Heavens alive! it *was* Bob! *And with another woman* . . . A dizzy blonde . . . chatting away as though he'd known her always!

Somehow, Jane managed to make her way home, her heart a bundle of broken illusions. There was only one thing to do, of course . . . just time to make the 4:40 train . . . Mother would understand.

Jane's first impulse was to leave without a word. But she wrote a note that could be described only as scorching, hastily packed a bag, and departed with the firm resolve never to lay eyes on Bob again, as long as she lived.

Jane hadn't wavered in her determination—at least not *very* much—when two hours later, vainly trying to read a magazine, she sensed that someone was calling her name. Again the porter droned, "Telegram for Mrs. Robert L. Matthews."

"W-what station is this?" Jane managed to gasp, after a glance at the wire.

"Circleville, ma'am."

"Then take my bag, please. I . . . I'm going back home."

"All right, ma'am. And here's a package that just came for you along with the message.

Standing safely, yet all awhirl on the station platform, Jane looked at the box. *Flowers!* Bob had telegraphed them. Wasn't that just like the dear old boy. After she had been such a perfect goose?

How was she to know that Bob had had to meet the sales manager's younger sister? Anyway, Bob's wire explained everything.

On the homeward trip the bouquet of bright blossoms nestled against her heart.

FELLOW Say it with Flowers Society of American Florists

The sign of a good florist. Membership in the Society is indicated by this design displayed on the florist's window and on his announcements to the public.

Say it with Flowers

Send 10c to cover mailing costs for beautifully illustrated, helpful book: "How to Care for Flowers." Society of American Florists, 247 Park Ave., New York City.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-TWO]
told him to send her invitation to Mr. Robert Lawrence.

Bob's regrets came back to Mr. Lawring with promptness. There was a letter for Carlo.

DEAR CARLO:

Wondered what had become of you. Do pay us a visit. How did you know where to find us? Can I come to your party? Don't be silly. I'm expecting to become a father any minute. Will let you know when the child arrives. Don't forget. Ask your father if you can pay us a visit.

Yours,
BOB.

A GIRL whom Carlo hardly knew furnished her with a guest for the evening. His name was Preston Holmes. He looked gentle and sad-eyed, as though he were still grieving over the loss of his curls. He told Carlo that it was a simply wonderful dance.

"Everybody is so charming," he said.

"Yes, painfully so," said Carlo. And he looked more gentle and sad-eyed than ever. He was seventeen.

"You two looked so sweet together," said the white-haired teacher. "You know, little Bleeker, I think it's so nice to keep up these schoolgirl friendships. That's Preston Holmes. His father is worth a great deal of money."

"Is that so?" said Carlo.

SCHOOL closed. She went back to Chicago. Her father was married to the owner of the pink lingerie. Her name was Ola and she looked surprisingly like Mother. She and Carlo clashed at first meeting.

"I will never go back to school again," Carlo told her father. "Never, never!"

Her father turned her over to Ola, who reported her as quite impossible. Carlo spoke of her invitation to visit the Lawrences. She wanted desperately to see Bob again. There wasn't anybody in the world who mattered except Bob.

Her father wouldn't let her go.

"I don't know why I object," he said frankly. "I just do. You'll have to take my refusal without a reason."

Carlo remained in Chicago. She wrote to Bob Lawrence six times without an answer. At last his wife wrote one of those dear, pretty letters to a sweet girl graduate. She told all about the precious baby that God had left in her care, and said how often Bob mentioned dear little Carlo. Carlo didn't answer the letter.

When she was eighteen she was straight and slim, and her figure angered Ola. She wore tight-fitting dresses, and her hair, that was a bright golden red, was parted in the middle and banged in a thick burnished bang that hung to her eyebrows.

There was a goldenness in her skin, and her wide red mouth and sky-blue eyes made Jim Bleeker worry for her soul. He had never thought of souls before this sober, soft-eyed girl with the precocity of the devil's own had dropped in on his consciousness. He couldn't love her. She frightened him.

She stood in the doorway and looked from him to Ola, and he felt that she was seeing his past, present, and future far more truly than he ever had or could.

He had tried to buy the disconcerting fire from her eyes. He spent as much on her clothes as he did on Ola's. Hadn't he sent her to a good school and hadn't she hated it? Hadn't he introduced her to everybody he knew and hadn't she stayed concealed in herself? She was not a normal young girl.

MOTHER was leaning slightly against him as she pinned a flower on his coat. Daisy Gruen looked angry.

ONCE he came home late at night. There was a light burning in the living-room. His daughter sat at the table writing a letter. There was an ashtray beside her and a burning cigaret rested upon it. Jim Bleeker had not objected to her cultivating the habit. He only wished she'd cultivate a few more habits dear to the heart of the new American girl.

"Hello, Carlo."

"Hello, Father."

She continued to write. He put his hat on a chair and stood staring down at her. He was thinking of the night she had been born.

"Why do you stare at me so curiously?" she asked.

"I was just thinking, Carlo." He took a chair beside her. "Sometimes I don't think you're happy," he said. "Carlo, I never asked before, but tell me a little something about your life with your mother, won't you?"

"Why?"

"Well, because I want to know. I've met a lot of girls, Carlo, but never one like you. You're not interested in men or clothes or dancing or anything. What can I do to make you happy?"

"Nothing," said Carlo.

Jim Bleeker swallowed hard. He knew that she meant there was nothing in his power that he could do to awaken a sparkle of interest within her.

"Listen, Carlo. When you came here you were only fifteen. That's pretty young, but the courts have taught me that some women are never young. Tell me, daughter, did you ever care about any boy or young man—too much?"

Carlo laughed. "Don't be piling up evidence against me," she said.

Her father caught her hand as she dipped her pen into the inkwell. "I want to know, Carlo."

"Oh, there was the usual case of puppy love," she said. "I'm not brooding over that. Leave me alone."

Jim Bleeker got up. "Sorry I opened the subject, Carlo. Good night."

As he passed around the back of her chair, he looked at the letter she was writing. A line of words rushed to meet his eyes:

You'd never know me, Bob. I'm eighteen—

JIM BLEEKER brought Matthew Turner home. Matthew was a young lawyer, quiet, clever, good-looking. Ola was visiting some friends in Oak Park. Jim proceeded to get tipsy.

"You two kids make a fine-looking couple," he said, looking from Carlo to Matthew. "Why don't you two get married? I have to take my wife to Europe. You can have the apartment. Carlo hates my wife. And *vice versa*. I'll give the kid a hundred and fifty dollars a week allowance."

Matthew Turner flushed and looked away from Carlo.

He married her a month later. The Bleekers left for Europe.

The Turners took over the apartment.

The first night they were alone in it, they quarreled violently. It had to do with Carlo treating Matthew as though he were a venomous reptile. She hadn't at all. Matthew felt guilty about having married Carlo without loving her.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-NINE]

Another
GOLF BALL
by
DUNLOP

ONLY DUNLOP experience in building literally millions of dozens of fine golf balls, could have produced the Maxpar.

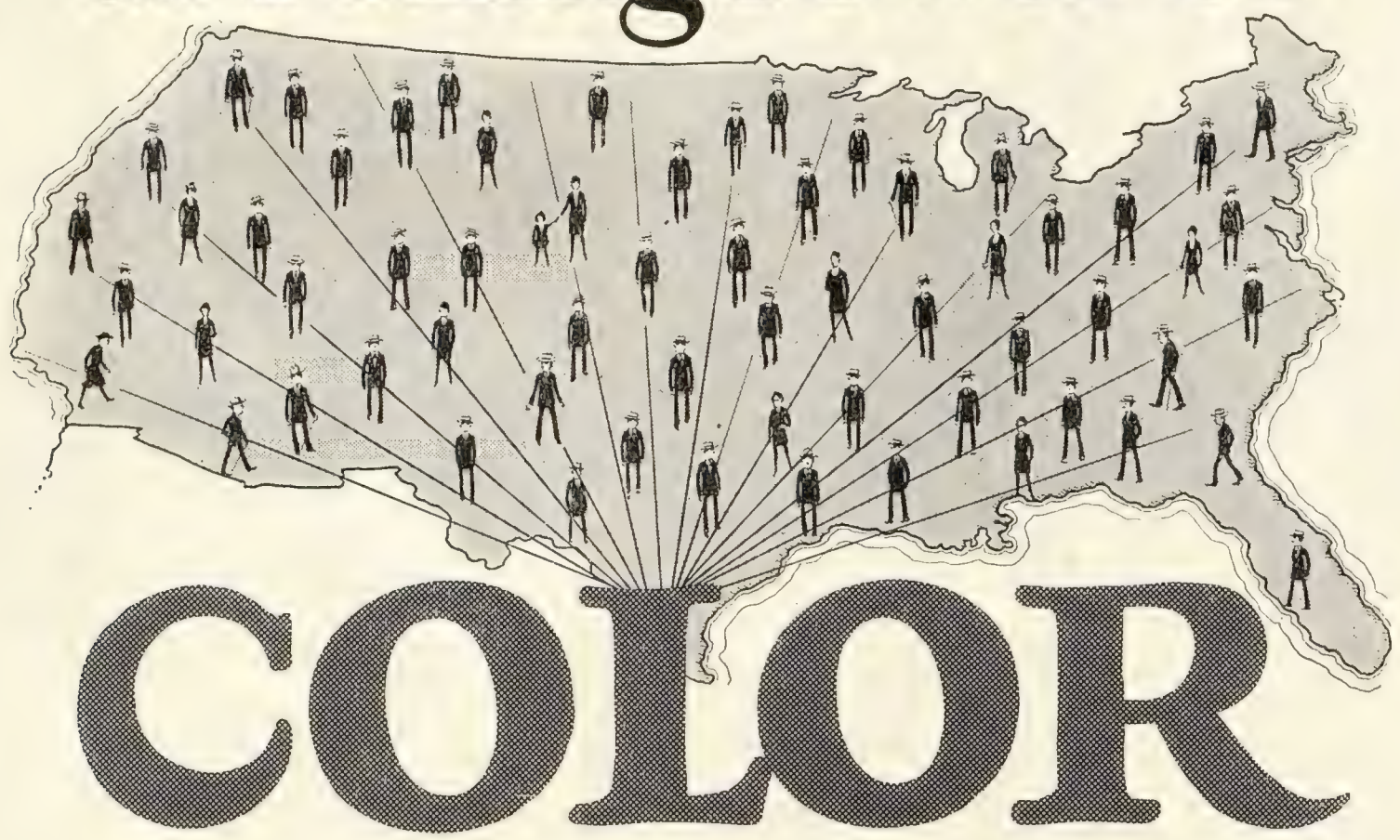
The Maxpar combines under one cover *all* the qualities of the best golf balls. Slanting mesh that means easier cleaning . . . Lasting durability . . . Greater length of flight . . . Extreme accuracy in putting . . . Ability to stand punishment without becoming "egg-shaped."

You can play the new Maxpar hole after hole without changing. And since scientific research has proved that the resiliency of any golf ball increases with play, you get out of the Maxpar every yard of the long distance built into it.

Tee up with a Maxpar, and you take the first step toward a perfect afternoon.

DUNLOP
TIRE AND RUBBER CO.
BUFFALO, N. Y.

The Pulling Power of COLOR



ADVERTISING not only competes with advertising but must, these fast-moving times, compete with the radio, the movies, the dance, motoring and sports for a portion of the public's leisure. Color in advertising is the proved irresistible lure for the hurried eye.

More and more advertisers are coming into LIBERTY in four colors. And they are continuing to use four colors because their sales charts are irrefutable indicators of color's pulling power.

LIBERTY gives advertisers the finest four-color printing of any weekly magazine. To get these results, LIBERTY uses paper made especially for its four-color work. It is a *58-pound cover stock*—over 15 pounds heavier than the paper the Saturday Evening Post uses.

While color costs a little more, it actually lowers the cost of sales through increased response.

For the shortest route to the biggest market—say it in four colors in LIBERTY!

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ATWATER KENT MFG. CO.
THE BEAVER PRODUCTS COMPANY, INC.
BLUE MOON SILK HOSIERY CO.
BORDEN CO.
BRISTOL-MYERS COMPANY
(SAL HEPATICA AND IPANA)
BUNTE BROTHERS (CANDY)
CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY
CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS CO.
CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE & ST. PAUL RAILWAY
CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY
CROSLEY RADIO CORP.
CUDAHY PACKING CO.
CURTISS CANDY CO.
DETROIT WHITE LEAD WORKS
JOS. DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.
FORHAN CO.
GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO.
GLIDDEN
H. B. GLOVER CO.
HEALTH PRODUCTS CORP.
H. J. HEINZ CO.
HICKOK MANUFACTURING COMPANY, INC.
INDIVIDUAL DRINKING CUP CO.
KELLOGG CO.
J. W. KOBI CO.
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KOTEX CO.
LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO. (LISTERINE)
LARUS & BROTHERS CO., INC. (EDGEWORTH)
LEVER BROS. CO.
LIFE SAVERS, INC.
LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
LUXOR, LIMITED (KRASNY)
NASH MOTORS CO.
OLYMPIA KNITTING MILLS
PABST CORP. (PABST-ETT)
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
PARKER PEN CO.
THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
POSTUM COMPANY, INC.
QUAKER OATS CO.
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
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W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY
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SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.
L. C. SMITH & CORONA TYPEWRITER CO.
E. R. SQUIBB & SONS
STUDEBAKER CORP.
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY
L. E. WATERMAN CO.
WILLIAMSON CANDY CO.
WM. WRIGLEY JR. CO.
WURLITZER GRAND PIANO CO.

Liberty
A Weekly for Everybody

[SECOND OF A SERIES OF TALKS ON LIBERTY'S FOUR-COLOR PRINTING]

[CONT'D FROM PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

He was supersensitive about her reactions to his advances.

"Your father gave me an idea what was wrong with you," Matthew shouted. "There is another man."

"No," said Carlo quietly. "There is no other man. There is only an obsession."

"Then why did you marry me?" Matthew shouted.

"To please my father. Why did you marry me?"

"Because you're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen."

"And Jim Bleeker's daughter."

"You're hard as nails."

They patched up the quarrel. Matthew laid his head on Carlo's shoulder and called himself names. He was afraid of Jim Bleeker.

Carlo was afraid of no one. If she could live peacefully with Matthew, she would give married life a trial. If there were to be quarrels, she would leave him. It had been a silly existence, hers. Divided into two parts—Bob and no Bob. Perhaps Bob had meant to be impressive as he had sat smoking gracefully on the veranda of the first Mrs. Bleeker's home, but surely not *this* impressive.

Had there not been a sudden complete break with him she might have recovered by now. Her ardor might have died a natural death. But she had been taken from sight of him, and her infatuation had been sealed in its pristine glory within her heart. Now there was nothing to do but rehearse her memories of him. He lived forever handsome and debonair. A criterion to which every other man compared unfavorably.

SHE looked at Matthew Turner. He was her husband. How silly. Well, what else could she have done? Ola had not wanted her to go to Europe, and her father had not enjoyed having her about.

Matthew put his hand under Carlo's chin and raised her lips to his. She kissed him. Here was a marriage for you! Well, what good was love? No love had any more sense than puppy love. Carlo put her arms around Matthew's neck.

"Love me?" he asked.

"Um."

"Much?"

"Um."

"How much?"

Here was honeymoon talk. He was asking her how much she loved him. Carlo couldn't think of an answer.

"Much as everything in the world?" prompted Matthew.

"Oh, for God's sake, yes. Kiss me and keep quiet," said Carlo.

After a decent length of time had elapsed Carlo had a baby. It was a little girl.

Jim Bleeker and his wife curtailed their trip. Jim wanted to see his grandchild. He had a yearning to see his daughter taking a normal interest in something. He wanted her to show him the baby's toes. He wanted to hear her say that her confinement had been something terrible.

He found Carlo sitting at the table in the living-room writing a letter. She motioned with her pen toward the windows and said that the baby was out with her nurse. She spoke little of Matthew or the child. She expressed a languid interest in London and Paris.

Jim Bleeker saw his granddaughter. She was a healthy, happy-looking infant. He had brought her a rubber doll from Paris. She laughed when he made it squeak. Jim laughed, too.

Carlo arose. "I'll be back, father," she said. "I'm not very well. Noise gives me a headache."

JIM BLEEKER heard the door of his daughter's bedroom close. He handed the child to her nurse and went home.

It was by the sheerest coincidence that Jim Bleeker picked that night to die of a paralytic stroke.

Carlo found that she had been willed several thousand dollars and some property, including the house in which she had lived with her mother. She thought that some time soon she would make Matthew let her go spend a month there. It never became necessary for her to coax Matthew. After Jim Bleeker's death, Matthew put in his appearance with ever-increasing irregularity.

One day he came home to an apartment from which his wife and baby had departed. They had, however, left their address and a request that he mail them a check every week. He complied with the request. After all, they were his wife and daughter. He found consolation.

Carlo with her baby and nursemaid arrived in the fog of a bleak November morning. Arrived. Carlo felt that at last she had really arrived. Passers-by stared at her curiously. New passers-by. She opened the door. It groaned and protested, but it opened. The child and the disapproving nurse walked into the chilly gray hall.

Carlo lingered for a moment on the veranda. She looked at the door-sill. How many times before had she crossed it? How many times had she sat on that very railing and leaned against that very post? But that had been young Carlo. That Carlo was no more. There was only the Carlo who was nearly twenty-one, who had a child, who had left her husband.

She closed her eyes and tried to hear the tinkle of glasses, the screech of Mother's high-pitched laughter. Gone.

She walked into the house. Her child was clinging to the nurse, fearful of the dark house and the dusty, fearsome stairs that stretched their length into unexplored blackness. The furniture

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Blue Band VELVET PENCILS

Used by Millions

A soft and black easy writer

5¢ At all dealers

No. 557

The Lead has special strength with perfect smoothness and softness, is very black, yet it is readily erased.

The Rubber is of the famous VENUS quality.

The Costly Wood is especially selected cedar, treated to give utmost satisfaction in sharpening.

The Walnut Finish and *Blue Band* make it easily recognized.

Write for sample

AMERICAN LEAD PENCIL CO., 216 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

Also makers of the famous VENUS Pencils

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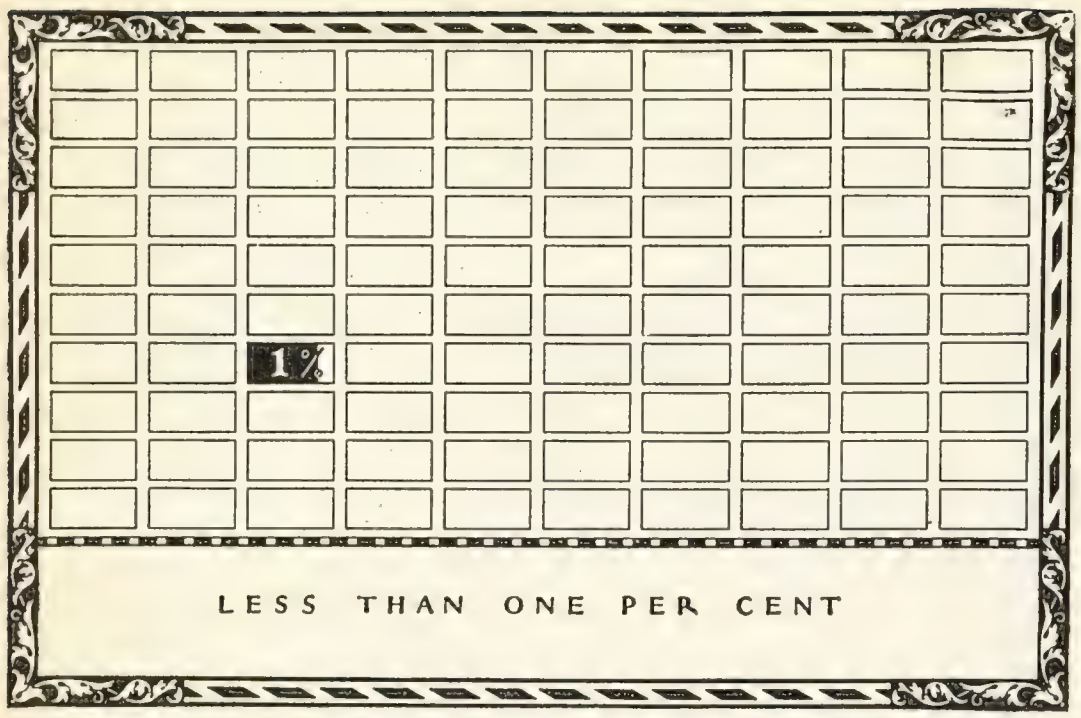
Especially effective for Sciatica—Neuritis—Joint—Muscular—and other forms of rheumatism which ordinary treatments fail to reach. Druggists sell millions of Weldona tablets annually. An illustrated 24-page book describing rheumatism from the early days to the present mailed on request to Weldona Corp'n, 232 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

OUT IN THE GARDEN AGAIN Rheumatism All Gone!



An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

No ONE person owns as much as 1% of the capital stock of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company.

The company is owned by more than 420,000 people, with stockholders in every section of the United States. It, in turn, owns 91% of the common stock of the operating companies of the Bell System which give telephone service in every state in the Union, making a national service nationally owned.

The men and women owners of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company are the largest single body of stockholders in the world and they represent every vital activity in the nation's life, from laborer and unskilled worker to wealthy and influential executive. Although the telephone was one of the greatest inventions of an age of large fortunes, no one ever made a great fortune from it—in fact, there are not any "telephone fortunes." The Bell Telephone System is owned by the American people. It is operated in the interest of the telephone users.

"You Understand, Don't You, Marion?"

AN ageless tale, yet ever new. Always absorbing, thrilling are stories of love.

Foremost authors and artists write and illustrate LIBERTY love stories. Too, there are stories of adventure, war, drama. Articles that arouse the tense interest of nations.

Stories you'll want to re-read, thrills you'll want to re-live, articles you'll want to refer to.

LIBERTY BINDER, 80c. Save your LIBERTYS. Put them in the LIBERTY binder. A handsome, sturdy, black leatherette book with bright gold lettering. Looks well in the book-case or on Library table. Easy to use. Sold to you at cost—only 80c. Send coupon today.

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247 Park Avenue, New York

Please send me, for the enclosed 80c. the binder to hold 3 months' issues of LIBERTY.

Name .....
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["SHE HAS A LITTLE GIRL" Continued from Page Forty-nine]

was shrouded in great bulky coverings. Carlo ran about the foyer, ripping off the shrouds. She ran up the stairs. The hall above was quiet. Plaster had fallen and wallpaper had peeled. The door of her old room was open.

Daisy Gruen's room was still in disorder. The bureau drawers were open as she had left them. The closet gaped. Carlo recognized a hat that had belonged to her mother.

She walked into the room where Mother had died. When she came out again, she was smoking a cigaret through Mother's coral holder. Poor thing. Nobody had used it in six years.

By late afternoon the house was transformed. A squad of women with pails, mops, and brushes had brought light and cleanliness into the house. The electricity was turned on. There was a fire in the furnace. Baby Anne fell down the stairs. A piano-tuner appeared. The trunks arrived. A cook was hired.

Carlo was home. Mistress of the house where it had been too noisy for her to study. Owner of the sofa upon which she had sat and heard a persuasive voice tell her that the gods were framing big things for her. What things?

Carlo laughed. The gods had never known of her existence. There had been no room for her anywhere in the world. Now she was here. It was her house. A passable house, and just two blocks away—

SO the neighbors see her nearly every day. In the summer she is usually on her veranda, and they

know that it is cocktails which she shakes for herself and the somewhat unattractive girl who lives with her. In the winter they know she has not gone away, for there is the noise of her piano and the shouts and laughter of her friends.

She wears frocks that call attention to her figure. Her hair is a sheen. The neighbors do not like her, but they watch her as she moves down the street. They wonder that Mrs. Lawrence allows her husband to sit so long on that veranda in the summer, hour after hour, smoking and sipping out of a tall glass.

"And she has a little girl," the neighbors say. "Isn't it a shame for the child?"

THE END

Another charming story—of a beautiful girl who rode a white horse up Broadway—has been written by Viña Delmar for LIBERTY readers. It appears in an early issue.

A Breath

With the odor of Spring

BAD breath is a common and grave social offense. No beauty, no charm can offset it. It comes from many causes.

May-Breath tablets offer you protection. They form an instant deodorant, whether the cause is the mouth or the stomach.

Bad odors are combated at once.

Carry the pocket box of May-Breath. You will never go without it when you know.

May-Breath

An antiseptic mouth wash in tablet form.

250 POWER MICROSCOPE

MADE IN U.S.A.

Educational and entertaining, this fine instrument familiarizes young and old with life around us that is invisible to the unaided eye. Tiny insects appear as monsters. Plant and mineral life reveal new beauties in form and color. Ideal for students, home, office, dentists, physicians, scientists and laboratory. Precise optical qualities, giving variable magnification from 100 to 250 diameters. Tilting stand. Black finish, nickel trim. Complete with plush lined case, prepared slide and instructions. 100 Power Model $8.50. At your dealer or direct, postpaid. Money back guarantee.

$16.50

Models as low as $2.50

Further information free upon request.

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852 Hudson Avenue : Rochester, N. Y.

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For quick, safe relief from disfiguring hair on arms, underarms, face, legs and back of neck, use the reliable Del-a-tone. Completely removes hair in three minutes. Leaves skin white and soft. Del-a-tone Cream or Powder at your dealer's or sent prepaid in U. S. in plain wrapper for $1.00. Money back if not satisfied. Sample 10c. The Delatone Company, Dept. 310, 721 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

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Removes Hair

Money in Typing

FREE instruction in rapid touch typewriting given to purchaser of a standard *remanufactured* typewriter—Underwood, L. C. Smith, Royal, Remington. You save 40 to 60%. Looks like new. Runs like new. 5 year guarantee. Express prepaid. *Write today for free catalog of typewriter bargains.* Learn of our EZ pay plan.

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WANT WORK AT HOME?

Earn $18 to $60 a week RETOUCHING photos. Men or women. No selling or canvassing. We teach you and furnish WORKING OUTFIT. Limited offer. **Write today.**

ARTCRAFT STUDIOS
Dept. 69, 3900 Sheridan Road, CHICAGO.

I'm on my Way!

As Dictated by TONI, Jr., *to*

ANTOINETTE DONNELLY

Picture by DOROTHY HOPE SMITH BARLOW

(Reading time: 5 minutes 10 seconds.)

DEAR WORLD:

Do you know what 'lopement is? Daddy and I do. We 'loped to Buffalo. Daddy told me what it was we were doing or I never would have known. I thought I was just going on the train with him to see Grandma and my cousins.

"When a girl runs away from her Mommy with a man, that's a 'lopement," my Daddy says. "And when we get to the end of the journey, we have to send a telegram saying we arrived all right and is everything forgiven."

Which we did. Daddy wrote it:

> Arrived safely. Only a few casualties to report. One porter's patience badly damaged trying to keep Toni out from under the suitcases and bags when he set them down. One bump on Toni's head from fall out of berth. One fountain pen found in Toni's belongings, owner of which not located. One frustrated attempt to climb into strange berth. One sleepless night for male in charge. One dress put on wrong side to and one sock inside out. Otherwise everything just fine. Love.
>
> DADDY.

A FEW nights before we 'loped, Daddy came home with a long face.

"I have to go to Buffalo," he announced.

It was lucky for me he said it before I was put away for the night.

"Going by-by, Daddy?" I asked, hugging him tighter so he couldn't get away.

"Yes, I have to go to Buffalo, and I won't see you for—"

"Take Toni Bulflo?" I pleaded.

"Ask Mommy," said Daddy, brightening up.

"It's too far," Mommy answered. "Besides, how could you take care of her on the train?"

"You women make me laugh," said Daddy. "You think a man can't do anything."

"It's no time to argue that point now," said Mommy: "except I notice the screws you brought home a month ago to fix the high-chair with are still in their package, and the wheel on the go-cart—"

"No, it's no time for arguing," said Daddy, wishing to change the subject. "There's no such time, to my way of thinking. Can Toni come with me? That's the question. Her grandma would love to see her, and with all the kids there she'd have a swell time."

"And you?" said Mom, smiling.

"Yeah, I'd have a swell time, too."

"You certainly don't know what you're in for, Daddy, or you wouldn't be so delighted with the prospect. Before you get as far as Albany you'll be wishing you were a kangaroo, the only animal in existence that knows how to dispose of its offspring in travel. She'll want to try out every seat in the car to see whether there's a lap in it or not. If there is one, so much the better. She'll try to rifle pockets of watches and fountain pens, and necks of necklaces and ears of earrings, if that's the kind of lap she lands in."

"That's no way for a mother to talk about her child," said Daddy in-dig-nant-ly. "Toni's different. She's not like other kids."

"She's different, all right," said Mommy in a sad tone. "Some of them are well behaved. But maybe it's my fault. I'm not strict—"

"Well," Daddy in-ter-rupt-ed. "Why can't we go at night? I'll put her in the berth as soon as we get on the train and she'll sleep all the way through."

And that's how I got to go.

Oh, that last hour, waiting to start to the depot, was terrible. I nearly died of fright when Daddy put on his hat and went out the door without me.

"I'm ashamed of you, screaming and carrying on like that," he said, when he returned with the tooth-paste he'd nearly forgotten. "Just as if I'd go away and leave you."

But I held on to his hand wherever he went, just the same, until we got into the taxicab.

I told the driver I was going to Bulflo with my Daddy, and he smiled and said:

"I was there once myself, on my honeymoon to Niagara Falls."

"What's a honey-moon, Daddy?" I asked.

"Oh, it's—a moon. Everything honey."

"Sweet and goo-ey, Daddy?" That's what Kaki says honey is.

"Yes, dearest, sweet and goo-ey."

WHEN we got to the train Daddy didn't put me in bed right away, although Mommy told him he should, so I wouldn't be running up and down the aisles, annoying people. So I had a chance to run up and down and talk to people. One man gave me his pen to play with, which I meant to give back, but forgot.

After he got tired out trying to find me each time I ran away from him, Daddy said he thought it was about bedtime. He wouldn't let me kiss everybody in the train good night like I do at home.

"Since you're a lady," he said, "I can't take you into the men's room to get you ready for bed; and, since I'm not one, we can't go to the ladies' room, so you'd better pile in here and we'll see what we can do."

So I got undressed in the funny bed with the top on it you can see yourself in. It was fun, like hiding in the closet. Before this, Daddy rolled up my clothes into a little bundle and stuffed them into the hammock. I guess Mommy would have liked it better to have my dress hung up.

"What mommies don't know, sometimes," said Daddy, "is just as well for them."

I didn't fall out of the bed, only once, which was funny, because I was put on the inside just so I wouldn't. Daddy didn't know that I climbed over until my head hit the floor and he heard somebody crying.

I was up before any one else in the morning—a habit, Daddy says, he had hoped the train would cure me of. But I ran back quickly to him when I heard noises that fright-ened me coming from behind the curtains.

"It's not noise," Daddy told me. "It's the Snorers' Band. Every train carries one. They have to practise when they're asleep. It's safer for them.

"I bet you couldn't make a noise like that big bozo across the aisle," he challenged me.

I tried. But Daddy said my squeak wouldn't let me into the chorus.

"You have to have ad-e-noids," he said, "or breathe with your mouth open, to qualify."

I wonder where I could get an ad-e-noid. I'd love to be able to make a noise like that.

A FUNNY letter came from Mommy. Daddy calls it a diary. This is the way it reads:

> *Sunday:* One whole blessed, blessed day to myself, the first in ages. No young rascal to get me up at six. No one to have to wrestle with getting bathed and dressed. No one to have to fix spinach, carrots, and potatoes for. No one to have to watch to keep out of mischief. One wonderful day of rest.
>
> *Monday:* Not so tired as yesterday. Slept late, though. But the day seemed long.
>
> *Tuesday:* The house is so quiet. No one to play with in the morning when she's getting her bath. No one to feed. No one to fix spinach and carrots for. No one to tuck away at night. The house is so quiet.
>
> *Wednesday:* The house is so quiet it's getting on my nerves. All the time wondering why a small voice doesn't say: "Hello, Mommy! Where you are?"
>
> *Thursday:* It's too dreary for anything around here. Must send wire to Daddy to bring that child back. If he isn't through with his work, he'll have to send her parcel-post.
>
> *Friday:* Called up railroad offices to find out train times. There's one leaving for Buffalo in an hour, which I'm going to take. Next time there's any eloping round here, believe me, I'll 'lope right along with them.

And I've been having such a grand time in Bulflo I never thought about anything but it.

Toni's a Big Girl now, and she doesn't like it, she says in next week's LIBERTY.

Lazarnick photo

I WONDER where I could get an ad-e-noid!

"One porter's patience damaged trying to keep Toni from under the bags."

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P. & A. photo

" Poor rabbit! " say the Antis. But the Pros observe that such experiments as this by Dr. E. M. K. Geiling, with his improved diabetic remedy, may result in the saving of many human lives.

A DIVIDED jury on vivisection. Against: 1, Gilbert Chesterton, author; 2, Maurice Maeterlinck, dramatist; 3, Judge Ben Lindsey; 4, Minnie Maddern Fiske, actress; 5, George Bernard Shaw, dramatist; 6, Agnes Repplier, author.

For: 7, Ernest Thompson Seton, naturalist; 8, John Haynes Holmes, minister; 9, Cardinal O'Connell of Boston; 10, President James R. Angell of Yale; 11, Dr. W. T. Grenfell, medical missionary; 12, Dr. W. W. Keen, surgeon.

Vivisection on Trial

Leaders on Each Side of the Controversy Take the Witness-Stand

An Article by

E. E. FREE

(Reading time: 13 minutes 30 seconds.)

VIVISECTION is in the news again. On June 3, 1927, Dr. David H. Shelling, research worker in the laboratories of the Jewish Hospital, in Brooklyn, New York, was convicted in the Brooklyn courts of cruelty to a dog. The case has been appealed and is now pending.

Strictly speaking, it is not a case of vivisection. Vivisection means cutting a live animal, and the charge against Dr. Shelling was only that he had fastened shut the jaws of the dog, thus inflicting cruel and needless suffering.

It is contended, in defense, that tight closure of the jaws was necessary for an important experiment and did no permanent harm; no more, for example, than a human patient suffers from the dentist's rubber dam.

As so often happens, a small incident raises a large issue. Dr. Shelling's conviction, although it did not really involve vivisection, has put new spirit into the agitation against the use of living animals in scientific experiments. Can such experimentation be humane, or is it always cruel? Is it necessary, or useless? Shall dogs and cats be cut and killed for the sake of facts, or should facts won in such a manner be held not worth the winning?

These questions press for answers. By coincidence, England, too, is debating them. They have been asked and answered on the floor of Parliament. Prohibitive legislation is demanded. Some of it may pass.

The purpose of this article is to bring vivisection and antivivisection impartially into court; to let each side tell its story to the jury.

With the lawyers for the prosecution, who will try to convince you that vivisection is wrong, sit Mr. George Bernard Shaw; Mr. Gilbert Chesterton, the essayist and novelist; Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, the actress; Judge Ben B. Lindsey; M. Maurice Maeterlinck; Miss Agnes Repplier, the author; and a respectable minority of physicians.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

They Laughed When I Sat Down At the Piano But When I Started to Play!—

"Can he really play?" I heard a girl whisper to Arthur as I sat down at the piano.

"Heavens, no!" Arthur exclaimed. "He never played a note in all his life."

Then I gave them the surprise of their lives. I started to play. Instantly a tense silence fell on the guests. I played the first few bars of Liszt's immortal Liebestraume. I heard gasps of amazement. My friends sat breathless—spellbound. I played on.

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As the last notes of the Liebestraume died away, the room resounded with a sudden roar of applause. Everybody was plying me with questions—"Jack! Why didn't you tell us you could play like that?" . . . "Where did you learn?" . . . "Who was your teacher?"

Then I told them the whole story.

"It seems just a short while ago that I saw an ad of the U. S. School of Music mentioning a new method of learning to play which only cost a few cents a day! Without a teacher! And no laborious scales or exercises. I sent for the Free Demonstration Lesson and was amazed to see how easy it was to play this new way. I sent for the course and found it as easy as A.B.C.! Before I knew it I was playing all the pieces I liked best. I could play ballads or classical numbers or jazz with equal ease. And I never did have any special talent for music!"

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[VIVISECTION ON TRIAL Continued from Page Fifty-three]

On the opposing side of the counsel table, as defenders of vivisection, sits a still more imposing array. Here are Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton, the famous naturalist; His Eminence William Cardinal O'Connell of Boston; the Rev. John Haynes Holmes, famous pastor of the Community Church of New York; President J. R. Angell of Yale; Dr. W. T. Grenfell, the missionary to Labrador; Dr. W. W. Keen of Philadelphia, famous American surgeon (himself never a vivisector); and the vast majority of the medical and scientific professions.

FIRST presentation goes, by tradition, to the prosecution. The court will recognize Mrs. Diana Belais, president of the New York Anti-Vivisection Society. The recent prosecution of Dr. Shelling was not conducted by this society, since vivisection as such was not in the charge. Instead, the complaint in the Brooklyn courts was filed by another society, the Humane Society of New York, headed by Mr. David Belais, well known New York business man and husband of Mrs. Diana Belais. The New York Anti-Vivisection Society co-operated, however, in the prosecution.

"Vivisection should be prohibited," Mrs. Belais begins, "for one sufficient reason. It is morally wrong. That is the core of the whole argument. Man has lifted himself from savagery by dint of what we call morals. One element of morality is avoidance of cruelty; every moralist worthy of the name agrees to that. Vivisection is always cruel. It can not help but be cruel. Therefore it is wrong, and nothing will excuse it.

"There is not the slightest doubt," Mrs. Belais continues, "that vivisection exists. Live animals are cut up every day in the laboratories—sometimes with the excuse of experiments which it is hoped will lead to the cure of disease; often for the instruction of students, or even to satisfy the mere curiosity of investigators. Anesthetics are not always used in these experiments. Even when used, they are often employed in amounts too small to produce complete insensibility to pain.

"There are many experiments in which animals are tortured for hours or days, entirely without anesthetics, until death comes to their relief. These experiments are said to be necessary to the advance of medical science. Anesthesia is said to be impossible without destroying the entire value of the experiment. Very well; if this be true, we maintain that the experiment can not be necessary enough to justify itself.

"The famous Russian scientist, Professor Ivan Pavlov, invented a well known experiment with dogs. The animal's throat is cut partially—not severing the windpipe or the blood-vessels, but merely the tube through which food normally passes to the stomach. The cut end of this food-tube is exposed, so that every swallow taken by the animal falls outside its body, never

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-FOUR]

reaching the stomach at all. This experiment is said to disclose how the taste of food in the mouth of the dog affects the behavior of the stomach.

"In another famous set of animal experiments, needles were thrust into the brains of living monkeys, to yield, it is claimed, information about the localization of function and sensation in the brain. As each nerve center of the brain was damaged by the intruding needle, the corresponding part of the monkey's body was seen to twitch.

"Examples like these can be multiplied indefinitely; not learned by accident or guesswork, but taken from the actual reports of the experiments published by the vivisectors themselves in scientific journals.

"NO doubt there exist in some of the laboratories experimenters who are as humane and kindly as circumstances will permit. The animal victims are killed as quickly as possible after the desired reactions have been observed; anesthetics are used as freely and as completely as is consistent with the needs of the experiment.

"But other vivisectors are less careful or less kindly. Enormous tortures go on every hour behind the closed doors of medical laboratories. No inspection can be thorough enough to stop these altogether. There is but one cure for the immorality and cruelty of vivisection. That cure is to stop it altogether."

Mrs. Belais proceeds now to answer the counter-claim that animal experimentation, even if it does cause pain or death, is necessary to the progress of medical science and therefore to the health and longevity of mankind.

"There is not one bit of real evidence," Mrs. Belais continues, "that animal vivisection ever helped to cure a single human disease or did one bit of good to suffering humanity. This failure of vivisection is not merely the fault of stupid investigators. There is a good reason why animal experimentation never could reveal, under any circumstances, facts of importance to human medical science. This reason is the essential difference in constitution between animals and man.

"Men and animals are alike in some things; for example, both can feel pain. In other things they are unlike. Especially are they unlike in their responses to disease. No matter what particular theory of the causes of disease one may feel inclined to accept, it is demonstrable that human beings and animals respond differently to the onslaughts of maladies supposed to be the same.

"Facts obtained by animal experiment might be valuable in treating the diseases of that species of animal, or they might not; certainly they can not be of value in treating the diseases of man."

Mrs. Belais has still one point to make.

"Not the weakest of the counts in the indictment against vivisection," she continues, "is the harm it does to the vivisectors themselves. The highest attributes of mankind are those most hardly won and most easily lost. The continual practise of cruelty, no matter how good one's motives, will end by making one cruel. In the laboratories of medical colleges, teachers continually expose to contact with the cruelties of animal experimentation young men and young women who are to be the physicians of the future—chosen individuals in whose hands we purpose to place the guardianship of the future health of mankind.

"If healthy morals are as important as healthy bodies—a proposition I take to be unquestionable—this inoculation of professional youth with cruelty is the most dangerous contagion to which the world could be exposed."

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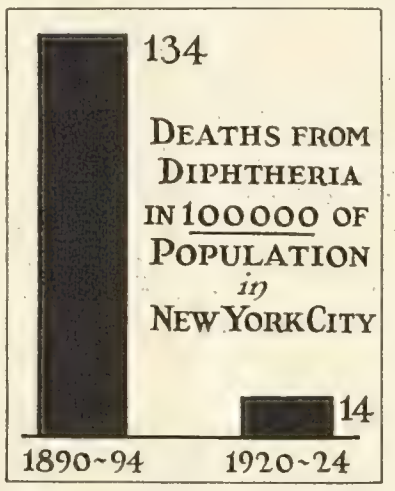
"Please, Mister, Have You Seen Our Dog?" An old anti-vivisection drawing by Frank Stick.



One accomplishment vivisection claims. Antitoxin was introduced in New York in 1895.

The case for the prosecution has been stated. Others might state differently the details of this argument. There are other anti-vivisection societies in the world. But the essentials of all arguments, as your reporter has been able to record them, are contained in those we quote from Mrs. Belais.

It is now the turn of the defense. What have the learned counsel for vivisection to say in its behalf?

There rises Dr. Benjamin C. Gruenberg—not a physician, but a biologist; now Managing Director of the American Association for Medical Progress, a national organization of laymen whose sponsors include President Angell of Yale, Owen Wister, the novelist, Charles Evans Hughes, the former Secretary of State, and other citizens of equal eminence.

Selection of Dr. Gruenberg as spokesman for the vivisectionists is my own. It is made because Dr. Gruenberg has the faculty of saying what he means.

"First," Dr. Gruenberg begins, "it is quite true that vivisection occurs, and that it is sometimes painful. It would be foolish to deny this. So do accidents occur with machinery. Some of them are very painful. In both instances it is the unceasing aim of physicians and of engineers to keep this inevitable pain at a minimum.

"Locomotives occasionally cut off people's legs. This is both painful and deplorable. It would be possible, quite obviously, to prevent this altogether by the simple expedient of prohibiting locomotives. The expedient has even been advocated. It is unlikely to be adopted.

"A certain amount of pain, human or animal, is inevitable in life. Pain must be faced—even sought, whenever the end to be gained justifies it.

"In the case of vivisection the end does justify it. The conquest of disease is certainly the greatest and holiest war that mankind ever undertook. It is being fought with ever-increasing success.

"Vivisection is not the only reason for this success: there are many others, like better diet and better housing and wider knowledge of sanitary laws. But vivisection has helped. It has helped even to elucidate and establish other benefits, like diet and housing.

"IT is the opinion of the vast majority of the medical profession, carefully considered and deliberately expressed, that experiments on animals are vitally necessary to continued progress in the fight against disease, in prolonging human life. Possible alternatives are surrender or experimentation on humans.

"Surrender to disease is unthinkable so long as men have courage, and the vivisection of human beings will be urged by few moralists as a substitute for the use of animals.

"Fewer still, even among the opponents of vivisection, would deny the right of a starving man to kill an animal and eat its body in order to keep himself alive.

"How much greater is his right to use the same animal, kindly but determinedly, to save his fellow men from death or torture by disease?

"It is quite true that the moral law is the highest law; indeed, the only law. But the highest morality is not service to a mere word, like 'kindness,' or to an idol, like the appealing picture of a dog.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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(From a letter in our files. Name on request.)

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In hunting season, dogs are most liable to Running Fits. Symptoms and treatment on pp. 37-39 in the Dog Book. Use Sergeant's Run-Fit Medicine.

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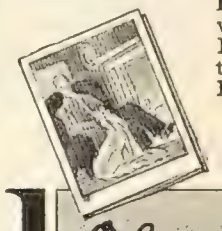

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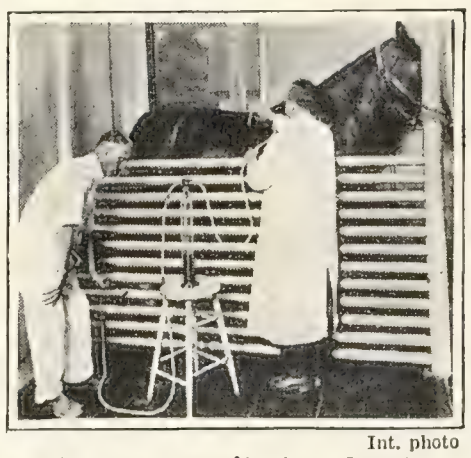
[VIVISECTION ON TRIAL
Continued from Page Fifty-five]

The highest morality is service to mankind.

"There are times when it is a man's manifest duty to inflict pain—on himself, on others, on a madman, on an enemy—in order that aid to humanity may follow. Morality is not a matter of formal phrases; were that true, it would be a far easier matter than it is.

"Morality is a matter of choice and judgment—an exercise in which man's duty is to use his brains. 'Prove all things hold fast that which is good.'"

Dr. Gruenberg has not forgotten Mrs. Belais' denial that vivisection has ever helped medicine or the relief of actual human suffering.



Int. photo

Testing a horse for the production of antitoxin.

"It is a frequent taunt of the opponents of vivisection that animal experimentation can not be proved indisputably even to have saved a single human being from death or from disease. This challenge arises, and no doubt quite honestly, from a complete misunderstanding of the character of scientific evidence. In the very nature of the case, such conclusive proof of what cured a single individual or kept him well is utterly unobtainable.

"IN every epidemic of disease there are some fortunate ones who escape. No one knows why; they simply do. Suppose that some one is vaccinated and thereafter escapes smallpox. It is quite impossible to assert that the individual would have taken smallpox and died had he not been vaccinated.

"It is notorious that testimonials can be obtained from perfectly honest people for any nostrum, no matter how fraudulent. Each of these persons judges from his individual recovery, which may have been due to any one of a thousand things, perhaps merely to what we call good luck. The first principle of the scientific study of mankind is to remember that individual instances are meaningless. The true value of any remedy or of any medical procedure must be established, not by such individual cases, but by averages.

International Newsreel

Dr. David H. Shelling, defendant.

"Every one is familiar nowadays with the procedure used by life-insurance companies to calculate what is called the 'expectation' of life. The tables which permit this tell you exactly what percentage of a million men will die every year. They tell you nothing of when some individual man will die. One man's death means nothing; the averages mean everything.

"It is unquestionable that certain diseases are, on the average, less fatal or less serious today than they were 100 years ago. Smallpox is one of these; diphtheria is another; typhoid fever is a third; the black plague is a fourth; rickets is a fifth; yellow fever is a sixth.

"The facts about diphtheria are especially significant. Antitoxin was introduced in New York City in 1895. During the five years before that date, between 1890 and 1894, deaths from diphtheria in the city averaged 134 for each 100,000 of the population. Twenty years later, from 1920 to 1924, diphtheria deaths had dropped to 14 for each 100,000.

"A CONTRAST still more remarkable appears in the fatality of the disease. Between 1890 and 1894, with no antitoxin, 31 per cent of the diphtheria cases died. Twenty years later, with antitoxin, only 7.4 per cent of the cases were fatal ones.

"Every significant fact and every practical procedure for the control of diphtheria rests upon the use of animals. The fact that a certain bacillus causes the disease was so established. The relations of the poisonous toxin and the helpful antitoxin were so proved.

"The use of a mixture of toxin and antitoxin to produce immunity, so that persons exposed to infection now usually escape the disease, rests upon animal experiments.

"Horses supply the antitoxin necessary for treatment. Guinea-pigs are essential for standardizing this antitoxin and for the reliable diagnosis of the disease. Wherever these methods depending upon the use of animals have been applied, diphtheria is under control; wherever they are disregarded diphtheria comes and goes like flood or drouth.

"It is quite beside the point whether men and animals do or do not differ in constitution. Of course, there are differences; there are also similarities. Each must be taken into account in planning and interpreting an animal experiment.

"The proof that this is possible is not a theoretical proof—it is a practical one; a proof by results. Disease is being conquered. Animal experimentation is helping this conquest. It would not matter if men and animals were as unlike as cows and cowslips. It is a fact, not a theory, that experiments on the bodies of one group do aid in understanding the bodies of the other.

"Still more is this assistance evident in the business of the surgeon. The marvels of modern surgery are possible by aid of anesthesia, of asepsis, and of high manual skill. All three have been aided by animal experimentation;

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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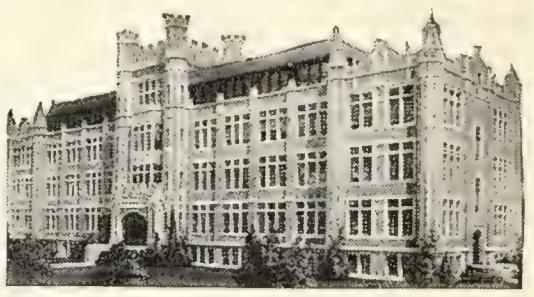

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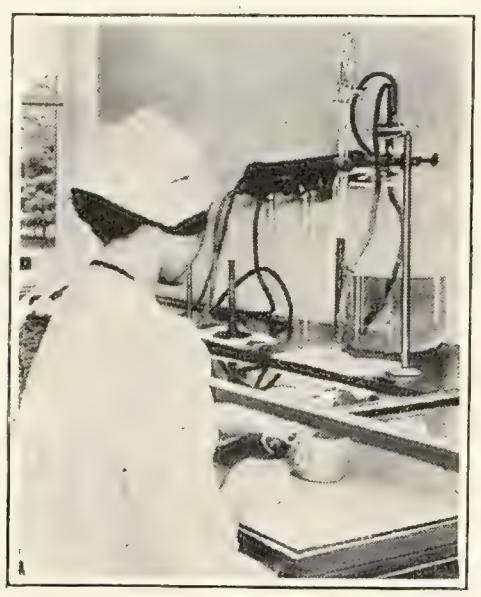
[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-SIX]

most of all, perhaps, the matter of skill. The surgical repair of living tissues is a job for the most competent fingers and experienced eyes. These assets are not acquired by taking thought, but by training. Without the possibility of practise on the bodies of anesthetized animals, surgeons necessarily would be less skilful; surgery less successful.



Int. photo

Filling syringes with antitoxin.

"ONE modern treatment for certain cases of tuberculosis is a surgical operation on the chest, the operation known as pneumothorax. It was perfected by animal experiments.

"The expert in brain surgery now opens the skull of his patient in just the right spot, explores the brain by the most direct and safest route, removes the tumor which is causing trouble and which, if left alone, will cause death. Unless the surgeon knows just where that tumor lies, he dare not operate to remove it. Knowledge of this 'localization,' by which the exact location of a tumor in the brain can be determined from the movements or senses of the body, is almost exclusively the fruit of experiments on animals.

"The public has shown interest lately in surgical operations on the heart, an organ which earlier generations of surgeons were compelled to leave severely alone. The chests of patients apparently dead have been opened quickly, the heart has been massaged, adrenalin or other stimulants have been injected. Individuals who soon would have been really dead have been revived. This, too, was learned from operations on the animal heart.

"The sufferings of animals under experimentation are apt to be exaggerated. The scientific men in charge of the laboratories are not monsters of cruelty. Even if they were, they have reputations to maintain and thoughtless cruelty would not be countenanced by the critics among their professional peers. But even if every animal that has died under vivisection did so, by bitter necessity, in the midst of agony, that is something we would have to face until we could learn how to change it.

"Kindness, like charity, must begin at home. Animals must die, if necessary, for the good of mankind. That is a part of the law of life. They who deny it have that privilege; but they must understand that it is life that they deny."

Dr. Gruenberg has finished. Both sides of the case are before you. The next job is yours. The jury's duty is to decide.

There are, however, some irrelevancies which creep into vivisection arguments:

Much is made of the mistakes of doctors, although, as the old joke runs, so many of them are buried. The lumber-room of medical history is crammed full of discarded theories. No good doctor denies this, nor is there any reason why he should. It is a sign of progress. The only professions that never change their views are those whose views are dead and petrified. At any rate, mistakes the doctors make or don't make are no part of this trial.

The second irrelevancy is that of some single theory of disease. Medical men who oppose vivisection are apt to be those who doubt the germ theory of disease. They have a perfect right to doubt this theory; Pasteur himself granted them permission.

They are in a very small minority, for nearly all scientific men have accepted Pasteur's beliefs. It matters nothing in this case, one way or another. Any theory of disease might be wrong or right; the arguments for or against vivisection would remain unchanged.

THE third irrelevancy is that of special theories of medical treatment. "Drugless" physicians maintain, for example, that vivisectors can not possibly be right, because these vivisectors use drugs. That is putting the cart before the horse; or rather it is getting the sugar coating inside the pill instead of outside it.

P. & A. photo

Mrs. Diana Belais, plaintiff against vivisection.

Drugless healing is no accepted fact of nature; it is merely one theory of medicine. Perhaps it is right, perhaps wrong. Vivisection is perhaps right, perhaps wrong, quite regardless of what any school of healing may predict about it.

The final irrelevancy is the charge of human vivisection. It has been claimed that charity patients in hospitals have been subjected to experimental procedures without proper consent. These charges are as vigorously denied.

The judge in this case is compelled to rule that it does not matter. Human vivisection is not defended by the medical profession, nor by any pleader in this case.

It is now time for the court to rise; for the jury to retire. Ladies and gentlemen, the case is yours. What will your verdict be?

THE END

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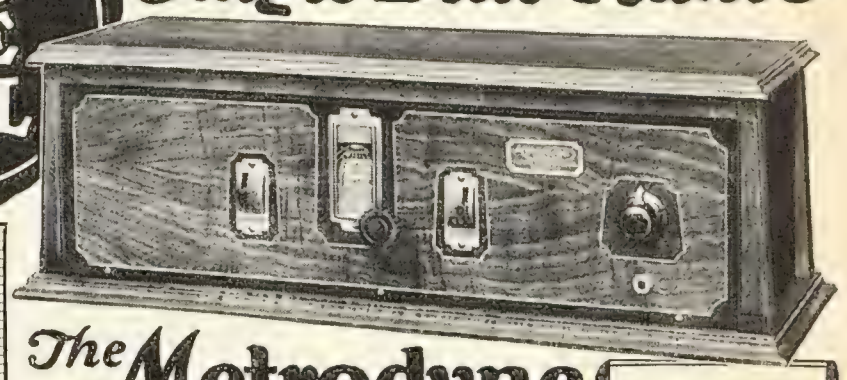

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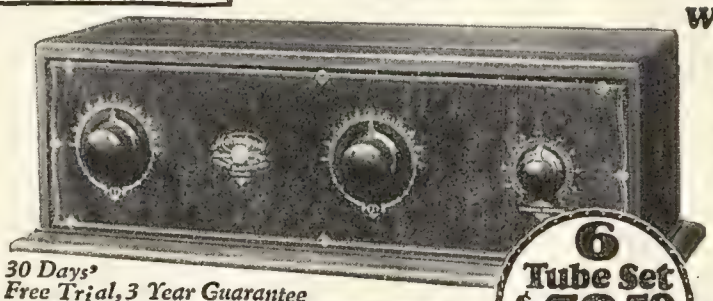

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Women Prefer SHORT-HAIRED FURS

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

THE woman looking at the fur coats asked the usual question: "What French model is this copied from?"

The salesman returned his usual answer for this period of the fur-coat history: "Well, madame, it was a cloth-coat model that we got in and copied in fur."

The little conversation covered, broadly speaking, the evolution of the fur wrap of today. Time was when the *grande dame* accepted the fashion ideal of looking as much like a rug as possible on donning her million-dollar fur coat. Indeed, the more costly the coat, the more like a shapeless mass of long-haired fur she looked in it.

When she drove up Fifth Avenue in her victoria, the way that she signified she was wealthier and more stylish than her neighbor was that she was a great deal more helpless under the weight of her load of fur than the other woman.

But many ideals have changed in the post-war era, and among them the model of the fur coat. The highest attainment is now to make it as much like a cloth coat as possible; that is to say, as light, as supple, as graceful, so that it will take on the lithe young lines of a slender woman in motion, and in every detail suggest youth. To this end, furs have been worked until they are as pliable as soft woolens, and they have been shaved until they are scarcely less thick.

Answering the demands of this present ideal, short-haired furs have every advantage, and of these the most popular, standing out in preference over all others for several seasons, has been caracal.

It is so rare, so delicate, so expensive, so rich at its finest, and so hardy in its sturdier qualities, while always lending itself to the lines of style and movement.

In its tawnier and lighter colors, such as gray and beige, caracal is so very becoming, and in black it affords the best of backgrounds for collars of the rich, expensive, long-haired furs. It is good alike for sports and dress, and thereby scores an advantage over some of the other short-haired furs bidding against it for popularity, such as pony, nutria, goat, and astrakhan, furs which do not qualify for really formal wear.

And now this brings us to our most important piece of news.

A SHEARED lamb sports coat that is ornamented with beige suède and cut sealskin on collar and pocket.

THIS sports coat of cut seal has a skunk collar and cuffs, and may be worn with or without a suède belt.

LUXURIOUS and suitable for afternoon or evening, this mink capecoat has a standing collar.

COAT of black broadtail made with a flaring bottom and ornamented with a double fox collar.

Closely rivaling caracal this season comes another fur which is gracefully acknowledged by the French to have advantages over most of these.

The skin which sponsors of fashions have sanctioned is called American broadtail. I don't know how we managed to set our seal on the name. Maybe it means a skin was once caught in Alaska.

Anyway, my young friend fresh from Paris explains its transcendent advantage. In an American broadtail coat you can look so expensively dressed, and it is so cheap!

It is a rich-looking fur and she thinks its popularity lies as much in the fact that it is short-haired as that it is like caracal. The French are making it in a model very nearly following the form of a sports wrap, with straight lines, and they are leaving it collarless except for a slight standing piece.

Such a wrap, reinforced with sheer stockings, chic shoes, a pair of carefully chosen gloves, and one of the hats of the moment, with its downward droop to the back, makes an awfully smart outfit.

Fur coats of other years were set things, without much yield or variation to them after they were once made. But with the American broadtail coat you wear your separate handsome fox or double fox fur piece, exactly as you do with a tailored suit. Sometimes it is sewed on, as in the model. An innovation indeed!

SUCH is the fashion lesson of today in the department of furs. Cut sealskin is smart, as displayed in the third model, where it appears to be done more or less in a landscape-garden effect on collar and pocket.

Mink is the richest, the most becoming, on the whole, of any fur, and holds all of its old long-haired priority amid the flurry of short-haired popularity.

The double animal scarf is sometimes sewed on the coat, as in the first model.

The models illustrated on this page will give you a splendid idea of what the well furred woman will wear this coming winter. The first is suitable for afternoons; the second may also be worn in the evening; and the third and fourth coats are the very last word for sports wear for the younger generation.

Gold *gives an* Autumn Glow *to* PARIS MODES

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, September 4.

FASHIONS are like laws in chemistry: When we read about them in a book, they often have very little meaning, because they do not seem to apply to us personally. But show us how any of these formulas will make our own lives easier or more interesting, and we can readily absorb and apply them.

The best fashions are those which can be used by the greatest number of women to their own enhancement.

The new fall fashions now being shown in Paris offer thousands of costume ideas, from which a few stand out as generally applicable—new clothes lines and colors that are appropriate for Parisiennes and the rest of the world of women. One of the most significant of these is the Midas touch that makes golden the daytime mode.

When you or I think about using gold cloth for daytime clothes, our first reaction is one of rejection. Too glittering. Too impractical. This would have been true last year, but Paris has found new fabrics which are touched with gold that does not tarnish or go stale. Gold which is only suggested and not obvious. Jersey and tricots are woven with fine gold thread lines and motifs. At a distance of ten feet the metal is not evident as such. It simply makes colors richer and deeper, and, near by, the glow of gold gives a subdued sparkle.

THE gold-striped lamé blouse is an important feature of Paris ensembles.

The newest and most important of the Midas materials is kasha givror, which is Rodier's new kasha. This is the regular kasha with an underweave of gold, the fine angora thread ribs of the material covering the golden base so that nothing but a faint golden glow is visible. For your winter coat, dress, or ensemble, such rich but simple material makes sure the new, more elegant effect which is the heart, core, and center of autumn styles.

TWO very different silhouettes are Paris-preferred for the coat of Midas material this fall and an interesting detail is the abbreviation of fur trimmings on such coats, which need no lavish application of fur to make them opulent in appearance.

The Irfé coat is made of kasha givror in black with its magic background of gold. In this model the upper part of the coat is molded loosely to the figure and the lower part flares. The waistline is indicated almost at the normal line, and the circular effect in the skirt is achieved by gores, not godets, so it does not readily sag or lose its straight-around hemline. A small collar of shaded gray astrakhan is the only fur trimming on this coat.

Particularly important are the sleeves, which are set in wide armholes and which are shirred from the elbow to the wrist.

In our Molyneux coat the shoulders bear the burden of chic. The material of this coat is a black wool velours with a suggestion of gold star-dust in the underweave. The coat, beneath the double capes on the shoulders, is very straight and narrow, with plain straight sleeves. A two-inch band of black broadtail fur is placed down both sides of the center-front closing and around the neck. The sleeves have narrow cuffs of this fur. The two capes are flared very slightly over the shoulders, and barely extend around the shoulder line in front.

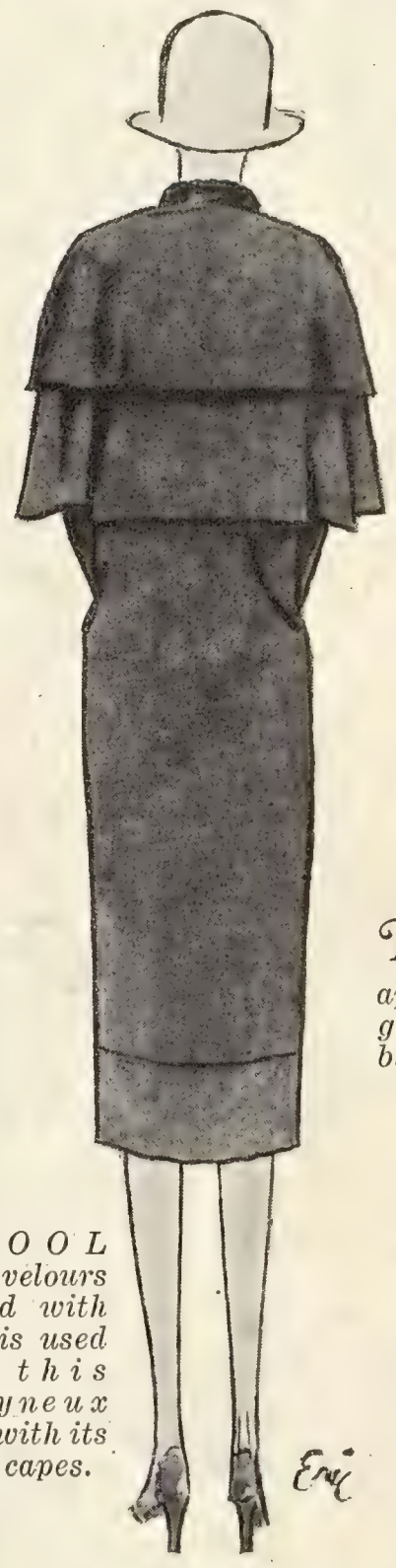
KASHA with an underweave of gold makes this smart autumn coat from Irfé.

As you can see, the shoulder line is made rounded and feminine this season, and *not* square and athletic.

The ensemble shown here presents another kind of rounded shoulder line, and also one of the most popular ways of applying the Midas touch to your clothes. This ensemble is from Suzanne Talbot. The coat, which does not quite come to the hemline of the dress, is made with sloping shoulders, achieved by cutting the sleeves in one with the body of the coat and by having a deep armhole.

This coat flares ever so slightly from the shoulders. It is made of smoke, or Pittsburgh, gray velvety wool with wide diagonal lines, that Rodier, who made it, calls kasha bures.

The blouse of this ensemble is made of a smoke-gray lamé, woven with steel instead of silver threads, and striped with fine lines of pale gold. The metal blouse, which is a leading item of fall daytime styles here, is always in such discreet colorings. Talbot makes this blouse very straight, with a narrow band collar which ties at the throat in front.



WOOL velours dusted with gold is used for this Molyneux coat, with its two capes.

TINY silver threads appear in this gray-and-black velvet frock.

This blouse is placed *underneath* the skirt at the waistline, another detail of fall fashions, and a gray suède belt with a gold buckle covers the junction of waist and skirt. A deep inset pocket at the right side front of the wrap-around skirt of kasha bures is bound with lamé.

OUR Molyneux afternoon frock of gray, black, and silver rayon velvet has a different line to the skirt. The blouse is slender and trimmed only by a scarf collar of self-material coming from the right shoulder and falling below the waist on the left side. The skirt has a small fitted yoke at the top, banded with gray suède, and a gray suède belt to mark the waistline.

Two flounces, plaited in shallow box plaits at the top, are placed over the straight skirt, making a novel line and one which is also very smart.

Choosing a metal-woven fabric or adding a lamé blouse to your winter ensemble will be one of the approved ways of increasing chic this fall.

Win $25
For Best Original Puzzle

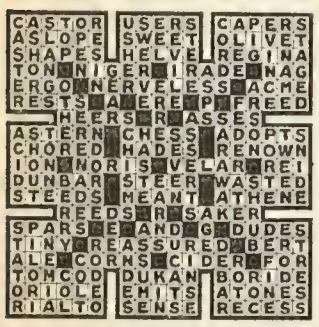
LIBERTY is not awarding $25 weekly for *solutions* to cross-word puzzles. The prize is offered for the best original puzzle, made with the following rules in mind: It should not be more than twenty-one or less than fifteen squares in breadth or in height. Approximately one-sixth of the squares may be black and one-tenth of the letters unkeyed. Abbreviations, initials, prefixes and suffixes, and obsolete and foreign-language words should be used sparingly. Trade names and possessive forms of nouns are not sanctioned. Puzzles will be returned and inquiries answered only when accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelop. Address Cross Words, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

HORIZONTAL

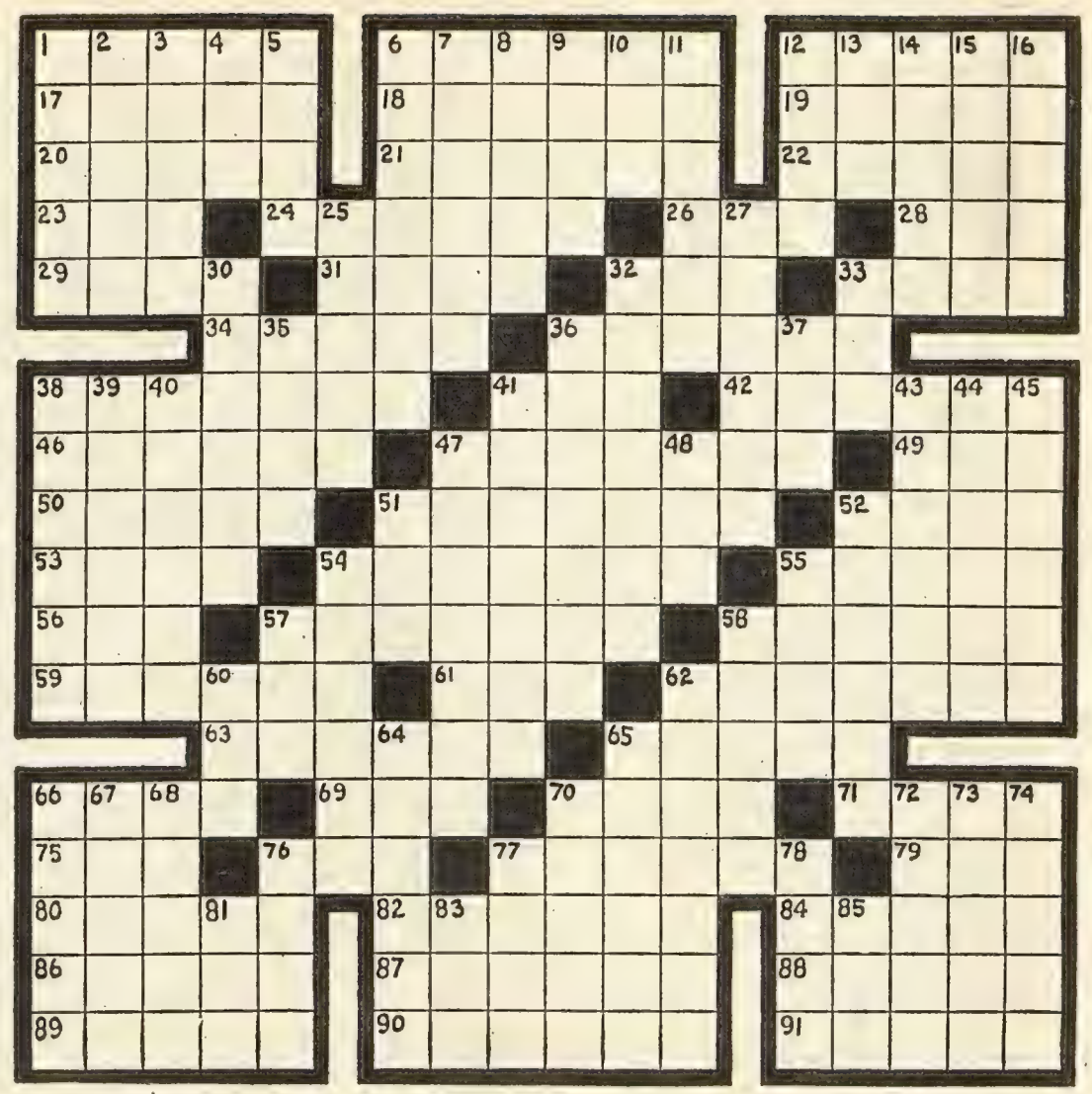
1 Asiatics of a Semitic race
6 Combats
12 Wild animal of the horse kind
17 Pertaining to radiant energy
18 A bird-house
19 A plant of the iris kind
20 To hinder from normal growth
21 Frame for stretching cloth
22 Metal pins
23 Any greasy liquid
24 Acute pains
26 Anger
28 Born (French)
29 Memorandum
31 To classify
32 Hurrah (abbreviation)
33 Joke
34 Exploits
36 A prescription
38 Introduction
41 Wager
42 Native character
46 To rearrange
47 Relating to superhuman agencies
49 Humanity in general
50 A likeness
51 Pertaining to the side
52 Small point of land projecting into water
53 American scout and Indian-fighter
54 A colleague
55 Slip
56 Feminine proper name
57 Moves uneasily
58 Carrier of something upon the person
59 To cause to leave the rails
61 Metric measures of area
62 Affairs
63 Prearranged supply for successive relief (plural)
65 Meaning
66 To cease
69 A fool
70 To measure
71 The remainder
75 A vase
76 Attempt
77 Most dreadful
79 Goddess of mischief
80 Excessively fat
82 A conductor
84 Fits of anger
86 Bound with a narrow fabric
87 Courteous
88 Put in vigorous action
89 Poker stakes
90 Disordered
91 Birds of the gull family

VERTICAL

1 Malicious burning
2 Proportion
3 One who has reached maturity
4 Receptacles for goods
5 Inebriates
6 Satisfy to repletion
7 Occurrences
8 To imbue slightly
9 Makes lace
10 A metal-bearing mass
11 Pertaining to Syria
12 A district
13 Period
14 Salt
15 Irritates
16 An item of property
25 Part of a harness
27 Nasal
30 An image
32 Withdraws
33 Variety of lignite
35 To comfort
36 Those having vicarious authority
37 Comrade
38 Valued
39 To change position
40 Eluder
41 Beats repeatedly
43 Referee
44 Participant in an attack



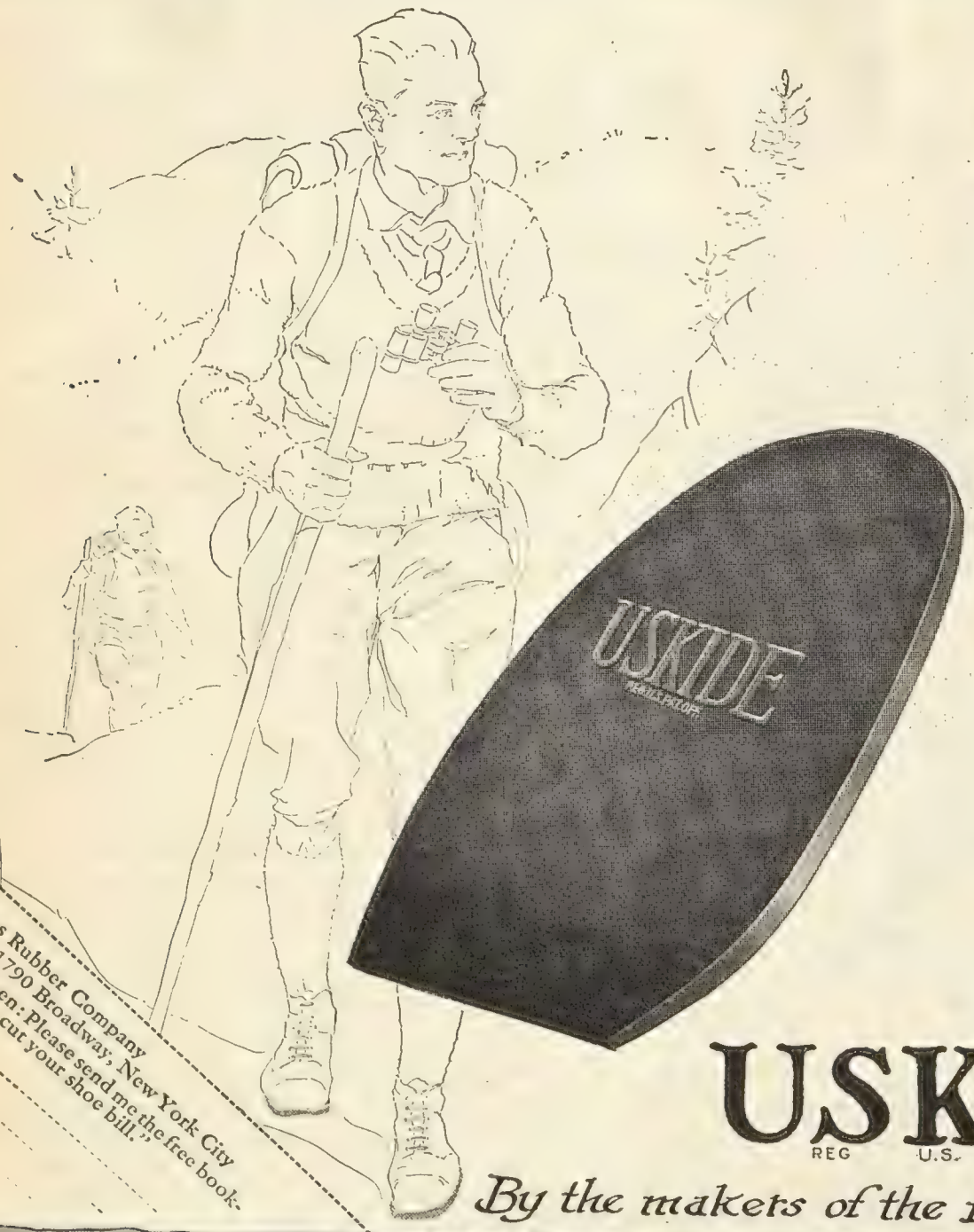
Answer to Puzzle No. 55



Prize Puzzle No. 56

By W. J. GLEASON, Lawrenceburg, Indiana

45 Penetrates
47 Brazilian wildcats
48 A conveyance
51 Youth
52 A flesher of hides
54 A column
55 Collections of articles belonging together
57 For shame!
58 Diminishes
60 Craft
62 Measured
64 A refuge
65 Placid
66 Proportional share
67 Pertaining to the city
68 Unfit
70 Mythical Phrygian king
72 Anxious
73 Austere
74 Trials
76 Scatters loosely for drying
77 Fishes of the flounder kind
78 Allowance for waste
81 Observe
83 Sooner than
85 Chopping implement



United States Rubber Company
Room 404, 1790 Broadway, New York City
Gentlemen: Please send me the free booklet "How to cut your shoe bill."
Name
Address

The Wonder Sole for Wear

TRAVELERS and hikers—prospectors, explorers and adventurers—all that hardy fraternity who strike out across hot plains and into rugged mountains, afoot, ahorse, or motor-mounted, are almost dependent on their footwear for existence.

That's why they swear by USKIDE—they know USKIDE Soles will last till the journey's end and never leave them barefooted miles from the nearest store. They know USKIDE is waterproof, flexible, light in weight, and that its non-slip tread means sure footing.

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Can any more be said as to why USKIDE is the "Wonder Sole for Wear"?

See that your next new pair of shoes has USKIDE Soles. Ask for USKIDE on your resoling jobs—it means comfort and economy. Write for the booklet.

United States Rubber Company
Trade Mark

USKIDE SOLES
REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

By the makers of the famous "U.S." Spring-Step Rubber Heels

VICTOR and vanquished: Flight Commander Albert Edward Woodbridge (left) and Baron Manfred von Richthofen, whom he shot down. The German ace was photographed in the hospital at Courtrai, where he recovered from the head wound that sent him tumbling two miles to earth. It was his first serious injury in the war.

The Red Knight of Germany

Richthofen's Story of How He Fell Two Miles After Being Shot in the Head and the Story Told by His Conqueror

By

FLOYD GIBBONS

(Reading time: 19 minutes 15 seconds.)

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Richthofen, on leave after shooting down fifty-two Allied planes, is recalled to the front in June, 1917. New and speedy British planes have entered the fight, and British fliers have collected a heavy toll of lives from Jagdstaffel Eleven. The ace's old comrades, Schaeffer and Zeumer, are killed; his brother Lothar is wounded. Flying warily, Richthofen adds five more victories to his record. Then, at a dizzy height, a bullet sends the flying uhlan earthward.]

PART SIXTEEN

THE man who shot down Richthofen that 6th of July morning, according to a comparison of the available records on both sides, was Flight Commander Albert Edward Woodbridge, who was a second lieutenant at the time and was acting as observer for Pilot Captain D. C. Cunnell, commanding a wing of the Twentieth Squadron, Royal Flying Corps.

Cunnell was killed six days afterward; but Woodbridge survived the war, and then ten more years of peace-time flying in the Royal Air Force. He has just retired, and lives at Westcliff-on-Sea on the Essex coast.

"I feel like an old veteran, talking about those days," Woodbridge told me, as we sat in a corner of the Savoy grill in London. "Gad, I'm just thirty now. I was sixteen years old and worrying Greek verbs at Mercer School when the row started in '14. I got into it and into the air two years later.

"A solo crash spoiled my pilot chances at first, and pushed me off to France as an observer in May of '17. We had some tight goes in April and June. I got through until the last day of June without anything hitting me, which was rare luck for those days.

"Of course, neither old Cunnell nor I had any idea that it was the bully Baron himself with whom we were exchanging pot-shots, and, for that matter, I don't know it yet; but I must say that Richthofen's account of the fight coincides exactly with our reports and my recollections of that damned busy forty minutes we had with his flock of red Albatross scouts."

Woodbridge had just finished several hours' comparison of the Richthofen account with the reports found at the British Air Ministry

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

WORLD'S SERIES
LET BREMER-TULLY GO TO BAT FOR YOU

Play by play—inning by inning — Counterphase Radio will bring you the big baseball classic.

Not only will it keep you in constant contact with all national events—it will bring you to them—so real is its reproduction.

Ask any Counterphase owner. He'll tell you he considers his purchase a real investment.

So will you!

Catalogue will be cheerfully furnished on request. Write for it.

Bremer-Tully Mfg. Co.
520 S. Canal St.
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BREMER-TULLY

Here's an Amazing New Business THAT PAYS UP TO $1,000 A MONTH

A SURPRISING new profit opportunity is now offered to every ambitious man and woman! For a sensational new kind of food business has been invented that can be operated by anyone in either full or spare time. Now, almost incredible as it may sound, $400 to $1000 a month is possible in even the smallest cities!

This new business is given you without "strings" or "red tape." We supply you with equipment, to make and sell a delicious new *greaseless* doughnut that is cooked in a remarkable electrical device. It costs less to make, yet sells four times as fast. Easy to digest and more toothsome than old-style doughnuts ever were. No wonder so many people without one bit of experience are literally cleaning up fortunes with this new money maker.

You can open a shop; rent cheap floor space in a grocery, delicatessen, lunch counter, drug store, etc. Or start at home—and make up to $250 your very first week!

$3,000 in 3 Months
"I made $3000 in 3 months from my greaseless doughnut business."
Thos. Minch, Fla.

Men and women start in this business daily. You cannot afford to delay. Details will gladly be sent without obligation of any sort. Such an amazing money maker may never be offered you again. Just fill in and mail the coupon at once.

FOOD DISPLAY MACHINE CORPORATION
Dept. A-176, 350 W. Huron St., Chicago, Ill.

Food Display Mach. Corp.
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Please send me the facts about your plan for starting my own greaseless doughnut business at once.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY Continued from Page Sixty-one]

which he and Cunnell had written immediately after the fight.

"It all fits in," he commented, "and it seems conclusive that the Baron had Cunnell and me picked out for his meat that day, and also that some of our shots sent him down.

"Seems funny, patching it all together like this ten years afterward, but I remember it now as clear as though it had happened two hours ago.

"As I wrote to my mother that day, it was the toughest fight I had ever been in.

"OUR Squadron Twenty was quartered at Ste. Marie-Cappel, not far from the road between St. Omer and Cassel.

"They had us still using the old F. E. 2 D's—pusher type, you know, with the motor behind and the observer sitting in a sort of a front porch with a shape like the back end of a bathtub. The motor was behind the pilot and aimed to go right through his back in case of a nose crash.

"There was no covered-in fuselage built out to the tail, like the planes of today; but the rudder and elevators were connected to the body by a trellis of openwork wooden spars like three or four ladders bound together in a horizontal pyramid sticking out behind.

"The motor, though, was reliable if not speedy, and offered the pilot some protection if we were attacked from behind; but such an attack usually either killed the engine or ignited the petrol tanks.

"The armament had been improved and tripled to meet the emergency conditions developed by the Albatross scouts employing twin Spandaus firing through the propeller.

"The principal weapon was manned by the observer. It was mounted on a movable pivot attached to the flooring of the front porch. This gun could fire forward and to both sides, and slightly upward and downward in the same three directions. It could not, however, fire to the rear either above or below the plane.

"A second Lewis gun was fixed to the side of the forward cockpit and was fired by a trigger on the pilot's controls, but it could be aimed only by pointing the entire plane.

"A third Lewis was fixed on another tail pivot in the observer's cockpit. With this one he could fire backward and upward above the rear plane.

"But in order to fire this gun he had to stand up on the edges of his cockpit, a rather ticklish position in a moving plane two miles in the air. It was all makeshift, but it was the best we had and we had to carry on. We were 'cold meat,' and most of us knew it.

"And our job was offensive patrolling—in other words, we were supposed to go out and light into any enemy planes we could find. We knew the Albatross and Halberstadters could fly rings around us and shoot hell out of us from that blind spot under our tails.

"IT was a fine morning that sixth of July, just as Richthofen recalls, and the wind was in our favor. The six of us composing our flight buzzed off about ten o'clock and started for our patrol area, which was over Comines, Warnêton, and Frélinghien, up between Ypres and Armentières.

"We had been on our way about half an hour, and were well over the German lines at an altitude of about twelve thousand feet.

"Swinging down from the north, we spotted a formation of eight speedy German planes. They wheeled around to the west of us and got between us and our own lines.

"I notice that the Baron calls this maneuver a trick to cut off our retreat. That's pulling it rather long, because, you know, we did most of the fighting over the German lines.

"As soon as they were behind us, we turned around and started for them. We had hardly got in contact with them when other enemy formations — larger ones — seemed to close in from all sides.

WHEN Death passed the German ace by the fraction of an inch. Richthofen's leather flying helmet, showing the hole made by Woodbridge's bullet.

"Gad, I don't know where they all came from! I never saw so many Huns in the air at one time before. We estimated later that there must have been about forty Albatross scouts.

"As Cunnell wrote in this report, a general engagement ensued. That's formal verbiage for the damnedest scrimmage imaginable. I fired my fore and aft guns until they were both hot. I kept jumping from one to the other.

"Cunnell handled the old F. E. for all she was worth, banking her from one side to the other, ducking dives from above, and missing head-on collisions by bare margins of feet.

"The air was full of whizzing machines, and the noise from the full-open motors and the crackling machine guns was more than deafening.

"The Jerries showed more spirit than usual. They went to it hammer and tongs. This enabled us to fire from the closest range and was really to our advantage.

"Cunnell and I fired into four of the Albatross planes from as close as thirty yards, and I saw my tracers go right into their bodies. The four went down, and fortunately some of our flight saw them tumble, because we were given credit for them.

"Some of them were on fire—just balls of flame and smoke, you know—nasty sights, but no time to think about it at the moment."

Woodbridge paused as we tipped the brown bottle over our glasses and added Seltzer.

"Two planes came at us head-on, and I think the first one was Richthofen," he continued. "I recall there wasn't a thing on that machine that wasn't red. God, how he could fly!

"I opened fire with the front Lewis and so did Cunnell with the side gun. Cunnell held the F. E. to her course, and so did the pilot of the all-red scout. With our combined speeds, we must have been approaching each other at somewhere around two hundred and fifty miles an hour.

"Thank God, my Lewis didn't jam. I kept a steady stream of lead pouring into the nose of that machine. I could see my tracers splashing along the barrels of his Spandaus, and I knew the pilot was sitting right behind them.

"His lead came whistling past my head and ripping holes in the bathtub.

"THEN something happened. We could hardly have been twenty yards apart when the Albatross pointed her nose down suddenly and passed under us! Cunnell banked and turned.

"We saw the all-red plane slip into a spin. It turned over and over. It was no maneuver. He was completely out of control.

"His motor was going full on, so I figured I had at least wounded him. As his head was the only part of him that wasn't protected from my fire by his motor, I figured that's where he was hit.

"But I didn't see him crash. Gad, no—too busy for that. More Jerries dove in from all directions, and we just kept on pumping it into any of them that whizzed by or that we could dive on.

"I had been in short fights before, but this seemed like it was going to be an all-day affair. Fact is that it only lasted about forty minutes, but that's eternity in an air fight.

"My hands were burnt and blistered and my throat aching dry when we finally pulled out with all of our ammunition expended. The Archies gave us hell as we streaked it back for the lines.

"Our flight had knocked down seven Huns, and Cunnell and I were given credit for four. Our credit did not include the all-red chap who now appears to have been Richthofen, because I was not sure that he could not have righted himself before crashing.

"When you sent me the Richthofen report and the result of your research through the reports of the other English fliers, together with your conclusion that it was Cunnell and I who winged the flying Baron that day, I asked the mater if she had any of my old letters from the front, and here's the one she dug up. I wrote it to her just after getting back to earth from the fight."

The somewhat soiled paper and faded ink carry the impressions at nineteen years of the man who sat opposite me—impressions of a day

that he will never forget. It read as follows:

In the Field.
July 6, 1917.

DEAR MOTHER:

Gad, we had some scrap this morning. The Huns have been very quiet lately, but today we "bought it" good and proper!

Six of us arrived at the lines at about 10:30 A. M. and saw six Huns patrolling miles over their side. We went over and attacked.

Before you could say Jack Robinson, umpteen more appeared, and a hell of a scrap ensued. According to the official report, there were at least forty Huns. Seven are claimed as being brought down, of which we claimed four.

I was so near one poor devil, I could easily see his face. I emptied a whole drum (100 shots) into him, and he then burst into flames.

Gad, I'll never forget that chap's face. I must have got the petrol tank, as there was a terrific flame and cloud of black smoke.

He saw everything was up and simply threw his hands up and clasped his head and seemed to completely double up.

It's surprising how you notice one particular thing like that, and which seems to stand out so well afterwards.

I also got another chap, but didn't claim him because, as far as I could see, he was only out of control.

On our side three were driven down; one with the poor old observer with a "blighty"; the other two being too much shot about to reach home. Just to make matters better for the last five or ten minutes, Archie started.

The actual time of the fight was forty minutes—exceptionally long, as usually an aerial fight lasts about fifteen minutes. I thought that other time when we had eighteen up against us, it was about the limit; but after today, why, it's a mere handful.

The Hun must have had every blessed machine for miles around up this morning, and if it takes forty of 'em to engage half a dozen of us—well, I don't think there is much doubt as to who holds the supremacy of the air.

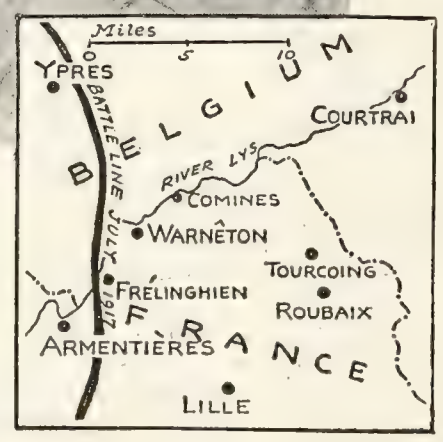
Well, I'll wash out now as I have to turn out at 2:15 o'clock in the morning, up again with Cunnell, our flight commander. I wonder if he is going to have me as his observer. Well, W. S. G. S.

PIP.

"Where did you get that name of Pip?" I asked, handing the letter back.

Picture by Clayton Knight

"WE saw the all-red plane slip into a spin. It turned over and over. He was completely out of control." Thus the Red Knight's conqueror described his victory. The map shows where he did it.



"Don't know. Mother always called me that—does yet."

"Tell me, Woodbridge, what's the meaning of the four last letters in the letter—this W. S. G. S.? Was that code?"

"Yes," he replied.

"Personal?"

"Somewhat."

"Girl?"

"No."

"If it's not too God-awful personal, would you mind telling me what the W. S. G. S. stood for?"

Woodbridge smiled foolishly.

"It was a code I had rigged up with mother," he explained. "You see, when I was training, I had a bad crash and broke my wrist watch. When I left for the front, mother gave me her gold watch.

"Before I went to France, she told me that I could go to war with her full permission on two conditions. One was that I was not to get hurt, and the other was that under no circumstances was I to let anything happen to her watch.

"The letters W. S. G. S. simply let mother know, Watch Still Going Strong."

To one who has been immersed in thousands of words of cold-blooded reports on the business of killing, Woodbridge's letter brings a refreshing breath of something human and clean.

He did feel sorry for the chap he sent down in flames. He doesn't know who he was. To Woodbridge he remains simply, "Some poor devil who might just as well have been I." But he can never forget the look on his adversary's face as he went down to a horrible death.

HOW close Woodbridge came to killing Richthofen is illustrated best by the helmet that the German ace was wearing. The bullet struck him on the left side of the head, a glancing blow which tore a hole in his helmet.

The gruesome relic hangs today in the flying uhlan's bedroom at Schweidnitz. Richthofen looked at it frequently and pondered how closely death had missed him. He had the helmet with him during the days in the hospital, when he wrote the following thrilling account of his narrow escape:

On a very fine day, July 6, 1917, I was scouting with my gentle-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Just
"making the motions"
a victim of cachexia
(run down condition)

How often you have gone about your work feeling all in, "just making the motions"—a victim of cachexia (run down condition).

Whether this deadening feeling is due to chronic indigestion, constipation, deficiency of vital food factors or blood disorders (as evidenced by boils and pimples) it almost invariably responds at once to the use of pure yeast. For yeast is the great conditioner and regulator.

Eat yeast and eat it in a form you'll like—Yeast Foam Tablets. These little pellets are pure; they keep; they come in handy 5c packets or in the large 10-day treatment for 50 cents. Most folks chew them, though they're just as good if swallowed whole.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

So This To An Old Tire!

and Make $150 Every Week!

Simply Drive Nails Into an Old Tire in Front of Big, Interested Crowds and Make from Ten to Twenty Sales an Hour! This is Absolutely the Most Startling, Spectacular, and Thrilling Demonstration You Ever Saw! Just Think—No Matter How Many Nails you Drive Into an Old Tire It Won't Puncture—It Won't Leak a Bit of Air—You Can Pull the Nails Out and Drive Right Away!

Mr. W. S. Hill of Des Moines, Iowa, a chemist of unusual ability, has discovered an amazing new way to make any tire puncture proof! So startling is this new invention, so marvelously successful, that salesmen are piling up big, liberal commissions for just a few hours' work. Every auto owner, whether he drives a Ford or a Cadillac, is interested—he detests the fuss and bother of changing tires on the road and mending tubes.

PUNCTURES SEALED While You Drive

This wonderful new, scientific discovery is called Air Stop. An old tire, after being treated with Air Stop, was punctured with 987 nails without a single leak! Air Stop seals punctures instantly while you are driving, so that you never know you have a puncture. Not only that, but it seals slow leaks, valve leaks, and porous tubes. It thus prevents rim cuts and broken side walls. It adds tire mileage because it prevents driving with partly flat tires—the biggest cause of tire trouble. It has no injurious effects on casing or tube. Will last the lifetime of the tube.

So quickly and powerfully does Air Stop demonstrate results that Air Stop agents are making fortunes—just driving nails into tires protected by Air Stop. L. B. Watson, a bank clerk, sold 500 treatments his first week—just working spare time. Roser made $22 in less than two hours. And you can make big easy profits, too.

We grant you Exclusive Territory Rights so that you can appoint sub-agents who will earn a splendid income for you. A good sub-agent should make you, at the very least, $5 a day clear. If you appoint only three sub-agents, your profits from their work would be $15 a day—$400 a month—$4,800 a year! And that is besides your commissions on your own work!

FREE Sample Offer

Right now we are making a big special offer to send you a FREE Sample Set of Air Stop and to pay you for the time required to test the sample if you are not amazed and delighted with it! You never before heard of such an unusual offer! Investigate this offer today. Just send the request blank for full details.

J. W. Simon has driven over 857 nails in one tire "without the loss of one single pound of air. The results were amazing."

Demonstrations Wonderful

"I received your Air Stop fluid and have been giving some wonderful demonstrations at the garage, where I work, every day. I drove 100 nails, 8 spikes or 20 penny nails as you call them, into my own tire which I have for demonstrating purposes. Your Air Stop fluid is certainly great stuff."

Samuel Hitchings.

54 Spikes Do No Damage

Received Air Stop samples and gave same a thorough test today. We used a 35 x 5 tire, driving 54 spikes into the same. So Air Stop has proven entirely satisfactory.

Ralph Gates.

AGENTS!

Get full details of the Air Stop money-making plan. You don't even need a car to make money. An old discarded tube and casing will bring you $5 to $20 an hour. Mail coupon below for details.

AIR STOP MFG. CO.
Dept. M-506 Hewitt Bldg.
DES MOINES, IOWA

SIMPLY MAIL THIS

Air Stop Mfg. Co.
Dept. M-506 Hewitt Bldg.
Des Moines, Iowa.

Please send me full details of your FREE Sample Offer.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY
Continued from Page Sixty-three]

men. We had flown for quite a while between Ypres and Armentières without getting into contact with the enemy.

Then I saw a formation on the other side, and thought immediately, "These fellows want to fly over." They approached the front, saw us, and turned to one side. I began to feel that they were flying away, but in the meanwhile I watched the enemy's squadron closely.

Not long afterward, it approached our front again. We had an unfavorable wind—that is, it came from the east. I watched them fly some distance behind our lines. Then I cut off their retreat. They were again my dear friends, the big Vickers. This English type has a body braced with cross-bar construction. The observer sits in front. . . .

After some time we approached so close to the last plane that I began to consider a means of attacking him. Wolff was flying just below me. The hammering of a German machine gun indicated to me that he was fighting.

Then my opponent turned and accepted the fight, but at such a distance that one could hardly call it a real air fight. I had not even prepared my gun for firing, for there was lots of time before I could begin to fight.

Courtesy of William A. Prien

As Germany's greatest airman, Richthofen was in close contact with the High Command. He is shown (at left) with the Crown Prince.

Then I saw that the enemy's observer, probably from sheer excitement, opened fire. I let him shoot, for at a distance of 300 yards and more the best marksmanship is helpless. . . .

Now he flies toward me, and I hope that I will succeed in getting behind him and opening fire.

SUDDENLY something strikes me in the head. For a moment my whole body is paralyzed. My arms hang down limply beside me, my legs flop loosely beyond my control. The worst was that a nerve leading to my eyes had been paralyzed and I was completely blind.

I felt my machine falling. The idea struck me, "This is how it feels when one is shot down to his death." I wait for my wings to break off. I am alone in my bus. I don't lose my senses for a moment.

Soon I regain power over my arms and legs, so that I grip the wheel. Mechanically, I shut off the motor—but what good does that do? One can't fly without sight.

I forced my eyes open—tore off my goggles—but even then I could not see the sun. I was completely blind. The seconds seemed like eternities. I noticed that I was still falling.

From time to time, my machine had caught itself, but only to slip off again. At the beginning I had been at a height of 4,000 yards, and now I must have fallen at least 2,000 to 3,000 yards. I concentrated all my energy and said to myself, "I must see—I must—I must see."

Whether my energy helped me in this case, I do not know. At any rate, suddenly I could discern black and white spots and more and more I regained my eyesight.

I looked into the sun—could stare straight into it, without having the least pains. . . .

THE first thing I did was to look at the altimeter. I had no idea where I was. Again I caught the machine, and brought it into a normal position and continued gliding down.

Nothing but shell holes were below me. A big block of forest came before my vision and I recognized that I was within our lines.

If the Englishman had followed me, he could have brought me down without difficulty, but, thanks to God, my comrades protected me. At the beginning, they could not understand my fall.

I wanted to land immediately, for I didn't know how long I could keep up consciousness and my strength. I went down to fifty yards, but could not find among the many shell holes a spot for a possible landing.

Therefore, I speeded up the motor again and flew to the east at a low height. At the beginning I got on splendidly, but after a few seconds I noticed that my strength was leaving me and that everything was turning black before my eyes. Now it was high time to land.

I landed my machine without any particular difficulty and tore down a few telephone wires. . . . I had enough strength left in me to get up and to try to get out of the plane. I tumbled out of the machine and could not rise again.

Immediately a few men ran to the spot. They had watched the whole fight and had recognized my red machine. The soldiers bound up my head with bandages. I have only a hazy idea of what happened later.

I only knew that I had fallen into some thorns, and that I did not have the strength to roll away.

By a lucky chance, I had landed my machine beside a road. In a short time a motor ambulance came and I was packed into it and taken to the field hospital at Courtrai. . . .

I had quite a good-sized hole—a wound of about ten centimeters [four inches] in length. At one spot, the bare white skull bone lay exposed as big as a dollar. My thick Richthofen skull had proved itself bullet-proof.

For days I had a deadly headache. At home, it was reported that I was lying in a hospital, with wounds in the head and the stomach.

As I write I wonder whether my

brother or myself (both wounded now) will be able to board his plane first. My brother fears that it will be I, and I fear that it will be my brother.

. . . . . .

TELEGRAMS and letters of sympathy reached the hospital at Courtrai from his family, relatives, and comrades at the front, but not from the general public, from whom the news of his wounding had been withheld.

It would hardly have helped German morale at the time if it had become generally known that the enemy had put both of the famous Richthofens out of the fight at the same time.

But it would have been good news in the camps of the Royal Flying Corps. The English admired the flying Baron and his brother, but would have been satisfied to have them remain in the hospital for the rest of the war.

Sitting up in bed, the ace read his correspondence and communicated with his old jeweler in Berlin, from whom he ordered five more little silver death cups, to commemorate the victories that had been placed to his credit during the three weeks' fighting since his return from leave.

He smiled at the showing. It didn't give him the same kick of exultation that he had when he closed his books at the end of Bloody April. But conditions had changed, and no one knew it better than Richthofen.

Of the five new victories credited to him, two of the planes remain unidentified. In downing the other three he had made the following additions to his own private casualty list of men killed:

Lieutenant R. W. Ellis.

Lieutenant H. C. Barlow.

Lieutenant L. S. Bowman.

Second Lieutenant J. E. Power Clutterbuck.

Second Lieutenant F. G. B. Pascoe.

Sergeant H. A. Whatley.

As an ambassador of the Grim Reaper, the Red Knight still ranked high. His victories numbered fifty-seven. His killings totaled fifty-nine men identified. Having taken no new prisoners since April, his rating in that department remained, as before, at twenty-six.

But the red days were not ended. He would recover. He would return to the front. He would fly again. He willed it with all the fire of his indomitable spirit.

His fine and carefully preserved physique responded to the command of his will. He had to get back into the fight before one of his industrious disciples wrested from him the crown of the ace of German aces.

Richthofen was never the same after that English bullet dented his skull and sent him tumbling down two miles to earth. Still another score of enemy planes and as many men were yet to fall under his blazing guns, but in the head of the Red Knight of Germany was a scar and a memory that could not be effaced.

Wounded veterans know this.

Men at arms go to their baptism of fire either with courage and hope or courage and despair. Those who advance with despair usually meet the fate they fear. Those who plunge with hope may get it the same way, but they have the feeling that they will survive.

It's a God-sent hunch that contributes in no small way to that greatly misunderstood and frequently overestimated quality called bravery. Untested men, fearful of being cowards, are really ignorant of their potential bravery. Brave men are always conscious of their fears.

THE flying uhlan's wound kept him out of the war for a month. With his nurse, Katie Ottersdorf, he was photographed in the hospital grounds during convalescence.

ALONG with courage, Richthofen had always flown and fought with hope and a feeling of superiority over his enemies. He was convinced that he had certain advantages, both in training and equipment, and it was his commonsense game to take full advantage of their handicaps.

Supplementary to this conviction was the little inside hunch of personal immunity. After that bullet touched his skull he was not so sure.

"Manfred was changed after he received his wounds," his mother told me. "I noticed numerous differences in him. His fears for Lothar's safety increased, and he was no longer certain that victory would come to our side. He said that people in Germany did not realize the power of the Allies."

And then there was the one girl he loved. Her letters came to him in the hospital by every mail. He kept them under his pillow.

Their marriage had been postponed until after the war. The culmination of their strange romance of self-denial seemed even more distant now. Here was America growing stronger in the ranks of the Allies. Would the war ever end? Would he survive?

Lots of time to think about these things while lying on a hospital cot. The thoughts were not pleasing. The more they possessed him, the more that little immunity hunch weakened. To relieve his mind, he would ask his nurse, Katie Ottersdorf, to read him some of the fan mail which continued to arrive from admirers all over Germany.

There was diversion, as well as food for vanity, in this correspondence. The capable Fräulein Ottersdorf, sitting beside the wounded ace's bed, enjoyed the letters thoroughly. Among the many feminine hearts that skipped beats at the thought of Richthofen was a girl in a convent high in the hills of the German Tyrol, not far from the village of Oberammergau.

She was a frequent writer to her hero of the air, and Manfred had been touched by the simplicity and sincerity of her letters. He answered several of them.

SHE wrote that there were only two objects on the otherwise bare, whitewashed walls of her convent room. One was a crucifix and the other was a photograph of Manfred in uniform and flying helmet. The presence of a man's picture in the room was a violation of the convent rules, and the mother superior had ordered its removal.

The girl took the picture down. With brush and oil paints she covered the flying helmet and uniform with the black and white head drape of a nun and left the face of the fighting airman looking forth calmly from a frame of religious habiliments.

In this camouflaged form the picture remained on the wall until Richthofen's death, when the girl sent it to the ace's mother. According to the story believed in Schweidnitz, she then took the veil identical with the one she represented as draped on the head of her adored hero.

In the hospital at Courtrai the ace received the attentions of the best that Germany could supply in surgeons and doctors. There were frequent painful episodes in which new splinters of bone were removed from his wound. His scalp was sore for days from thorn points. These had been driven in when he had fallen head-first out of his machine.

He had landed in a brier bush, and the first-aid sergeant who attended him had shaved the scalp. This operation had cut off the tops of the thorns, but had left the fine, sharp points still embedded in the torn scalp.

The enemy were also attentive. Courtrai's population of 7,000 spent most of its nights during

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Hello Everybody!
This is Johnnie Walker Speaking!

"Funny how many people are really dissatisfied with their cigarettes and don't know it until they find such complete enjoyment in mine. Buy a package of Johnnie Walkers for 20c and you'll know what I mean."

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[THE RED KNIGHT OF GERMANY
Continued from Page Sixty-five]

that month of July sleeping in cellars or in the fields outside the town. French and British bombing planes flew over and dropped tons of more or less well directed bombs on the railway communications, which were of great military importance to the Germans.

Richthofen was told that there were many wealthy French and Belgian families in the town, and that they had begged permission of the military authorities to give him an ovation as the airman who had shot down so many of the bombers who were making life unbearable in Courtrai.

The ovation never took place.

The ace's father, who was commanding a reserve battalion, was granted leave to visit his son, and they spent many hours together in the garden of the hospital.

German artists, too old for the ranks, came to sketch them.

THINGS were moving on the front.

The Battle of Messines, with the English capture of Wytschaete, had been succeeded by renewed activity in the Ypres sector as the British applied more pressure in their costly Flanders offensive.

Richthofen's rivals in the air were adding new victories to their grisly scores, and although the ace felt his crown safe with his present credit of fifty-seven successful combats, he was anxious to escape the tedium and pain of the hospital and return to his command.

From the hospital, under date of July 25, he wrote his mother as follows:

LIEBE MAMA:

Many thanks for your dear letter, which gave me great pleasure. I was glad to hear that Lothar is doing well, but he must still have a good rest before he takes up his trade again. Physical fitness is its principal requisite.

What do you think of our sudden overwhelming successes in the east? Every one here has been filled with fresh hope. The Russians have made their last ineffective attempts.

They should be offered favorable conditions now, and perhaps we could come to an agreement about separate peace.

Professor Busch is staying with me, turning out one drawing after another. He is a well known artist and has drawn papa and myself very well indeed. Lothar is the next on his program. I can walk around now and will soon go up again. MANFRED.

A week later he was back with his squadron,

bringing himself up to date on what had transpired during his absence.

His return to the command was the occasion for an ovation by his surviving comrades and the new replacements who had come in to fill the gaps.

Although his rank remained that of a captain, he was now a squadron commander, with four and sometimes five jagdstaffels under his orders. The administrative work was handled by ground adjutants.

Richthofen continued to fly with Jagdstaffel Eleven, but it was not the same unit as before.

From the surviving veterans in its ranks had been taken the commanders for other jagdstaffels, so that Richthofen missed the old team work.

The newcomers were keen and eager and well trained, but Richthofen did not feel he could place the same dependence upon them in a pinch as he did upon his old comrades.

German flying men have pointed out that Richthofen's successes in the air were never so great after death and promotions had scattered the personnel of the old flying unit.

It is also recalled that almost all of Jagdstaffel Eleven's veterans were dead within six months after they were transferred to other formations.

After several test flights and front patrols, the ace had his first combat on August 16, when he and his fliers pounced upon a Nieuport single-seater.

His report on this fight is missing from the files in the Reichs archives, but Manfred registered this, his fifty-eighth victory, with a silver death cup, engraved with the type of the plane and the date.

Richthofen, his supreme confidence shaken, takes to the air again and shoots down three more Allied planes. Then, with a bad case of "nerves," he goes on leave. Lieutenant Werner Voss, his friend and closest rival among German aces, is killed. That same month of September, 1917, Captain Guynemer, idol of France, is killed. Thrilling accounts of the sky battles in which these two great aces met death appear in the next instalment.

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NEW YORK

Love Letters of an Interior Decorator

The Romantic Outbursts of a Lowbrow Who Mixes Business with Pleasure

Words and Pictures by
Bert Green

She and me was marchin threw the Charms de Lesa and the band was playing the Mayonase.

SIXTH SPASM

(Reading time: 6 minutes.)
Hotel Aberdaba.

DEER MARG,—
You would have herd from me before but the warden wouldnt male the letters. He was a sweet cented youth—he wouldnt even put a peace of felt on a black jack. He went swell with me—just like a slight touch of yellow fever. I wish he would fly over to France and half way back. I meant to write you Marg, but on the level I couldn't help it because I landed in the iron hotel.

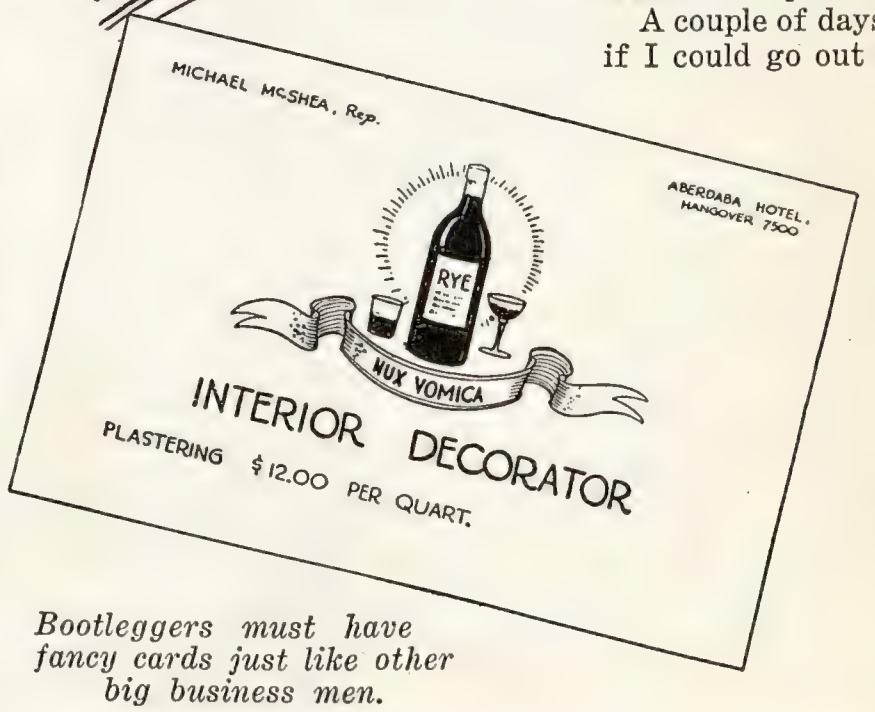
You kno Marg I do nothin but think of you; its turrible. It dont make no difference weather I am in a fight or in a patrol wagon—its all the same. I love you more than that eyetalian girl I had over in France and I dont mean maybe. And dont think I didnt love her.

Gosh, I can remember when I blue my hole months pay on her the night of the armistence when she and me was marchin threw the Charms de Lesa and the band was playin the Mayonase. I wood of married her if I could of gotten her to give up the fellers in the 57th devision. But you know me Marg. Im only kiddin when it comes to her—shes probably married by now to some wop in a spagetti garage.

Well anyway, Ill tell you why you didnt hear from me in so long. You remember me tellin you in my last letter that we was going to take a little trip up to Canada for a load of giggle syrup; and about the car we bought; and how we had it all fixed up with secrit compartments by the coppersmith in the Navy yard, and about the false top and foney balloon tires filled with liquor?

Well, the hole works is a bust now. You see we was chased by a motorcycle trooper, and I gave the boiler the Ralph de Palmer when a big tree kisses the radiator—and the next thing I new the three of us was on our way threw the wind sheald. After that I dont remember much what happened as I was tooned out.

When I came out of the ether I found the three of us layin in a room what had eight beds in it. The nurse called it a horsepistol, but they had bars on the windows cause they didnt want to break up the arkitecture of the jail. It was a funny lookin place.



Bootleggers must have fancy cards just like other big business men.

Outside the door they had a guy sittin that was as gentle as a Chicago gangster. He had a gat strapped to his belt and a pair of iron bracelets that would hold Old Ironsides to the dock. I guess he was afraid that some of the guys would step out for a permanent wave or drop in the movies.

A couple of days later I asked him if I could go out and buy a smoke, and he said it was all OK with him if I wanted my leg shot off. He was a tough baby to put a lather on.

Now Marg I dont want you to get full of rinkles like a prune and worry about me because I landed in the cooler. Anyway all the other fellers in the place are all in the liquor business. And besides Im the only one that aint hurt.

I was only in bed with a busted arm one day and now they have it all straped up with a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE]

couple of two by fours which makes it a bit clumsy filling bottles. So dont worry about me. This business is full of surprize attacks. Just like bein in a trench, you never know whats comin over the top. Men understand these things but wimin dont appreshiate it.

My partner the revenoo agent is the one what is all banged up;—you cant tell him from an order of spare ribbs. He looked as though he tried to stop the proppellar on the Spirit of Saint Louis. Every time I talked to him I had to get out his fotograph so I wood know who I was talkin to. It seems that he must have landed in a bush what was full of spikes as hes got so many holes in him you could use him to sift ashes threw. One of the nurses must have been in love, because as she was pullin the splinters out of him I herd her sayin, He loves me; he loves me not.

One of those machinery lunches, where you put in a nickel and out comes the pie.

Them nurses are a tough lot; theyd just as soon put Gold Dust in your pan cakes as they wood powder there nose. I remember the night one of em put a electric pad on one of the guys chests and went off and forgot it.

You remember I told you that we carried an old actor with us what we had all bandaged up as though he had been hurt. That was so we could make plenty of speed if a motorcycle dick chased us, and if he caught us we was going to tell the copper that we was rushin the old gent to the horsepistol as he got hurt in a automobile accident.

We dresed him all up in New York with a lot of torn clothes. Then we put rags on his legs and spilled a lot of Dago red all over them and gave him a crutch. But the funny part is we got in a real accident and I think the old gent is through as hes got about as many rips busted in him as an old peace of garden hose. I hate to have him dye up there as its a bum place to hold a wake.

Well after they had me up there in the pen for about a week Marg, I wrote to a friend of mine what is a patrollman and owns a lot of tenniments and he bailed me out. Hes the guy I wrote you about. Me and him sells two-buck gin to the police stations. He says that the police force nearly got sober because I was away so long. Thats how I stand Marg. Respect. Thats me.

So here I am—back in the hotel with a busted wing. But the only thing that cramps my stile is the fact that the car cracked up. Im out plenty. The car cost me a grand and I paid three yards to the coppersmith to make the tanks and the foney baloon tires we had on the back what we had filled with good liquor.

She was a good old cheese box—hard on gas but easy on water and from now on Ill be back in the Automat eatin those machinery lunches. You know, one of those places where you put in a nickel and out comes the pie. But dont worry about me. Ill get it all back. Theyll be more water and less alcohol in the booze from now on, and 50¢ more per copy.

YOU know the quickest way to get back on your feet is to get rid of your car.

A lot of funny things have happened in the hotel since I been away. I just red the letter about your girl friend with the crockery eye bein engaged to that sap in the drug store up in Mauch Chunk.

Where does she get that stuff about he bein so brave when he was in the air service. The only air service he ever saw was when he worked in that garage up on Main street. Hed swop an army gun any day for a good pair of runnin shoes. Hed have as much chance of wearin Herricks night draws as I would of goin over Niagera Falls in an omlet.

They say love is blind, but she must be cock-eyed. Its too bad she has a china lamp.

The telephone operator in the hotel invited me up to her flat in the Bronx the other day to a gin party. Shes got some Ritzy place—five closets and bath. We had a great time. There was one feller that played the drums and another mug played the saxiphone and a coupla blokes from the fire house next door came over and sang.

Gee we had a swell time; we left about 4 oclock in the morning. We wood have stayed later but somebody kissed one of the firemen with a bottle and we had to fight all the way down the stairs and some body tore the bannister off the place. I think it must have been the $1.10 gin they had. I think they must have got the stuff from the Du Pont Company. You could have used it for blasting.

The telephone operator says she aint goin to have any more parties as her lounge and all the dishes is broke. Shes fuller sex appeal Marg, youd like her. But you neednt go worrin about me Marg, because I aint goin to snake her. Shes not my tipe.

I think shes kind of nuts about me because she wants me to take her to some dance given by a yap whos name is St. Vitus. I think I know the guy but I cant place him now. I wanted to go but my feets sore. I got a corn on one of the tows what hurts turrible.

OH I forgot to tell you that the guy that owns the hotel droped in for the first time yesterday. Hes so rich that he only wears his close once—then he throws them away. Hes so big hearted he wouldnt even give you the soup offer his vest. I think he must be the brother of that man I told you of what came from Glasgow.

This is a funny joint Marg, we meet up with all kinds. We got a nice family on the fifth floor what came from Grease. Theyre acrowbats; they call themselves the Twelve Deemons and you ought to see them when they do there stuff. But Im afraid that the manager is goin to throw them out as theyre bending all the plaster in the room.

The mother is certainly a nice women and aint she strong. You oughter see the musels in her legs stand out when she has the eleven men standing on her. Ill bet your mother could have been like her if she hadenter drunk so mouch when she was young.

We got a gent in room 202 what is a prohibitionist. Hes about as good natured as a wild bull in fly time. Hed no more think of puttin the harpoon in you than he would of taking a ten-spot.

He said it was OK with him if I wanted my leg shot off. He was a tough baby to put a lather on.

He thinks the country is staggirin along under prohibition. See America Thurst—thats his gag. Ill bet a hat if you knew the other side of the story some of these saps would like to have full grown snakes in their back pocket.

Wasnt it Saint Peter what drove the snakes outer Ireland? What an awful break he got. If that guy was livin now he could make a lot a dough if he drove em through the U. S. A.—eh what?

This bird tells me that the number of drinkers in this country is decreasin rapidly. I dont kno what hes shootin at unless its because they keep drinkin. Hes poison with me—all he thinks of doin is arguing; he thinks he nose everything.

Ill bet he couldnt tell me the number of periods in a bottle of ink. I like him so much that I gave him a room right over the kitchen where the sound of the dishes would sing him to sleep. Smart. Thats me Marg. I love them fellos.

WE meet up with a lot of funny bimboes in this racket, Marg. We got a guy on the top floor what has more jack then Ford has struggle buggies. Hes a antikue dealer. One of those men what buys chairs and beds from Grand Rapids and drills em full of bug holes and gets em all bent and tells you that Napoleon Boneypart and Abraham Washington slept in em, and then stings you a price for em what would pay off the Frensh war debt.

He makes money hand over feet. He wears a coupla glass tears so youll feel sorry for him. Hes a Syrian, Marg. A Syrian is a guy what sells figs, but he dont. He missed somewhere.

You know, Marg, it takes a mick to beat a jew, and a Greek to beat a mick, and a Syrian to take a Greek, and I dont know who takes him; unless its a feller from Algebra. Algebra is that island off the coast of Switzerland where they got the Kiser choppin wood.

I met Mrs. Haggerty in the delicatessen store buying a fish the other day and she has a terrible black eye. She says that she and her husband made up. Hes an awful tough egg. Ill bet he shaves with an assetalean torch. He dont think any more of hoppin a pot off her head than he does of lightin his pipe. Some day hes goin to be a silent partner to a undertaker the way he goes on.

Now I dont want you to go tellin your bathsalts brother nothin about my personal affairs. Be indiscreat. Hes alright but your mother must of let him fall when he was a kid. Dont tell him nothin. Be stupid; just act naturil. Funny lookin' people are the wisest. You don't ketch President Coolidge saying anything.

Tell your old lady that I got the cake she made. I think she must have got the flower mixed up with the scowering powder as I had to use a coal chisel and hammer to bust it. I dont want to hurt her feelings but—long may she bake.

Well I got to go now and cut some liquor as a feller just ordered a couple of cases and I aint got that much. And another thing I got to change the labels and dirty them up a bit.

Remember me to your father and the janitor and I hope your mothers excema is better. Wishing you the same,

Yours without end, MIKE.

PS I am sending you a book entitled The Half Back of Notre Dame by Joe Mellon or some other big author. It cost me $1.25.

It's too bad this bozo didn't break both arms. But he'll be able to write another letter to his sweetie shortly.

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Twenty Questions

How Much Do You Know

?

LIBERTY publishes twenty questions each week. The following week these questions are republished, together with their answers and a new list of questions. Our readers find that trying to answer the questions is a fascinating and instructive pastime.

Give yourself five points out of a hundred for each question correctly answered, then see how high a score you can make.

1—What is the gas used to ripen fruits and vegetables artificially?

2—What sort of wood has been proved best for golf clubs?

3—How many Nobel prizes are awarded each year?

4—Which country furnishes most of the world's emeralds?

5—Which is the largest spider?

6—Are sponges, in their living state, animals or plants?

7—What dates divide ancient, medieval, and modern history?

8—Why is Boston called the Hub?

9—What former President was a member of the Congress of the Confederate States of America?

10—What was probably the greatest natural catastrophe in modern history?

11—What tree is most frequently struck by lightning?

12—What is meant by "Hobson's choice"?

13—How did the practise of boycotting get its name?

14—How many battles were fought in the Civil War?

15—What is a Plimsoll line on a ship?

16—Name the ten largest cities in the United States in order of size.

17—How many States border on Canada?

18—In what country is it forbidden to sleep with the windows open?

19—Which bird covers the greatest distance in its annual migrations?

20—Is there any wax in common sealing-wax?

See Answers in Next Week's Issue

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—What two seas in Asia have no outlets?
A.—The Caspian Sea and Aral Sea.

2—What is absolute zero in science?
A.—The point at which objects are entirely devoid of heat. This point is 459.4 degrees below zero Fahrenheit.

3—Why is a silver spoon tarnished by egg?
A.—The sulphur in the egg forms a blackish silver sulphid over the surface of the spoon.

4—Through what three countries in South America does the equator cross?
A.—The equator crosses Brazil, Colombia, and Ecuador.

5—Name the five oceans of the earth.
A.—The Pacific, Atlantic, Indian, Arctic, and Antarctic.

6—In how many States is the Negro population greater than the white?
A.—In two States, South Carolina and Mississippi.

7—In what lake is it almost impossible to drown?
A.—The Great Salt Lake, where the brine is so concentrated that the human body will not sink.

8—When was Thanksgiving first celebrated in America?
A.—In 1621.

9—What is the harvest moon?
A.—The harvest moon is the full moon nearest to September 21.

10—Where was "Mrs. Grundy" first heard of?
A.—In an English play called Speed the Plough, in which she was continually referred to as an authority on the proprieties.

11—What is meant by "gage" in a shotgun?
A.—The number per pound of balls of pure lead having the same diameter as the barrel

12—How many Presidents have been elected to Congress after completing their terms?
A.—Two. John Quincy Adams was elected to the House of Representatives; Andrew Johnson to the Senate.

13—Where did the expression "red tape" originate?
A.—It originated in England in the eighteenth century, and referred to the red tape with which legal documents were tied.

14—Which is the deepest oil-well?
A.—The Olinda Well in Orange County, California, which is more than 8,000 feet deep.

15—What is brown sugar?
A.—It is an inferior grade of sugar, made from molasses, a by-product in the refining of common white sugar.

16—How was American football developed?
A.—From the English game of Rugby.

17—What is the largest tree in the United States?
A.—The General Sherman in the Sequoia National Park, which is 280 feet high and 36.5 feet in diameter.

18—Where did the term "pasteurized milk" originate?
A.—From the discoverer of this method of purifying milk, Louis Pasteur, the French scientist.

19—How much does the pulse rate of a new-born infant differ from that of an old person?
A.—The pulse of a new-born infant beats 130-140 beats a minute. In old age the pulse is slowed down to between 60-75 beats a minute.

20—What reptile can stick out its tongue the length of its body?
A.—The chameleon.

Read, if Gray!

A wise man or woman won't use a dangerous hair dye; nor anything that gives hair the dull, dyed look that's worse than grayness. Kolor-Bak is a very different thing! A clean, *colorless* liquid that gently and gradually brings the hair to the color it should be. Your hair is unharmed—doesn't even lose its lustre—and the scalp is actually benefited!

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GOOD-BYE to those extra inches and that uncomfortable feeling! The "Little Corporal" gives that springy step, youthful alertness and athletic poise which every man wants and needs. *Prove it by a two weeks' trial at our expense.*

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has been greatly improved and is made entirely of the newly patented ELASTEX webbing. This marvelous fabric retains its elasticity and adjusts itself to your size at all times without the aid of clasps, lacers or buckles. It's simple! Launders perfectly. Individually tailored. **On and off in a jiffy.**

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Viola Dana Reveals the Secret of Her Beautiful Eyes

Miss Dana, world-famous for the beauty of her expressive eyes, accentuates the lovely sweep and length of her curling lashes by darkening them with the dainty toilet requisite she is here shown applying, "MAYBELLINE."

She has used "MAYBELLINE" for ten years, both for street wear and in her screen work, and regards it as indispensable.

Millions of women; from charming girl to queenly matron have discovered how "MAYBELLINE" reveals the hidden beauty of their eyes.

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Maybelline

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AT the CLEANERS'

Sandy's Unlucky Detour on the Road

An Expensive Chapter in LIBERTY's Popular Cover Serial

FOR THE LOVE O' LIL

By Leslie Thrasher

"WHAT about an after-theater snack?" Sandy asked. "And the treat's on me!" His tone implied that Russian caviar or squab would be as cheerfully paid for as cheap bowls of milk and cereal.

"O. K.," his business friend, Jack Duncan, agreed. "And I'm glad it's on you," he added to himself; gymnasium-equipment sales had been scanty on this trip.

"I'm widja!" Paul Crill chimed in. "I could eat a horse."

Sandy hadn't counted upon his hospitality being snapped up so quickly, rather hoping somebody would say, "Let's go Dutch." But he paraded into the grill-room affecting big-heartedness.

"Steak smothered in onions," he heard Duncan order. And Crill said, "Lobster for yours truly."

Now, sweetbreads and mushrooms beckoned to Sandy from the entrées, and so did—

COVER CHARGE $1 PER PLATE

"Plain omelet," he ordered for himself. And he looked to see if rolls, ice in the glasses, and toothpicks were gratis. "And let's see the hors-d'œuvres." The little gods of pronunciation whispered just then, so for once he didn't say "horse doves."

The hors-d'œuvres wagon! He blinked at the lavish array and sniffed at its blend of extravagant odors.

He gathered that the steak had seen better days, for the square inch of tenderloin was all that appealed to his friend Duncan; and apparently Crill didn't consider the lobster quite what it used to be in its native marine haunts over 1,500 miles away.

For dessert they had expensive parfaits; and then demi-tasses added their weight to the check.

"I feel like a game o' crap," Duncan laughed after supper.

"All right, but with a fifty-cent limit," Sandy said.

"What's this—penny-ante?" asked Crill. "Jack it up to five!"

Sandy felt desperate. The supper check had been $14.50—now what if he lost at crap, especially with a five-dollar limit? The sitting-room set he hoped to buy for Lil sank below the horizon.

So they adjourned to Sandy's room, where dice soon clicked.

"Farewell, sleep," the man in the next room mumbled. And he took a detective story out of his valise.

Sandy won his supper-check money! And before long the price of his footstool in the sitting-room set! But then Little Joe, Big Dick, and Little Ada from Decatur forgot their crap-shooting manners. Sandy suspected the temperamental dice were loaded!

"Mama needs a fur piece!" Duncan yelled, just as the lady across the hall thought her splitting headache had deserted her.

"How queer," she thought, "when the night's so warm." But when she heard that baby needed shoes and somebody had box cars, she decided the people in Room Twenty must be slightly drunk.

Sandy's limp leather wallet was now the limpest it had ever been—and his watch and three I. O. U.'s graced the table. His luck had ebbed, carrying off Lil's sitting-room set as flotsam.

But the dice were now his—and he spun them with a professional snap—gloom—

THREE!

(To be continued next week)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

He Didn't Agree with Father

Jimmie's mother had made a pie for supper. Seated at the table, with the dinner finished, his mother exclaimed, at a question from her Jimmie:

"No, Jimmie, for the seventh time, you can not have another piece of pie!"

Jimmie's answer was:

"Gee, Moj, I don't see where Daddy gets the idea that you change your mind so often."

DONALD EATON,
930 W. 58th St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Children and Fools—

One of the Younger Set was "making up" for a dance. Her little niece, aged five, was an interested spectator as Aunty generously applied powder, rouge, and lipstick.

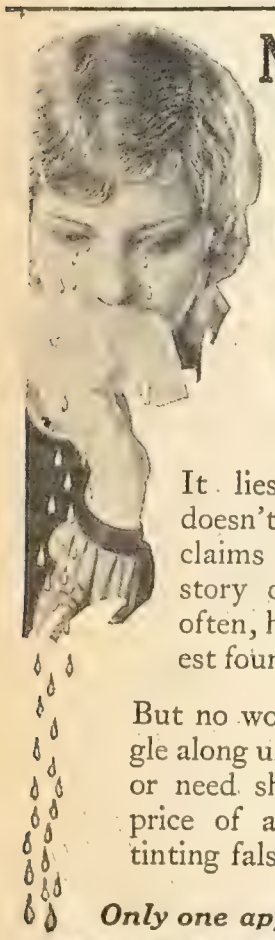
Betty gazed and asked:

"Aunty, why do you put that on your face?"

"Oh," answered flapper Aunty, "to make me pretty, dear."

"Well, why doesn't it?" was Betty's query.

MRS. A. BOTHWELL,
Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada.



No Wonder The Tears Gray Hair is Tragic

It lies, it cheats, it doesn't play fair. It proclaims to the world a story of age that, too often, has not the slightest foundation in fact.

But no woman need struggle along under its handicap or need she pay the high price of a hairdresser for tinting false age away.

Only one application of

BROWNATONE

to gray, streaked or faded hair and the charm of youth is restored. It is safe. It won't wash out or fade. It is undetectable in strongest lights. Five short minutes and you are done. Any shade desired—blond to medium brown, dark brown to black.

50c and $1.50 at toilet and drug counters everywhere. Trial size, 10c for postage and packing.

The Kenton Pharmacal Co.

Dept. K-14, Brownatone Bldg., Covington, Ky.

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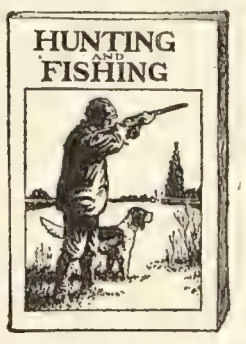
The Matchless Cigarette Container-Lighter eliminates the hazards of "lighting up" while driving. You can attach one to your car in 10 minutes. No holes to drill. No chemicals. Order by writing name and address in margin of this page, attaching a five-dollar bill.

The Koolfast Radiator Co.

3124 Monroe St. Toledo, Ohio

"Matchless" Cigarette lighter~Container

Hunting & Fishing



is a 62 page monthly magazine crammed full of hunting, fishing, camping and trapping stories and pictures, valuable information about guns, rifles, fishing tackle, game law changes, best places to get fish and game, etc. Biggest value ever offered in a sporting magazine.

AND HERE'S THE Remington Sportsman's Knife

with stag handle and two long slender blades especially designed to meet the exacting requirements of skinning and cleaning fish, game birds and fur bearing animals. Blades are of superior quality steel with strong, durable, keen cutting edges. The points are shaped just right for a good, clean job of slitting and skinning.

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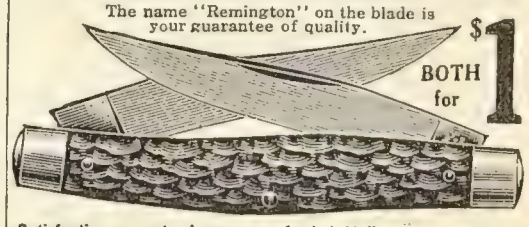
The name "Remington" on the blade is your guarantee of quality.



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Sell the finest shirts ever offered for this price and make $10 to $15 a day. Easy to clean up $20 in an hour in factories, offices, garages, etc.

FREE SAMPLE OUTFIT—SEND NAME

So positive are we that you will be amazed at the extraordinary quality of these shirts, and the money-making possibilities, that we will send you free samples. Simply send your name and address. Write quick for free territory offer. Address Charles Hope,

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Lost Voices Restored

Imperfect Voices Made Perfect!

Is your voice weak, harsh or husky, or do you stammer? By a simple system of silent exercises, the vocal organ can be developed and strengthened.

Free Book If you would like to possess a fuller, stronger voice, our home method will fill your desire. *Write for booklet and literature*

Perfect Voice Institute, Studio 17-87 1922 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill

RIGHT

A cleverly placed skirt length will make you look much lighter.

WRONG

If the stout young woman shows no mercy to the fatted calf, her penalty is to look ridiculous.

RIGHT

Only the slim, straight young girl can afford to be as brief of skirt as she is of speech.

WRONG

But if the slim young girl overdoes conservatism in her wardrobe, she will look like a frump.

RIGHT

The heavier woman looks like a duchess in a well proportioned frock.

WRONG

Elderly women, especially if inclined to stoutness, look comically undignified in short frocks.

RIGHT

A hem half-way between knee and ankle conceals the fact you are not as straight as young Diana.

WRONG

Any lack of proper alinement, especially bow legs, is accentuated by a very short frock.

Pictures by C. W. ANDERSON

It's the Up-Creep of Skirts THAT COUNTS

By
EILEEN BOURNE

NO Mussolini in our country could dictate where women should draw the skirt line. We don't even heed our fashion writers, who report that in Paris they are again using skirt *lengths* instead of *shorts*. We go from one height to another, and the present high-altitude record is two inches above the knee.

Whether this is a worthy achievement or not, depends a good deal on the knee. Let's agree that the place of the hemline is rightly determined by individual taste.

It then follows—especially now that French precedent permits dropping the street dress several inches longer than advocated here, and the evening frock to ankle length at the side—that each of us may suit herself.

But do we? We do not. Many of us act as if merely to don knee-length costumes makes us slim, youthful, and straight of limb. That it doesn't leaves us much exposed to ridicule.

So let's put grace and elegance foremost, and consult the mirror before turning up our hems. The skirt length that really suits you best depends on three things—weight, proportion, and perfection of line and degree of youthfulness.

THE END

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the enclosed 10 cents, a copy of LIBERTY'S Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

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VOX POP

Bernard Shaw and Nero's Fiddle

OMAHA, NEB.—Of all the asinine twaddle, that article, Shaw Looks at Life at Seventy, wins the bunny's powder-puff. "Men without religion are moral cowards, and mostly physical cowards too when they are sober." Can you beat that for jackass honking?

Here's another just as bad: "Nero," Shaw observed, "was a civilized person, endowed with remarkable talents. [What were they?] But the possession of supreme power made him crazy. If he had not gone crazy he would have made a name for himself as a violinist." O Lord! Help! The blithering idiot. He doesn't even dream that Nero died long before the violin was invented.—*Barton Frisbie.*

In Shaw's Behalf, We Accept

KANSAS CITY, MO.—That article by George Sylvester Viereck, Shaw

Looks at Life at Seventy, is great, is valuable. It is worth the price of the magazine for many years. It is rich, enlightening.

I could throw you a kiss for both your cheeks, for publishing it!—*Catherine Josephine Barton.*

Mr. Springs Gets the Asparagus

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Elliott White Springs' article on aerial navigation was good except for one thing—he doesn't know the slightest thing about it.

For instance, after some rather weird calculation, he arrived at a magnetic course of 280 degrees, then said, ". . . you consult your chart and you find that the magnetic declination is five degrees west. So you steer 275 degrees." Well, well! A two- or three-degree error in setting the course would make a laughing-stock of a navigator; a ten-degree error—well, such a thing has never happened outside of a nautical school.

Mr. Springs says that an airplane is more difficult to navigate than a ship, because the speed is greater! That is good! Doesn't he know that the slower the vessel, the more difficult the navigation?—"*Navigator.*"

They'd Die of Apoplexy

CHICAGO, ILL.—Why in h— don't the kickers and crabs quit buying LIBERTY so I can get mine easier? All the dealers in my neighborhood are sold out by the time I get home from work.—*P. W. L.*

Good-by, Pajamas!

JOLIET, ILL.—Your story on pajamas, called Good Night, Nightie! was very interesting, but the author forgot to point out the real reason for the large number of pajamas lost in hotels.

It seems as though the first thing the chambermaid does when she enters your room in the morning is to grab your pajamas and hang them in some closet. There are plenty of places to hang them in the room, but invariably she will pick out some closet, close the door, and you either think of looking there when locking your grip or you are out another pair of P. J's.

The average traveling man who stops only for a day or so does not unpack and naturally has no reason to open every door in his room before leaving, to look for his belongings.

Wish you would publish something along this line to keep us poor peddlers from being continually broke from buying pajamas.—*S. M. Elonka.*

Lillian's Icicles

LEBANON, N. H.—Lillian Gish states, in one of Sidney Sutherland's articles, that, in making Way Down East in White River Junction, Vermont, she found the villagers had never been to a movie; it was so cold that icicles had to be broken from her lashes, and the Dartmouth students could stay out in the bitter, blinding cold only a half hour at a time.

We all stay out at carnival time a whole day at once in the deep snow for several successive days, and I haven't had icicles on my lashes yet. Also, Way Down East was shown in one of our modern movie houses. It is to laff.—*One of the Villagers.*

Sidney Lifts the Veil

NEW YORK, N. Y.—How often have I seen Lillian Gish on the screen, and wondered what lay behind that demure artistry of hers; what kind of a girl was she, anyway, and what was her philosophy of life, if any? And so you can imagine how thrilled I have been by Sidney Sutherland's articles. He has answered every question I have ever asked myself about our lovely Lillian.—*Mae L.*

From an Experienced Cusser

MONTEBELLO, CALIF.—In your Vox Pop, J. S. Collins of Evergreen, Alabama, states he has yet to see a Southern woman smoke or hear her curse. Perhaps he is deaf and blind, or has never been farther south than Canada.

He also says that if a man curses he is slapped in the lock-up. Well, I owe Alabama many days of confinement, for I have cursed every inch of her roads in a loud and lusty voice.

Anyway, tell J. S. to leave Evergreen for a day, go to Mobile, stay up later than 9 o'clock and mingle with the crowds and perhaps bump the shoulder of some flapper on the street. He will learn about women from her.—*I. P. Gleiman.*

Reading Time: Zero

WILLARD, OHIO—The idea of placing the approximate reading time of a story at the beginning is a good one. Now, if you could just omit the story and put the substance in a few sentences and then throw the sentences in the waste-basket it would make a vast improvement in your magazine.—*R. F. M.*

Those Soft-Hearted Authors

BOSTON, MASS.—The Younger Generation, being fed with the "happy ending" literature, figures that it can try anything and it will all come out in the wash.

If such stories as A Ride in the Country persist in ending without landing the principal actors in a particularly confining and uninteresting durance vile, a whole lot of youngsters are going to try it. In fact, they are looking to the author to show them how to get out of such situations.—*Wendell.*

The Collapse of a Medico

NEWARK, N. J.—I wish you'd stop Bert Green's stuff. How am I going to be serious with my patients? I try to make examinations and answer a lot of questions and all the time I want to let out a yell.

When I have to close the door in the private office and get rid of a flock of laughs, the phone rings and I can't answer it, and then the patient wonders, "What ails that man?" Otherwise everything is fine.—*Dr. J. T. Bryan.*

A Wound that Healed Clean

SARANAC LAKE, N. Y.—Just a few words of appreciation for your fine articles on flying. I have enjoyed War Birds and Elliott Springs' stories in the past, and now your articles on the "fighting baron."

As a rule I do not believe my opinion worth offering in print, but in defense of a brave man and an honorable foe—and Von Richthofen was both—I will come to the front any time.

The passage of time is supposed to heal old wounds. Ten years have passed since our late struggle and it seems to me to have been sufficient for most people to have left behind them that feeling of rabid enmity for all things German. The adverse comments against your publishing the story of Von Richthofen seem to me unfair. I believe I may have my say without being regarded as a biased observer, since my present condition and residence in this place are due to the effects developing from a German bullet through my right lung while flying on the Western Front in '18.

I am not apt at quotations, but let those who are so damned patriotic now that the war is over, remember that the saying of one of our own statesmen, ". . . our country, right or wrong," may apply to an honorable German as well as to an American.—*Winthrop N. Wardell, Formerly Lieutenant Air Service, A. E. F.*

Getting Rough

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—After being a reader of LIBERTY for the past year, I think, in its class, your magazine is far and away the best. The stories and articles are very good and I have especially enjoyed the story of Richthofen's "killings."

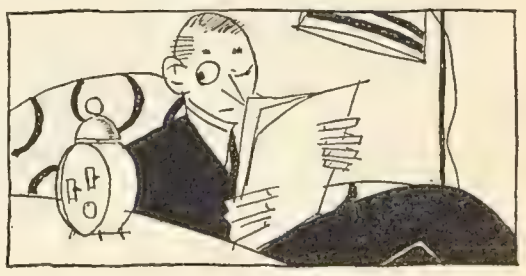
However, I feel that Captain Roy Brown—who did for the Flying Baron—to follow the line of true sportsmanship as practised by Richthofen with his cups, should have gone him one better, and cut off the head of his quarry and made it into a very handsome humidor or cigaret box.—"*Vogel.*"

Yes! No! Go Ahead! Stop!

ALTAMONT, N. Y.—Please tell me why you devote a page to Vox Pop and then do nothing the people tell you, will you please?—*E. J. B.*

The New Indoor Sport

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—I had noticed your new departure in printing the reading time at the head of your stories, but paid little attention to it



until one night recently I timed myself and found that it took me about 50 per cent longer to read the articles than the time noted.

Wondering whether I was slow or you were fast I had a number of my friends and family make trials, with various results. Only a few made 100 per cent according to your figures. Still fewer made better time.

We had a lot of fun out of the trials. We are looking forward to the next copy for fresh trials, and the slow ones have determined to try to improve their reading time. If others can do it that fast, they can, so they say. So I believe that you have an opportunity to set the nation to testing itself for speed in reading, if you will grasp it.—*Palmer Boles.*

H A V E A C A M E L

Camels—so mellow, mild and unfailingly good

MODERN, particular smokers, it is your insistence upon the best that makes Camel lead all other cigarettes. You are hard to please. In the true spirit of the modern age, you look for until you find value supreme in a cigarette. And it is this unremitting search for quality that puts Camel overwhelmingly first.

For Camel combines all those virtues so indispensable to the cool, satisfying smoke. The choicest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos that Nature's sunny fields produce. And a blending that brings these inimitable flavors and fragrances to the delighted taste of the smoker. Really, there is no other smoke like Camel. No other can be so everlastingly good.

If your taste calls for the enchantment of the finest, just try Camels. Always tasteful and smooth. Always so mellow and mild.

"*Have a Camel!*"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

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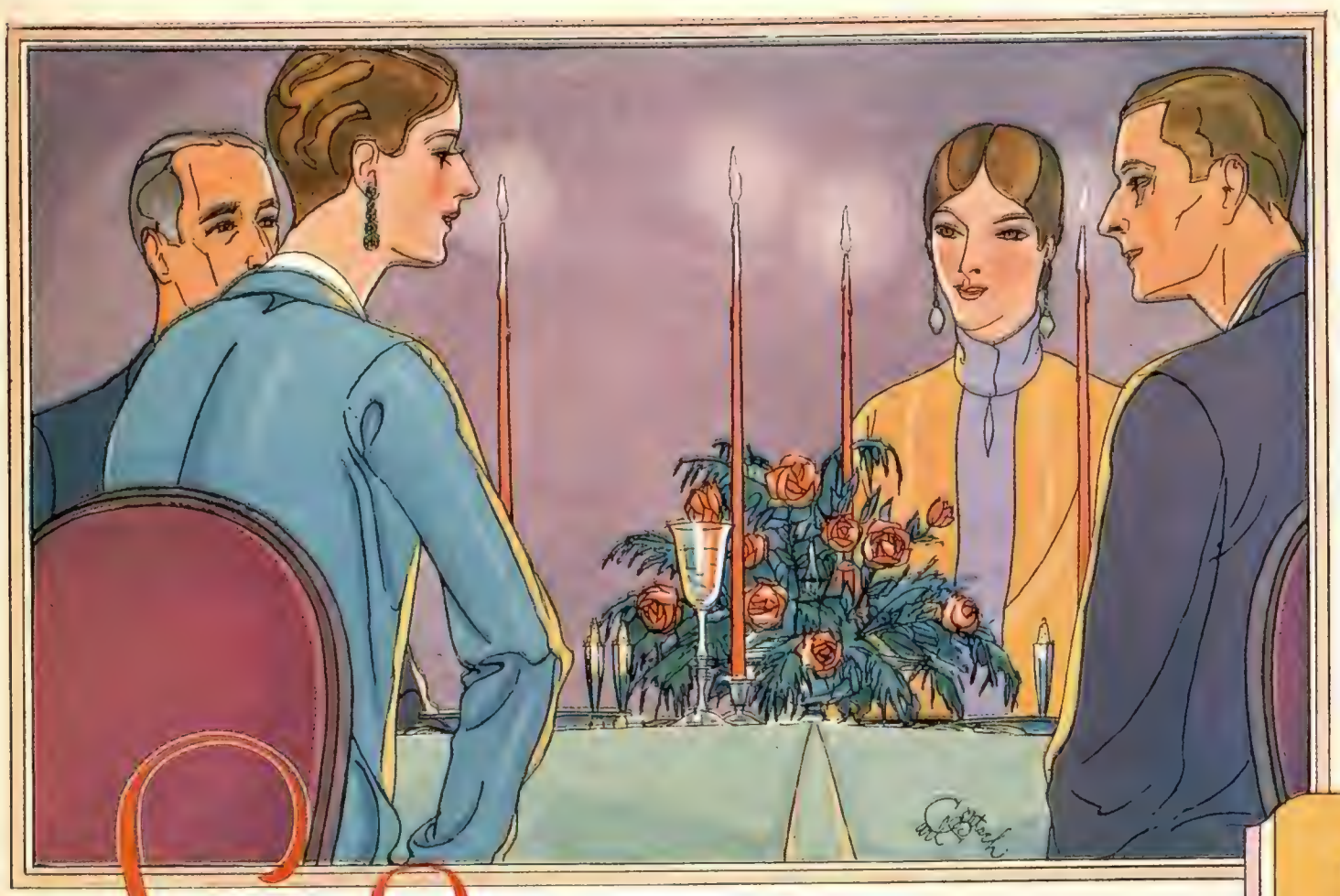

Six Surprise Dishes for Dinner

Selected from Ida Bailey Allen's New Book
"THE MODERN METHOD OF PREPARING DELIGHTFUL FOODS"

NOTE: It is the wish of the makers of Mazola that every woman have a copy of Mrs. Allen's wonderful new book—from which these few recipes are taken. Bound in durable, stiff board covers, this book contains 112 pages of unusual, tempting recipes for all meals. Please see coupon below.

"WHAT shall we have for dinner?" is a question familiar to most women. In Mrs. Allen's New Book is found many answers to this perplexing problem.

Each recipe has back of it the assurance of perfect results, providing of course, the directions are followed as given—with Mazola and the other ingredients mentioned.

In the panel, center of page, are a few interesting remarks regarding Mazola—which explain why you are urged to use this pure vegetable oil.

ONION SOUP AU GRATIN

2 cups sliced onions
3 tablespoons Mazola
1 tablespoon Argo or Kingsford's Cornstarch
½ tablespoon Karo, Blue Label
5 cups brown soup stock (any kind)
6 large squares toasted bread
¾ cup grated cheese

Cook the onions in the Mazola and Karo until soft. Add the cornstarch and the stock and when boiling, season with salt and pepper to taste. Place a large square of toast in each soup plate, pour the boiling soup over and sprinkle with grated cheese.

BEEF STEAK AND KIDNEY PIE

2 beef kidneys, sliced
1 pound round of beef, cubed
3 tablespoons Mazola
2 medium sized onions, sliced
1 medium sized carrot, shredded
5 cups boiling water
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ tablespoon Karo, Blue Label
3 tablespoons Argo or Kingsford's Cornstarch
Crust for meat pie

Soak the kidneys fifteen minutes in cold salted water, then slice. Pour the Mazola in a frying pan, brown the beef, onions and carrots in it, add the water and seasonings and simmer an hour. Add the kidneys, thicken with the cornstarch dissolved in an equal amount of cold water, transfer to a good-sized baking dish, cover with the crust for Meat Pie and bake from thirty-five to forty minutes in a moderately hot oven, 350 to 375 degrees F.

CRUST FOR MEAT PIE

1¾ cups flour
¼ cup Argo or Kingsford's Cornstarch
1 teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons baking powder
¼ cup Mazola
¾ cup milk

Sift together the dry ingredients, stir in the Mazola and enough milk to make a dough of the right consistency to roll out. Roll to one-half inch thickness, slash in the center and put on the pie. Moisten the edges and put a strip of the dough around the top to seal the pie, or cut it in biscuits, putting them on top of the pie, as close together as possible.

FRENCH FRIED ONIONS

Use good-sized onions. Peel and cut in crosswise slices one-fourth inch thick. Dust with salt, dip in a slightly beaten egg mixed with one-half cup cold water, then in fine dry crumbs. Put in a frying basket and plunge into deep Mazola hot enough to brown a bit of bread in a minute and a half, 325 degrees F.

FRENCH FRIED EGG PLANT

Wash, but do not peel the egg plant. Cut in crosswise slices one-third inch thick, dust with salt and pepper, roll in flour, egg and crumbs as in French Fried Onions and fry as directed.

MAZOLA is a uniformly pure and wholesome vegetable oil—pressed from the hearts of fully-ripened corn kernels. It is *itself* as good to eat as the corn from which it comes. And think of the convenience and economy of Mazola—three uses from a single can—the perfect fat for frying—the quick shortening for cakes and pie crust—the finest oil for all salad dressings.

PAN FISH IN DEEP FAT

This is a very good way to cook smelts, trout and other small fish. Clean as usual, removing the fins and tails. The heads may be left on. Dust with salt and pepper, roll in crumbs and fry in deep Mazola. Serve with cress or parsley, lemon.

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GIFTS *and* TEA *for the* BRIDE-TO-BE

By ETHEL SOMERS

TEA-WAGON parties are living-room coalitions, and so they permit inviting more guests. This feature makes them ideal parties for bridal showers. A chrysanthemum bridal shower served from a tea-wagon as pictured proves most entertaining. By omitting the bride-and-groom features it could as well have been used for any afternoon or evening party.

The bride is honored with many useful gifts presented on a clothes-drier. An umbrella trimmed with chrysanthemums could have been used instead. A huge floral basket of chrysanthemums artistically placed by the window near the bride's honored chair will lend a festive air to the living-room.

Chrysanthemum nut-cups grouped about a miniature bridal pair under a tiny umbrella produce a small yet effective centerpiece. The refreshments, consisting of yellow sandwich loaf, orange-pekoe tea, chrysanthemum cakes, and tangerine cups filled with orange ice, are in keeping with the floral motif.

The selection of the various bridal gifts is even more important than the refreshments. This is especially true if the party is to be a kitchen shower. Gifts carelessly chosen may prove a lasting handicap rather than a boon to the bride-to-be.

If we take it upon ourselves to help our guest of honor select her kitchen necessities, we should not fail to take into consideration the fact that the investment will in all probability be a permanent one. Buying just pans or knives or bowls does not suffice. We must buy her real tools for service. They should be well built and durable, fitted with comfortable handles which turn without strain. They should be easily cleaned, light to handle, and convenient to use. Tools of superior quality need not be expensive. Many of those pictured may be purchased for one dollar or less.

Tea-wagon showers may be made festive and permit more guests.

The gifts showered upon a bride should have the intrinsic worth of durability and usefulness.

Chrysanthemum Cakes

PREPARE standard Angel Food Cake (see LIBERTY'S Hot Weather Recipes, page 39) or White Butter Cake. Bake in small muffin pans or wax-paper party cups made for this purpose. Coat with yellow lemon icing and swathe in coconut.

White Butter Cake

(To be used in making Chrysanthemum Cakes)

3 cups pastry flour, or
2⅔ cups bread flour
3 teaspoons baking-powder
½ teaspoon salt
1½ cups sugar
¾ cup butter
¾ cup milk
4 egg whites
1 teaspoon vanilla

CREAM the fat (if other fat than butter is used, increase the salt) well, using a spatula or wooden spoon. Gradually work in the sugar. Beat the mixture until smooth and creamy. The important point in the mixing is to work up a smooth, creamy mixture and not to let the cake dough lose this texture all through the process.

Mix and sift the dry ingredients several times so as to get them light and fluffy. Sift a small quantity into the creamed butter-and-sugar mixture. Add a little milk. Alternate the addition of these and beat them thoroughly into the dough, being careful not to add enough milk at one time to cause the butter to separate.

After the last addition of liquid or dry ingredients, beat the cake mixture for 2 or 3 minutes. Carefully fold in the flavoring and stiffly beaten egg whites. Cut or fold these in with as little stirring or mixing as possible. Put into greased, lightly floured, tiny muffin pans. Bake in a moderate oven (375° F.) for 15 to 20 minutes.

When the cake is well browned and shrunk from the edge of the pan, and when the dough springs back quickly if slightly dented in the center—the last part to get done—the cake is done. Remove on to cake-racks to cool before frosting.

Yellow Lemon Icing

1¼ cups confectioner's sugar
1 egg white, unbeaten
⅛ teaspoon vanilla
⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar
Coloring as desired

SIFT the sugar through a fine sieve to remove the lumps. Add the unbeaten egg white and cream of tartar. Beat with a spatula or pliable knife until the mixture is smooth. Add more sugar if needed. Color as desired. Add the flavoring and mix thoroughly before spreading on the cake. Swathe in coconut.

Chrysanthemum Orange-Ice Service

6 tangerines
Orange ice

PREPARE orange ice as directed on page 49, LIBERTY'S Hot Weather Recipes, and, after ripening, serve on a nest of tangerine lobes arranged as the overlapping petals of a flower.

Surprise Sandwich Loaf

PREPARE as directed on page 48 of LIBERTY'S Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks, using the four colors listed or carrying out the whole service in the yellow or creamed filling. Garnish with parsley and curled celery (see page 19, LIBERTY'S Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks) arranged *à la* garden with radish tulips (see page 19, LIBERTY'S Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks).

Salted Almonds

½ pound shelled almonds
Deep fat or oil for frying
¼ teaspoon salt

IMMERSE the shelled almonds in boiling water for 2 minutes. Dip in cold water, drain, and remove the skins. Spread in thin layers in pie pans and place in a warm place (in a warming oven or on the radiator) for several hours, to dry. If not dried completely before salting, the nuts will not be crisp. Place ½ cup of the nuts at one time in a frying-basket and immerse in hot olive or cooking oil of sufficient quantity to cover the nuts (360° to 370° F. is the ideal range of temperature for frying nuts). Agitate the frying-basket to make the browning more even. When the nuts are a *light* brown (nuts will continue to brown after removal from the fat for a short time, and therefore should only be lightly browned), remove and scatter on absorbent paper, dusting with fine salt, using ½ teaspoon of salt to each pound of nuts. When cool, shake in a bag so that the salt is evenly distributed.

LIBERTY'S three recipe books tell you what to prepare and how to prepare it. They give you menus for *every* occasion. *100 Standard Recipes* (the standard cook book); *Salads, Sandwiches, and Summer Drinks* (splendid suggestions for light meals); and *A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes* (recipes for teas, parties, luncheons). Each book is 10 cents, but you may have all three for 25 cents. Send coupon, please.

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A Mile-a-Minute Romance

A Serial by

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Pictures by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

PATS SCHUYLER

(Reading time: 18 minutes 30 seconds.)

PART NINE

ONCE more the Carnellis were off. The big battered touring-car—as sound, apparently, as when it left the factory—jumped back, swung around, leaped forward on the back trail, with the care-free handling of a thoroughly reckless driver. The shortest of the three was driving it with a wild dignity, his appearance much changed by the removal of his slicker. The man beside him was even more unsmiling. He looked like Nero with a broken nose.

Swinging around, their eyes fell upon the back of the big closed car which had brought down the merry party on the final joy-ride of their recent companion, Thibaut.

"We leave it there, huh, Angelo?" said the man at the wheel, in an approving voice.

"Sure," replied the leader, smiling faintly.

"Gees—yes," said the one like Nero. "To shoot the fear of God to all!"

The eye of the one at the wheel caught the humorous sign upon the back—the advance notice of death which the recent joy-riders had carried across three States. The marks of the wet matches were dim, but still faintly visible in the growing day.

"Ha-ha!" he said hoarsely. "He passed the ha-ha to the Carnellis!"

He spat and made a sign of insult toward the high woods. They both burst into sudden laughter, showing wide yellow teeth—with long, sharp eye-teeth like carnivorous animals. The eye of the one with the broken nose dwelt for a threatening moment upon Thatcher. They turned the big car on its backward way.

The light was almost full. Dawn was about due. Roused by the row of the turning, two crows flew up suddenly from the woods, calling loudly.

The sudden unexpected noise jarred, evidently, on the nerves of the leader of the expedition.

The road went deeper into the back country.

"Get going there. What the hell!" His voice, just now so soft, was harsh as a slave-driver's. "When do you think we will get in port if we move like this?"

The great ruined car jumped forward like a wounded locomotive. Angelo glared savagely at the back of the driver.

"In port!" thought young Thatcher, unfamiliar with their thieves' language. "What port? Where?"

They tore along, entirely alone on the road—through empty woods, past dead-eyed farmhouses, through apparently deserted towns. It was Sunday morning. The rum-runners were all in, the big freight trucks home for the week-end; the Sunday pleasure riders still in bed.

They raced on toward their unknown port. But, fast as they ran, young Thatcher's fears outran them.

If they were planning more murder, if this was the usual ride in the country, why this delay? Why had they not shot Pats and himself back there in the woods?

The sun was up; and, seeing it, a sharp fear shot across the watcher's mind. He recalled the gestures of this Angelo before their start

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[A RIDE IN THE COUNTRY Continued from Page Seventy-seven]

—the pointing to the east, his evident hurry to get going. It had been too light! They had not wanted to take the chance of any further shooting—there by the main road!

They had left the main paved highway and were on another one, a dirt road, heading apparently for the deeper country. They were no longer going north, but west. The newly risen sun was behind them. Ahead was a sparsely settled region of poor farms.

Thatcher leaned suddenly across Pats Schuyler to the man beyond. "Where are we headed now?" he asked him hoarsely.

Their captor smiled back his smooth and tricky smile. "Wait. You will see," he said.

They dashed on, through the ever less populated road, headed now in the direction of some low wooded hills.

"What is this? Where are we going?" Thatcher burst out again, in spite of himself.

The conclusion seemed almost too obvious. The girl was getting it too, he gathered—from the closer pressure of her body against his.

The voice of the smooth murderer beyond her was briefer and more businesslike. He leaned forward as he spoke.

"Don't be a fool," he said in a low voice—and motioned to the two in the front seat. "Shut up, or—"

He produced a pistol, which he had been holding out of sight in his further hand.

All at once they turned from the back country road to one still less used—a side road of bright reddish dirt, hedged in by underbrush. It went deeper into the back country: up sharp little hills, down narrow empty ravines, bounded by always higher underbrush—and now plunging in and out of stretches of second-growth woods.

Young Thatcher felt the fingers of the girl beside him close into his. The memory of those three Italian words came back to his ears once more:

"No qua. La."

Not here! There!

Young Thatcher's pulse grew faster, looking around, remembering.

The head Carnelli was speaking now—to Pats Schuyler, as usual—with that always trickier and more dangerously agreeable smile.

"Trust me, please. Do not get excited. There is no danger. We kill no women unless positively necessary. Never," he assured her — showing his white teeth in a still wider smile.

They slowed down, almost stopped; bumped in a road hole; turned sharply; and came into this port they had been seeking.

II

IT was an old deserted meadow—a squarish clearing in a piece of second-growth woods. Any house which might have been there was gone. The grass-grown road, still slightly soiled with oil, led to the one building in it—a dark, wood-colored hay-barn set toward the further corner. A somber and sinister structure, in a singularly lonely and suspicious spot—for the two members of the party who did not know its practical use.

"Go around to the back!" said the too smiling director of the expedition.

They stopped the car in the double seclusion of the narrow space concealed by the black barn from the entrance into the clearing. The final whir of the shut-off motor died into the deep succeeding silence, punctuated by the occasional timid chirp of a cricket.

"No qua. La." Not here. There!

The sound of those three words rang in young Thatcher's ears in the suggestive stillness. His eyes glittered as they shot about the vacant wood-walled space. If this was to be the end—the customary final climax of a ride in the country—there would be not much more need of delay now.

There was a sharp, brief conversation in Italian between the three men, the leader smiling, gesturing, the two in front answering in short, apparently surly sentences.

They turned around then, still-faced as animals—prepared themselves as if to listen. Angelo, the head one, in the back seat, leaned across Pats Schuyler with his ever polite smile.

"I must ask you a few questions," he began, waving his hand to show it was all of no consequence, "so as to get some information. So that the others and me will know how to act—what to do with you."

"Go ahead," said young Thatcher, a little hoarsely.

"Who are you, please? Who is she? How did she get here?" the cross-questioner asked—still interested, young Thatcher noticed, as from the first, more in the girl than in him. The other two also looked continually at her, as if puzzled.

YOUNG Thatcher grasped her by the arm. "What are you going to do here?" he asked.

Thatcher started to answer him. The girl at his shoulder, for the time being, silent, looked from one face to another with the sharp eyes of a captured bird. He stumbled on—not too well.

The girl straightened up, helping, answering for him. She was even smiling lightly toward the still, leathery faces in the seat before her—fussing with her various feminine adornments as she talked.

The black barn and its blacker shadow seemed cut out of the soft yellow sunshine; the great fringed white clouds moved on steadily across the misty morning blue above; the low, thick woods were a motionless wall. With all the dignity of judges on the bench, those round-eyed faces, as expressionless as crocodiles, listened unmoved either by the girl's attractions or the smiles and gestures of her examiner.

It was like a court, the whole transaction, young Thatcher thought. That was probably, in fact, just what it was—a court of law of the outlaws: a trial for life by murderers over the question of the breaking of the laws of the lawless. But why a trial at all? Why not an immediate execution, now they had arrived in the entire privacy of this so-called port of theirs?

A sudden turn in the proceedings gave a little clue to the subject of their debate. A remark of the pleader in Italian started the two still-faced judges into a sudden wild fit of gesturing and jabbering and pointing—especially the one with the broken nose. He aimed his short, coarse-nailed forefinger at young Thatcher.

"You kill my broth' Jocko!" he exclaimed, in English. "I get you yet."

It was the voice, young Thatcher recognized now—the same crazy voice—that he had first heard jabbering in the shadowy blue interior of the crooked garage in Bridgeton.

Another voice broke sharply into the conversation now—the voice of Pats Schuyler.

"He killed nobody," it said. "He was always trying to get away—and drag me with him!"

"Tell us about that, please," the lawyerlike Angelo said to her; and she did so—the two sitting silent, staring at her.

Young Thatcher's eye ranged desperately. Insects droned peacefully and undisturbed in the high green fall grass. Overhead, across the perfect blue sky, the great glossy gray-white clouds passed steadily on, the only moving thing in the world. Far away the faint, far-carrying sound of a country church bell spread its soft announcement of Sabbath peace.

The girl stopped talking. The judges on the front seat began jabbering with the too smiling Angelo over the point that puzzled them. He answered, arguing and pointing back continually at the girl.

HE turned now to the two prisoners, translating—what he wanted to:

"They say that you were spies—witnesses. How could they turn you loose now—even if they wanted to? What promises could you make that you would not talk—and get us all three killed?"

The climax of the murder trial was evidently at hand.

"Promises," contributed the hostile judge with the broken nose—"promises—they no good. This only makes all good and sure!"

He drew up a pistol from his side pocket. His broad yellow teeth stood out in a sudden and hungry smile.

Young Thatcher swallowed hurriedly. The far-off church bell rang again. He started talking, argued hoarsely in a last desperate determination to get his companion home.

"Promises," he said. "What do you want of promises—if you only do one thing!"

The unsmiling listeners gazed at him intently—surprised evidently by his sudden eloquence.

"What's that?" asked Angelo quickly.

"It's simple—perfectly simple!" young Thatcher hurried on. "Listen—if you took her home, and left her there, how could she talk to anybody about tonight? She couldn't, that's all," he said—so anxious to go on that he stopped still, stammering.

"Why not?" said the questioner, helping him.

All three, he saw, for some reason, seemed to show a deep and almost sympathetic interest in what he was saying.

"Why not! Have a heart. Have a heart!" young Thatcher answered, rushing on. "How could a decent girl come out in public and let people know she was out, like she's been, on a two nights' joy-ride—with that girl, and a thing like that Thibaut—that murderer and girl-chaser. Have a heart!"

He stopped for breath. He thought that he was making an impression on them now—at least, on the silent one with the corrugated brow. He hurried on with his argument.

"To lose her reputation! To get in all the papers—all smeared up in a public murder trial! And all for what? To get somebody put away for shooting that double-crossing, crooked murderer that ought to have been killed when he was born. Have a heart. Have some sense!"

The head Carnelli smiled. The still one with the wrinkled brow appeared to nod slightly. Even the deadly one with the crooked nose was still.

But now another voice came again into the conversation—the voice of Pats Schuyler:

"You've left something out."

"What?"

"What about yourself?"

"Oh, you can forget me," said young Thatcher—turned cold, after the recent warmth of his oratory, by her inopportune interruption. "Leave me out of this."

"No, sir. Never." She turned from him to the others. "For I'll never go back home—never," she asserted—"without him!"

Speed Thatcher's mouth went dry—at that revival of that theme again; and at the wild outburst it at once aroused.

"Him. Never!" exclaimed the broken-nosed one. "Never will he go home. He kill my broth' Jocko, and go home? Never. Never!"

"Shut up, fool!" said the head Carnelli harshly.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[A RIDE IN THE COUNTRY Continued from Page Seventy-nine]

They sat silent while he talked. Finally he started smiling faintly—as if he had discovered something he had been searching for. He sat forward and looked past the girl, now, at Thatcher—and back at her again.

"Do you love him very much?" he asked her, smiling.

"Well, now and then a little," she said, smiling back.

He watched her for a moment more. "Listen," he asked her then. "I suppose, if he could go back home with you, you'd want to talk about it to everybody more than ever—and get him put in jail—for murder?"

SHE still gave him his smile back.

"Sure. I'd go out and tell the first policeman on the corner all about it. Why?" she asked—and stopped, still staring keenly into his eyes.

"Suppose I fix that up for you?"

"How could you?" asked young Thatcher sharply. "How could you fix me up on the stealing of that automobile?" For, of course, that was the one thing to worry about.

The other man smiled still—the rest all staring, listening.

"Suppose I could fix it up so you wouldn't get arrested for anything—so long as you two kept your mouth shut!"

"How? How could you?" the girl asked him, clutching at his sleeve.

He turned without answering her to Thatcher now.

"Tell me all about that car you lifted—the 'pictures'—and how you left it."

Thatcher told him all the details—especially about the number plates—that one original one from the car which he had taken off and chucked back into the boss thief's closet.

"Were there any other 'pictures' besides those in that closet that you saw?"

"There seemed to be," young Thatcher answered, recalling now, he thought, that he had seen a number of them there—besides those extra ones the Lounger had handed out to him to put on the stolen car.

The head Carnelli's smile grew a little stronger.

"And the ticket for the car in that parking space—have you still got that on you?"

Young Thatcher searched his pockets, found it, handed it over to him.

He smiled still more—smiled and turned to his fellow murderers, arguing, pointing, gesturing, smiling.

He pointed at the girl, at Thatcher. His gestures and looks grew more humorous—he laughed out loud.

And all at once the driver, the man with the frowning forehead, smiled also, disclosing more and more of his strong yellow teeth. Even the one with the broken nose stared with his mouth slightly ajar. The talker pounded him on his back, still laughing. The last one smiled. They all laughed heartily together.

Angelo held up his hand. They all three went silent. The two in front sat staring seriously once more.

"All right—we'll fix it!" announced their leader to the prisoners.

"How?" asked young Thatcher hoarsely.

The author of the new idea answered him, with his sly, cunning smile:

"That you will know later."

The last of the church bells' distant tolling lagged and died.

"Listen," asked young Thatcher, still more hoarsely—"what is it you are going to do with us?"

Angelo the Cat turned away from him and smiled at the girl once more—the wrinkles gathering about his eyes as he bowed to her.

"For the present, while I drive away, we'll try to make you comfortable here," he told her, with his sickeningly polite smile.

"Where?"

"Over there," he answered—and pointed at the barn.

Young Thatcher looked up at the thing—closed, black, windowless, except for the two small glassless window-frames at the top of the gable ends.

What was this—another funny joke of this smiling joker with death?

HE looked over at the girl beside him. She was looking up into the humorous murderer's eyes on the other side of her, smiling, entirely unaffected by his own fears.

"You're going away for a while?"

"I'll have to."

"And you want us to stay there till you come back—is that it?"

"If you please."

"What's in there?"

"Come, let me show you," the smiling liar said; and got out of the car.

She got out also, and young Thatcher after her—grasping her now by the arm, holding her back.

"What are you going to do here?" he asked the man behind her huskily. "What's going on? You show me first!"

The leader of the party smiled lightly. "No. She will go with me. You will come on with them—please!"

The other two came up on either side of Thatcher.

"Take charge of him. Give him a walk after us."

They smiled back, evidently much amused by the situation in general and young Thatcher's hesitation in particular.

He dropped his hand from the

girl's arm; went with them, speechless, numb.

"Come with me," said Angelo the Cat, smiling down at Pats Schuyler. "I'm going to show you something that you never saw before."

She smiled back at him—in full confidence.

"Come on!" said the one with the broken nose, displaying his pistol now to young Thatcher unostentatiously.

They passed on toward the closed barn—that blot on the sunny landscape; went up the slight incline, where the oil-darkened tops of the high grass in the roadway led into it. The crickets along the rotten foundation ceased calling as the man ahead with the girl took a key and pushed it into the padlock which fastened the two old swinging doors.

THE barn door swung violently open.

"Take a look—and see yourself—" he said, smiling.

They looked in, and caught through the dusk their first glimpse of an institution entirely new to them up to date—one of those so-called ports of the auto thieves; the daytime shelters of the stolen cars along the night rapid transit system of the "long-haul hot-car trade."

III

THEY saw through the dusk the bare timbers, the skeleton of the old empty barn. There was no hay in the high lofts; no animals or farm equipment on the dusty floor.

To the left, stray spots of sunlight, from cracks high up in the old board sides, gleamed on the enamel of three closed automobiles.

The head of the Carnellis led the girl over toward them—young Thatcher following on behind with the other two, staring eagerly.

"Take your choice, please," said Angelo the Cat, bowing, "where you will be most comfortable—till night."

Till night! Then! Young Thatcher's nails dug and relaxed in the flesh of his closed hands—as he got the statement that there would be no immediate action.

Pats Schuyler chose the nearest car.

"Good. Fine. Get in," the head Carnelli told her, with the usual smile. "And you too," he said to young Thatcher—without it.

He got in.

"And I give you this tip," said the soft-voiced speaker. "For your own good. Do not be so foolish as to try to run away from here. There will be these two outside always, watching. It would be too great a temptation, altogether, to them to try their marksmanship."

The two behind him stared seriously at Thatcher as he spoke.

"So it will be much safer for him to sit still, inside the car," said Angelo, turning on his soft smile again as he looked at Pats Schuyler.

"Don't worry," the latter answered promptly. "We'll not run off. I'll see to that."

He smiled encouragingly and purred back his answer.

"Good. Fine. Just only trust me, and all will come out right. Our interests are the same—identical."

He bowed, slammed the car door, and shut them in.

"Are you going away now, yourself?" Pats Schuyler asked him.

"Yes."

"For how long?"

"Oh, six—seven hours, maybe. Whatever time it needs to telephone—and to get my answer back."

"Back from where?"

He cut her off there, still smiling.

"The less you know, the less you will need to forget later," he told her; and bowed and smiled and glided off.

The double door of the barn, closed, was barred outside. The two behind it listened. From beyond it came the outburst of a starting motor; the call of voices; the sound of a departing car.

"This must be that port they talked about," the girl whispered finally.

Young Thatcher did not reply. He was reassembling his thoughts, after that first sudden shock of relief, and staring around, wondering what was likely to come next.

Their car stood facing out from the wall. Beyond them to their left was the faint shine of the two other machines; ahead and over them the dim gray cavern of the barn, cut through here and there by long, thin slabs of dusty gold from sun-filled cracks. A shorter, rounder bar of it came down from beside the door, from a knot-hole evidently, and ended on the floor beyond them.

"The port of missing cars," the girl confirmed herself. It was not a very difficult guess, of course, that the cars were stolen.

YOUNG Thatcher spoke at last, whispering:

"What is this thing? What's he trying to do?"

"He's going to send us home."

"What makes you think that?"

"I know it." She stopped whispering; clutched him deeply on the arm. "Look!"

He saw it, too. The round bar of gold from the knot-hole was gone. One of the two outside had an eye or ear at it.

They sat still again, watching. The bar of gold reappeared. From beyond it they heard the scratch of a match, the mumble of voices in Italian, the sound of footsteps

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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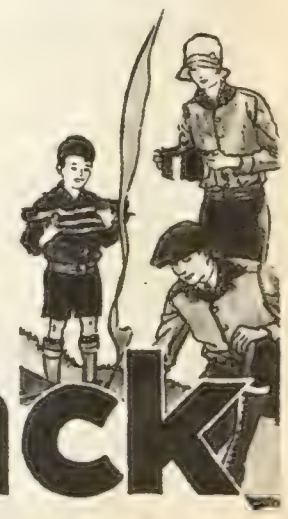

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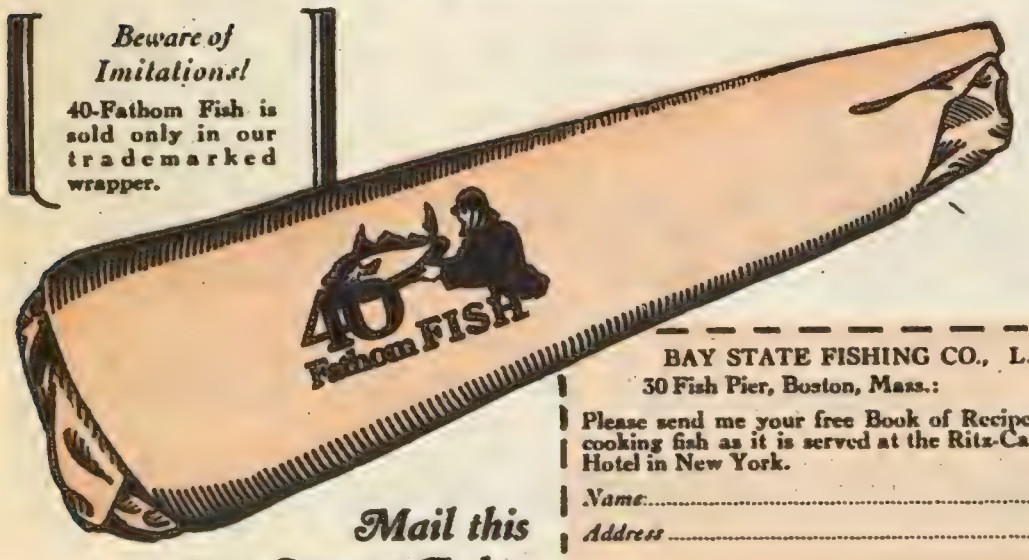

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[A RIDE IN THE COUNTRY Continued from Page Eighty-one]

going around the barn—of a rough back settling down against the barn door.

Young Thatcher continued the conversation again, along his companion's thought that this man was going to send them home.

"How do you know it?" he whispered. "How do you know he isn't lying altogether?"

"I know it. I watched his eyes—all the time that he was speaking."

"That's how you know?"

"That's how I know," she told him positively.

"Do you really believe he could do that?" he asked her.

She did, it seemed.

"But how?"

She didn't know how—but she was sure!

Young Thatcher turned from her—put his hand upon the handles of the closed car's door.

She grabbed him. "What are you trying to do?"

"I want to see if there isn't some opening out of this place besides that one door."

"There isn't," she said, still holding him. "You can see that from here, without getting out! Nothing but those two windows at the top."

She seemed to be right. It was apparently a place built merely for the storage of that remote meadow's hay; with just that one big double door on the ground, and two small windows for ventilation high up under the gables—entirely useless, of course, for any attempt at escape.

"And what do you want to see for, anyway?" the girl whispered tensely.

He tried to pull his arm away.

Her grip tightened; she pointed silently with her other hand.

THE barn door creaked. There were movements outside. The bar of gold from the knot-hole was gone again.

It reappeared after a long period of silence.

"But, good Lord!" Thatcher whispered again, finally. "The least I can do is to take a look around at the situation."

"You saw that! You can't step out of this car—without their seeing you!"

"What would you have me do—stay cooped up here?"

"Why not?"

He did not answer. All the memories of that livid night rushed back over him: the ride in the country—the scene in the woods—the disquieting and mysterious finish in this crazy thieves' den here—the unknown and amusing purposes of their captors for their final disposal.

"I'm going to take a look anyhow," he whispered, and struggled silently to free his arms.

She fought him desperately. "No—no! They'll see you. Don't be a fool."

Young Thatcher stripped her hands away—reached toward the door again—stopped.

"Don't. Fool!" A loud voice was calling, like an echo—apparently from the air—through the shadowy north side of the barn.

Their second watchman must have been studying them from there.

"Shut up. Sit down. Be still."

They obeyed, like children caught fooling in school.

And now the barn door on the south side swung violently open. A great yellow patch of sunlight lay upon the rough board floor, with the dark figure of the man with the broken nose in its center. His gun was out. He glared expectantly around. The other called to him across the place. They chattered in Italian.

"Next time, we shoot," stated the voice of the unseen one on the other side of the barn.

The door closed finally. The two were alone again.

THE girl clung closer to young Thatcher in the renewed dark, her customary suppression of the weaker emotions gone for the time being.

"Promise me you won't try anything like that again!"

"But, great heavens, Pats!" he said, protesting—more weakly after that last demonstration of the slight chances of escape.

She wrapped her arms about him in his succeeding silence. "You wouldn't desert me now?"

He looked down. Her voice seemed curiously weaker.

"Promise me you won't desert me!" she repeated. "Not now."

"Desert you, Pats? Good God!" young Thatcher exclaimed anxiously.

"And don't call them in, either," she whispered. "I'll be all right in a minute or two."

"What is it?" asked young Thatcher sharply—at this curious remark; gripping her more closely, as he felt her slipping.

"I'm going to pass out—for a minute or so!" she announced; and, without further remarks, did so.

He worked over her—to the best of his limited ability. Fortunately, she responded quickly.

"I'm all right," she stated, somewhat weakly.

"Shouldn't I ask them for some water—or something?"

"No—no—no. I don't need it!" she assured him. "I'm all right."

He let her rest—without further urging.

She smiled up, rather wanly, from his shoulder, and spoke in a thin voice.

"Disgusting—what! Passing out like this. But you'll promise you'll stay right here—and not move!"

He promised.

———

They sat there, huddled close together, while their fate hung on what a murderer might think funny. For the incredible twists of Angelo's sense of humor, see next week's concluding instalment.

Shooting STARS— AND WHY

Why Swelled Heads Have Spoiled So Many Movie Profiles

An Article by

ALLAN DWAN

(Reading time: 12 minutes 10 seconds)

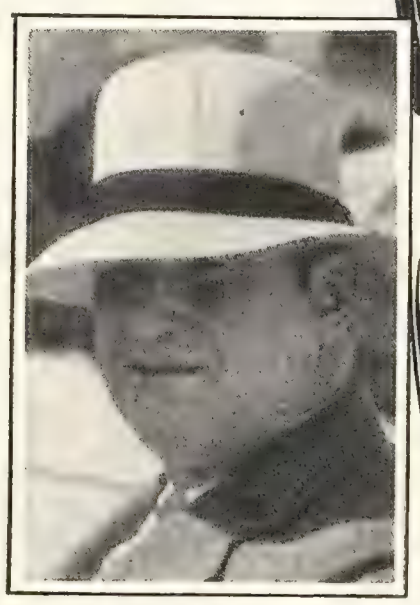
[EDITOR'S NOTE: Allan Dwan has been in motion-pictures since 1909, and has been a director continuously since 1911. He has directed many famous stars in notable successes, including Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark, and Clara Kimball Young, in the old days; and more recently Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood, Thomas Meighan in Tin Gods, Gloria Swanson in Zaza, Manhandled, and others; Madge Bellamy in Summer Bachelors, and Olive Borden in The Joy Girl.

He is of a type not usually found among motion-picture directors, being a graduate of the University of Notre Dame and a civil engineer by profession. His remarkable views, as set down by himself in this article, carry great weight because of his standing, at the very top of his field.

The present article in LIBERTY is the only authorized expression of his opinions regarding motion-pictures that has ever appeared in print.]

THE other day, at the Fox studio in New York City, we were discussing the problem of motion-picture stars and directors who survive and those who do not. The conversation brought forth some interesting comments regarding conditions which we all know exist, but which are not often subjected to analysis.

Why is it, I said to myself, that two film players, of equal talent, attractiveness, and charm, and equal opportunities, will gain equal distinction; and while one will go on to greater heights of fame, the other will drop into oblivion?



Allan Dwan, director of stars.

For eighteen of the twenty-odd years that the film industry has existed, I have in one way or another been intimately connected with it. I have shouted through the megaphone on about every lot there is in moviedom, and for nearly all the companies that have been organized for the production of motion-pictures.

I have shot location all over California and the West, in New York City and its environs, and in many of the capitals of Europe. When you consider that I have directed 565 pictures and am now engaged on my five hundred and sixty-sixth, you will realize that I have had a chance to look over the stars pretty thoroughly.

Where are the stars of yesteryear? The army of forgotten luminaries who shot up like rockets, then died away into darkness and obscurity after reaching the heights?

AN Argus-eyed watchman keeps vigil over the stars. Thumbs down from him means oblivion.

Picture by J. M. FLAGG

At the risk of mixing my metaphors, I'll tell you. They went strolling down the primrose path surrounded by halos of publicity; their heads festooned with the caressing adjectives of press-agents; and each adjective carried a carefully concealed harpoon that inflamed their egos until they burst as a toy balloon bursts when a small boy blows more air into it than it can hold.

In the early days of the behemoth now known as the motion-picture industry we knew nothing about high-priced sets, high-priced stars, high-priced directors, or high-priced stories. In fact, we knew very little of anything at all. Equipment was rudimentary. Trick camera shots hadn't been heard of, and although David Wark Griffith was learning the game as he went along, down on the old Biograph lot in New York City, he hadn't yet experimented with that devastating idea later called the close-up.

But, as I look back on those days, we made pretty fair pictures, considering everything; good enough for the public to cry for more, and more, and more, until now it is paying about a billion and a half dollars a year to jam the 20,000-odd movie theaters of the land.

The younger days of motion-pictures were comparatively free from the curse of uncontrolled floods of printer's ink. Perhaps we were coarse in those days, but we were trying all the time, and getting somewhere. The constantly growing audiences in picture theaters offered the best proof of that. Players, directors, and writers were too busy learning something about the new art to be conscious of themselves.

Possibly the first big, concerted drive for publicity came with the launching of The Birth of a Nation. In that instance the producers were up against it because of the hostility with which the film was greeted in some cities and the apathy in others. At any rate, a cannily conceived publicity campaign put Griffith's masterpiece over with a bang that has seldom been equaled.

Then came the war, and in the excitement of Liberty Loan campaigns, Salvation Army drives, etc., film publicity had to take a back seat. With the Armistice, it burst forth anew, with a tremendous vigor and verve. Strangely enough, in the wake of this unlimited outpour-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Flying Rum-Runners

By

Walter Hinton

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

[SHOOTING STARS—AND WHY
Continued from Page Eighty-three]

ing of words, this incessant and increasing drum-fire of ballyhoo, came all the woes of the movies.

The public, always before satisfied, began to grumble about the quality of pictures. Censorship, with all its attendant evils, raised its head for the first time and spread over the land virtually unchecked, placing an unmerited handicap upon the efforts of sincere producers.

And for the first time we heard of Hollywood immorality. The movie colony, owing to the childish acts of some of its more obscure members, became a scandal and a reproach to many of our best people, and the favorite target of some pulpit spellbinders.

Many pictures were bad; bad artistically, off color morally, and insincerely conceived. That condition prevailed until 1921, when, because of the post-war deflation, the wheels of the giant baby industry virtually ceased to turn.

Of course, it would be wrong to charge the troubles of the screen world entirely to the evils of hectic publicity. But I believe no inconsiderable proportion of them can be laid to that factor. The reason why so many people in Hollywood lost balance and went off their heads was because they threw their sense of proportion overboard. The press-agent told them how important they were, and, like foolish children, they believed it.

MANY stars lost their balance because they threw their sense of proportion overboard.

The belief did them incalculable harm. Players who had gone along working hard to develop themselves artistically began suddenly to think about themselves instead of their art. They allowed the stupid flatteries of unimaginative circus ballyhooers to sap away the solid foundations of their success.

By dozens and scores they went cackling and simpering about the movie lots, more intent upon scrapbooks and personal appearances than upon honest though toilsome efforts to boost themselves through work.

Of course their pictures were rotten, and of course they dropped out of the film ranks like so many lame horses out of a stake race.

THE screen demands youth. But thousands of young men and young women have crashed the gate at Hollywood and started upward toward prosperity and fame, only to have their careers blasted because of fatheadedness; and the same is true of some directors. It takes a strong and balanced mind to withstand the sort of adulation that comes to the film stars, and minds of that sort are not often found in any walk of life.

The worst of it is that this adulation is largely false, artificial, cooked up. Sloppy publicity is the reason.

If picture players could only realize that the moment they begin taking the public's praise seriously, in that moment they begin to retrograde as artists, fewer of them would fall for it.

I REMEMBER the case of a pretty girl who once showed some promise before the camera. She was given a small part in one film and, as we say, stole the picture. Up to that time she had been a sweet, winsome young thing who seemed really willing to devote herself to building a successful career. The press-agents started faking stories about her.

They made her an Albanian princess, or the daughter of a mysterious Eastern potentate, or something equally silly, whereas she was really only a simple girl who had graduated from high school in Pocatello, Idaho. Then somebody thought of making her a screen vamp.

She was through already, but didn't know it. She came to New York to make a picture, and the newspaper and fan-magazine writers got in their work. They teaed her, and lionized her, entertained her, introduced her to night clubs (if there were any in those days), and she became a celebrity. When she thought she was riding on the crest of the wave, she was really sliding rapidly down into the depths of oblivion.

In an amazingly short space of time she was through, absolutely. She disappeared from the screen as completely as the buried cities of Cathay have vanished from the face of the earth. A pitiful victim of stupid exploitation who might have become a worthy actress.

I know an actor who made a reputation in two pictures and became a leading man. Then he hired a press-agent; some one had told him that the thing to do was to keep his name before the public. He told his press-agent something like this:

"I want my name to be in the paper every day. That's your job. Say anything you like, but say something, and make me famous wherever people go to see movies."

The press-agent carried out orders and the actor began to collect clippings from all over the country. He read them, gloated over them, and before long he began to believe them.

No matter what fantastic drivel this fellow concocted, the actor who was paying his salary thought it must be true. Wasn't it there in the paper? Didn't the whole world believe it? Well, then, it must be true.

He forgot, of course, that the way of the artist is the hardest in

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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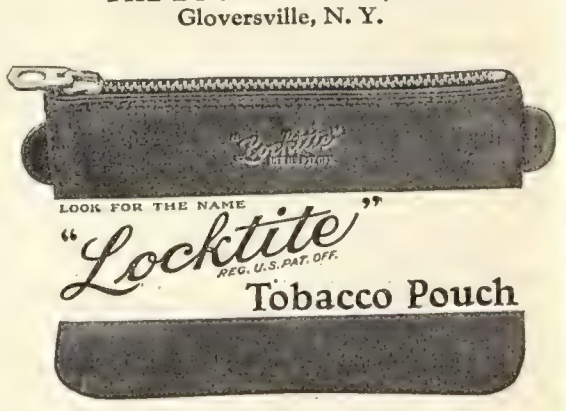

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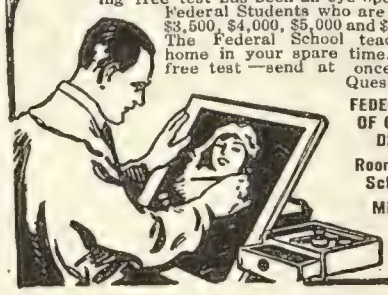

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE EIGHTY-FOUR]

the world, and that to succeed he had to keep his feet on the ground, with the goal straight ahead, all the time. One day he came to me and said:

"Mr. Dwan, I want new wallpaper in my dressing-room; pale orchid pink, if you please."

Knowing his complex, I wasn't in the least surprised.

"Since when must you bathe your soul in orchid pink?" I asked him.

He drew up in injured dignity—and an actor's dignity can get most frightfully injured.

"Nobody appreciates me around here," he complained. "Nobody understands what an asset I am to this studio. I shall jump my contract at once unless my wishes are complied with."

"Go on and jump your contract," I replied, "and then come back in a couple of months, and maybe you can get a job at half what you're getting now, if you're lucky."

MR. DWAN directs beside the camera, to see the action as it will appear to the public.

"What! Look! I'll show you—"

Of course, what he wanted to show me was his precious scrapbook of newspaper clippings—stuff that press-agents and movie reporters devoid of ideas had been writing about him to fill their inane columns and bunk the gullible public. Crazy publicity and the foolish vanity of a grown-up child threatening to make another actor go wrong.

I'm against all publicity. I'm a firm believer in legitimate advertising, and lots of it, and I believe it ought to be paid for strictly according to space. Publicity does nothing but hurt the artist. I protect my own players against it as much as possible.

TAKE the case of George O'Brien, a fine, upstanding boy, the son of Chief of Police Dan O'Brien of San Francisco, and a capable actor. The Fox Film Corporation brought him on from Hollywood to New York to play the lead in my current production, East Side, West Side. In the picture he had to be an athlete, a fighter, and in the best physical condition. That can be achieved only by hard work and constant exercise.

As soon as George arrived in New York, the tea-hounds started after him. Were they interested in whether he gave a good performance, added to his own stature as an artist, or made progress in his career? Not they! Only once did they get hold of him. They virtually stood him up against the wall in one of Manhattan's gayer and more garish jazz palazzos and popped questions at him like this:

"Oh, Mr. O'Brien, have you ever been in love?"

George felt foolish, as any decent boy would, and said something about not having met the right girl yet. And:

"What do you think of free love, Mr. O'Brien?"

"What do you think of short skirts?"

"Do you think flappers are immoral?"

"Are you ever going to get married?"

And so on through the whole category of such twaddle. A little more of that nonsense and George might have been totally useless to me.

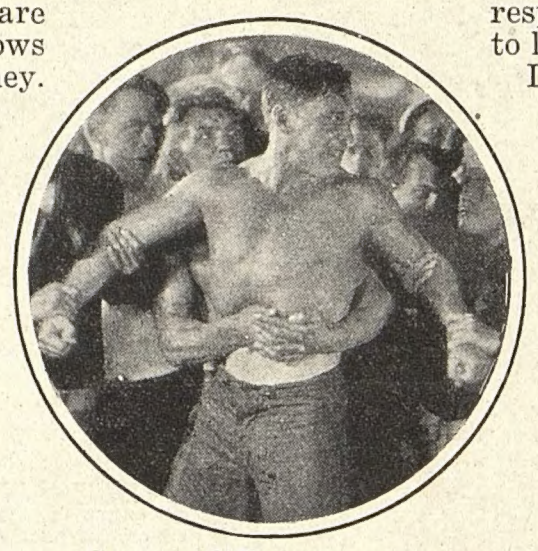
He implored me to help him out of it. I shooed all the reporters, male and female, off the place and barred them from the studio. I had a set of gymnastic apparatus put up in the studio and George went to work, which he wanted to do. All the foolish publicity had him so bewildered that he didn't know whether he was coming or going. He wanted to get away from it, and I gave him the chance.

I wish every actor and actress had that chance. If they could only realize that their popularity doesn't depend on what people read about them in the newspapers, but on what they do before the camera, they would be much better artists.

PICTURE-PLAYERS—and this goes for directors as well—who achieve the highest rungs on the ladder of success are those who give unstintedly of themselves for the sake of achieving true art. There is no place in the screen hall of fame for the lazy, the insincere, or the careless worker.

The greatest directors — De Mille, Griffith, Niblo, Cruze—put in eighteen to twenty hours a day of the most grueling toil while they are on the job of making a picture. If they don't, they are lost, and none knows it better than they. One big flop, and a director loses all that he has spent his career in building up.

The industry is so full of examples that prove this truth that there is no reason why I should cite them. A director can not even afford to make a series of minor flops without sacrificing his prestige and his standing in the eyes of the producers.



George O'Brien—praise didn't spoil him.

The consistently successful directors are those who keep their eyes on every detail of production, who overlook no opportunity to improve plot and characterization, and who are willing to go to any length to see that their finished product is flawless.

Sometimes the search for authentic atmosphere leads to unexpected complications. Perhaps you remember Tom Moore and Raymond Hatton in Kid Brother. We were working in the Manhattan Casino. Tom, as the head of an East Side gang, was giving a "social racket" and Hatton, as *Cokey Joe Miller,* was there to break it up. I had instructed the casting office to provide me with real gangsters, but the casting director made the fatal mistake of "overshooting" his instructions.

He got in touch with the leader of the Gas-House Gang and engaged fifty of his stalwart men-at-arms. Then he did likewise with the chief of the Hudson Dusters.

It happened that these were rival gangs with a mutual hatred of long standing, although the casting director didn't know it. Many a bloody battle had been fought between them when one gang invaded the precincts of the other. The result of these battles had always been bloodshed and wreckage of property, and sometimes death. Here they were on my hands, aching to get at each other's throats.

I SUMMONED the captain of the New York Police Department's "hard-arm" squad—as tough a crew of rough-and-ready lads as you'll ever see—and he arrived with a carload of his men, to preserve order. Only the presence of this mutual enemy prevented a clash, but the effect on my well planned gangster scene was awful. Everything went dead. The light of battle died from the eyes of the gangsters, and it was impossible for me to get them to register anything as long as the cops were there.

I took the leaders of the two gangs apart and implored them to co-operate with me in obtaining a true picture of gangster life. I promised to turn the hall over to them to do as they pleased as soon as the day's work was over. Fired with eagerness at the prospect of a happy free-for-all, they agreed to obey my orders and those of my assistants. The cops retired to a respectful distance to look on.

I assigned each of the hundred gangsters to a girl and they took their places on the floor to dance. Now, in the parlance of the gangster, a girl is known as a "broad," and in the vernacular of the studio our broadside arc lights are called "broads."

To diffuse the light we use silk screens called "silks." My cameraman, wishing to heighten his illumination, bellowed to the head electrician:

"Take the silks off the broads!"

The gangsters had promised to obey orders, and they did. In two hectic minutes I had a mob of screaming girls on my hands, rushing anywhere to reach safety from the hairy paws of the Gas-House

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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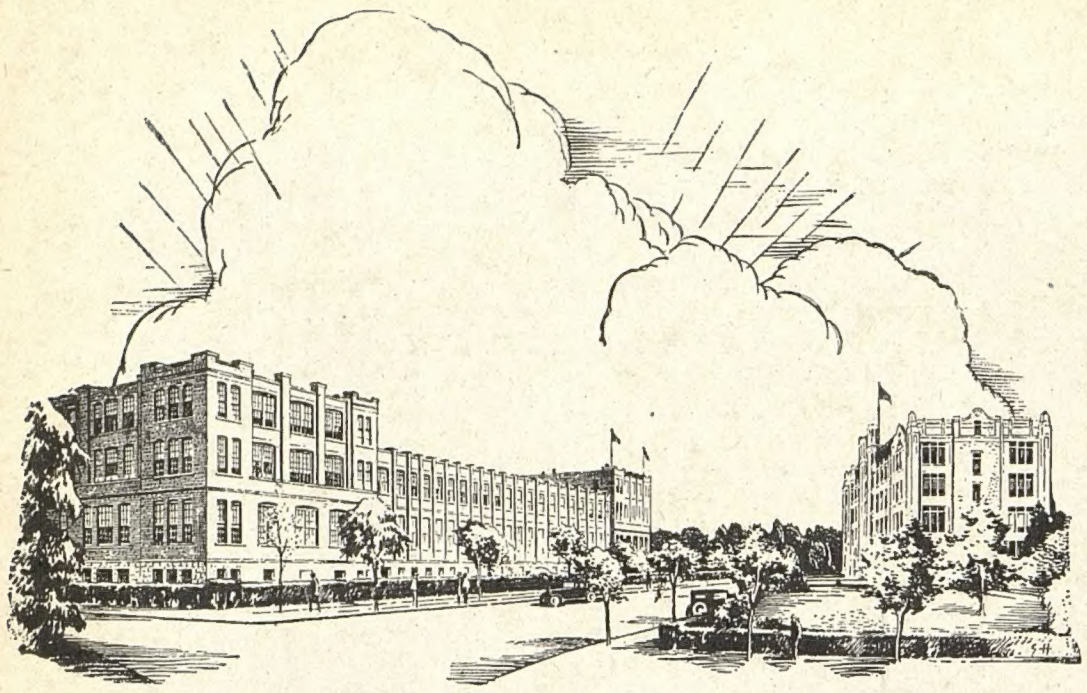

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[SHOOTING STARS—AND WHY
Continued from Page Eighty-five]

boys and the Hudson Dusters, who were eagerly intent upon depriving them of their garments.

Luckily the hard-arm squad was there. The cops went into action with a mighty will, and there was a panic in the Manhattan Casino before order was restored. I don't know how many gangsters had to be carried out, but plenty.

It was a great scene, and one that could not have been duplicated anywhere outside of New York City. There is no inspiration in all the world like that of the Big Town. What London was to Dick Whittington and David Garrick, what Paris was to *d'Artagnan* and *Cyrano*—that is comparably what New York is to the American boy whose ambitions carry him afield.

Hollywood is where pictures are made, but New York is where they are inspired. Many a director, player, or writer has succumbed to the lure of sunshine and flowers and awakened too late to discover that he has lost the vital something that made the fire burn within him.

I LOVE to prowl the streets of New York. Every phase of the manifold life of the metropolis attracts me. That great magnetic city is a dynamo that draws its energy ceaselessly from the exhaustless youth of our country. An old Roman dramatist remarked that nothing human was alien to him. A motion-picture director has to be like that or he'll flop.

In New York I can find all the human currents, the eddies and backwashes of life, its glitter and tinsel, and the beauty and glamour of romance. There is titanic drama in New York as well; the surging conflict of powerful forces in finance and industry; the struggle of social elements to survive.

O. Henry caught the voice of the city and imprisoned it in his inimitable short stories. We of the movies have to do the same thing in a different medium; and our medium is at least more complicated, if not more difficult, than his. We've got to be real, genuine, or the people won't believe us.

THERE are those who will tell you that movie people are conceited. Possibly they do think well of themselves when they feel that they have accomplished something, but they are no different in that respect from the run of folks. Your banker, your lawyer, your doctor, perhaps you yourself, are no exception. That's legitimate self-approval. If they lose their heads, it's a different matter entirely.

Bigheadedness that causes an individual to think of himself or herself as more important than the task to be performed is the sort that's fatal. Successful stars are *not* like that. They can't be, or their lights will go out like rockets and they'll come tumbling down to obscurity.

There are at the present time perhaps 100 Big Names—by which I mean stars and directors of the first magnitude—working on the production side of motion-pictures. You can take it from me that every one of them works five times as hard as the average man or woman in other walks of life; that they are earnest and sincere; and that they know they can not afford to be bamboozled by flattering publicity.

An Argus-eyed watchman keeps constant vigil over them, to detect the first false note in their work. He never misses, and his decree is final. Thumbs down from him means oblivion.

That watchman is the motion-picture-theater patron—the great builder and destroyer of screen fame.

THE END

Poems You Ought to Know

THE TIGER

By WILLIAM BLAKE

[William Blake (1757-1827), one of the great English mystical poets, was also an engraver of rare imagination and power. He died in obscurity. Songs of Innocence, his first published work, is an English classic.]

TIGER! Tiger! burning bright,
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

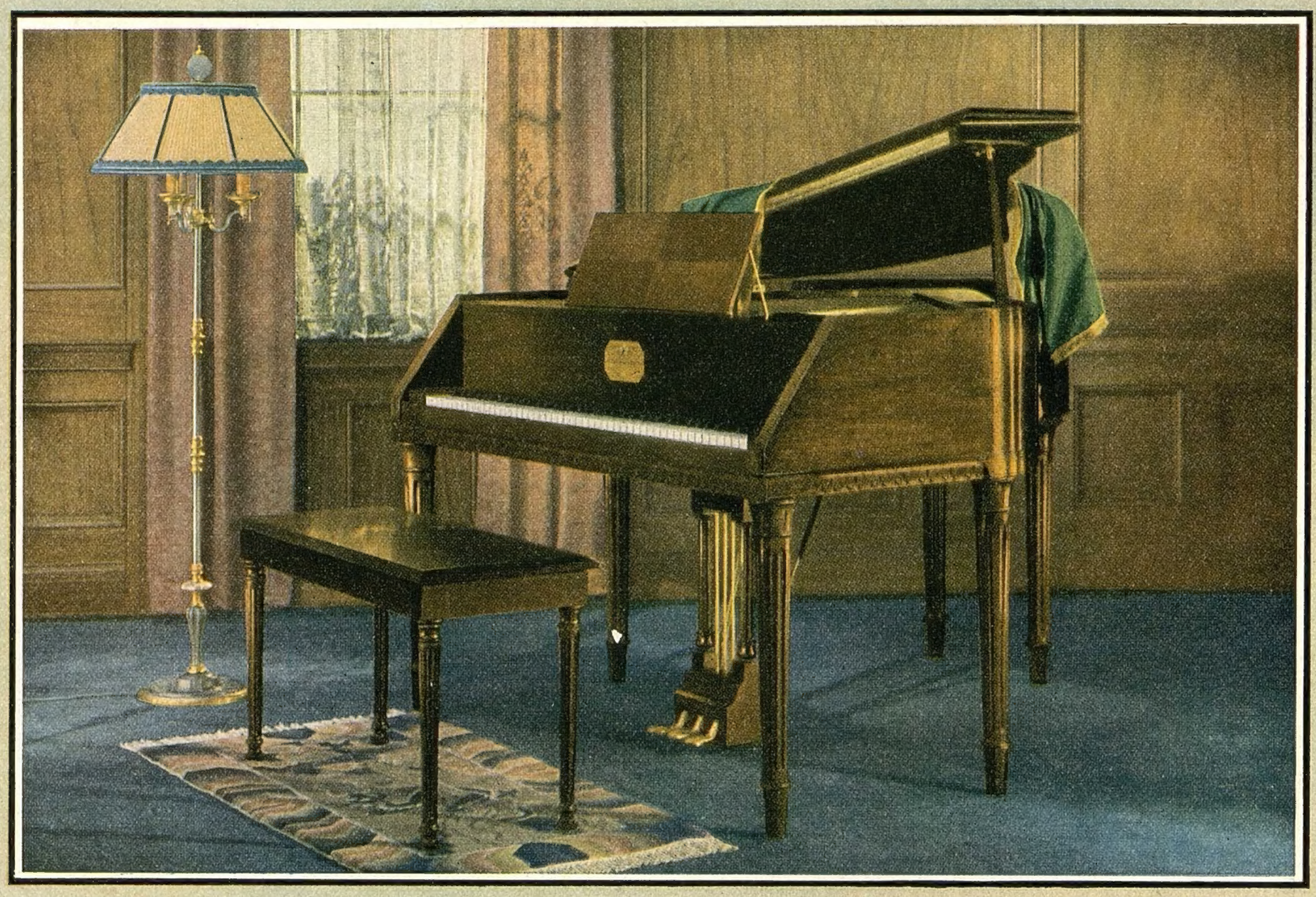
In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand and what dread feet?

What the hammer? What the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the Lamb, make thee?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright,
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?



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"I certainly agree with Nazimova"

Said Consuelo Flowerton to Frank DeWeese as they rested between swims at Rockland Beach.

Nazimova, brilliant actress, writes:

"The Russian lady—ah, how she delights in the puff of a fragrant cigarette! As a Russian I have tried them all—the cigarettes of Cairo, Paris, London, Madrid—but here in my adopted country, America, I have found my favorite cigarette 'The LuckyStrike.' In addition to its lovely fragrance and wonderful flavor it has no bad effect upon my voice—so even when I go abroad I carry with me my little trunk of Luckies—and enjoy a puff from America."

Nazimova

"It's toasted"

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